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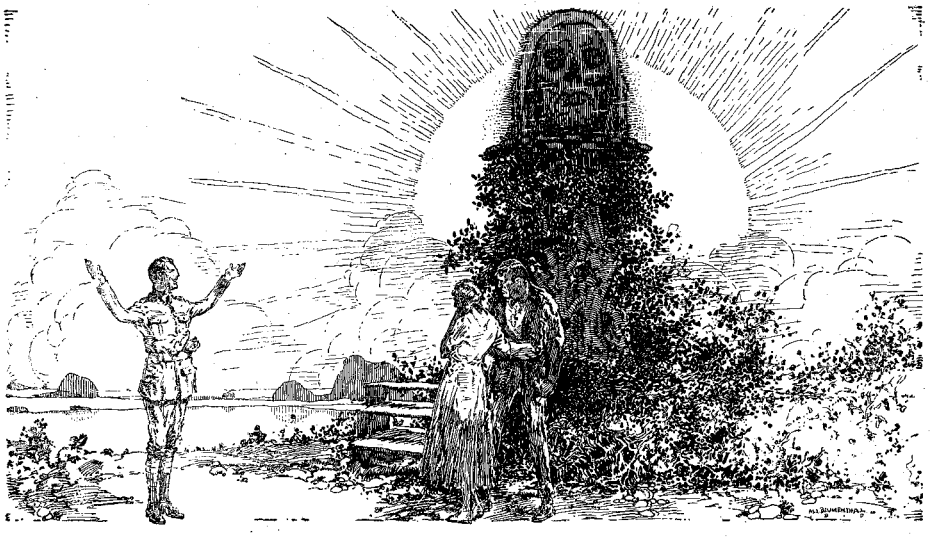

THE SUN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

A GIRL sits crouched over her knees on a stile close to a river. A Man with a silver badge stands beside her clutching the worn top plank. The Girl's level brows are drawn together; her eyes see her memories. The Man's eyes see the Girl; he has a dark, twisted face. The bright sun shines; the quiet river flows; the cuckoo is calling; the mayflower is in bloom along the hedge that ends in the stile on the towing-path.

The Girl. God knows what 'e'll say, Jim.

The Man. Let 'im. 'E's come too late, that's all.

The Girl. He couldn't come before. I'm frightened. 'E was fond o' me.

The Man. And aren't I fond of you? My Gawd!

The Girl. I ought to 'a' waited, Jim; with 'im in the fightin'.

The Man. (*Passionately.*) And what about me? Aren't I been in the fightin'—earned all I could get?

The Girl. (*Touching him.*) Ah!

The Man. Did you——?

He cannot speak the words.

The Girl. Not like you, Jim—not like you.

The Man. 'Ave a spirit, then.

The Girl. I promised 'im.

The Man. One man's luck's another's poison. I've seen it.

The Girl. I ought to 'a' waited. I never thought 'e'd come back from the fightin'.

The Man. (*Grimly.*) Maybe 'e'd better not 'ave.

The Girl. (*Looking back along the tow-path.*) What'll 'e be like, I wonder?

The Man. (*Gripping her shoulder.*)

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Daise, don't you never go back on me, or I should kill you, and 'im too.

The Girl looks at him, shivers, and puts her lips to his.

The Girl. I never could.

The Man. Will you run for it? 'E'd never find us.

The Girl shakes her head.

The Man. (*Dully.*) What's the good o' stayin'? The world's wide.

The Girl. I'd rather have it off me mind, with him 'ome.

The Man. (*Clenching his hands.*) It's temptin' Providence.

The Girl. What's the time, Jim?

The Man. (*Glancing at the sun.*) 'Alf past four.

The Girl. (*Looking along the towing-path.*) 'E said four o'clock. Jim, you better go.

The Man. Not I. *I've* not got the wind up. I've seen as much of hell as he has, any day. What like is he?

The Girl. (*Dully.*) I dunno, just. I've not seen 'im these three years. I dunno no more, since I've known you.

The Man. Big, or little chap?

The Girl. 'Bout your size. Oh! Jim, go along!

The Man. No fear! What's a blighter like that, to old Fritz's shells? We didn't shift when they was comin'. If you'll go, I'll go; not else.

Again she shakes her head.

The Girl. Jim, do you love me true? (*For answer, the Man takes her avidly in his arms.*) I ain't ashamed—I ain't ashamed. If 'e could see me 'eart.

The Man. Daise! If I'd known you out there I never could 'a' stuck it. They'd 'a' got me for a deserter. That's 'ow I love you!

The Girl. Jim, don't lift your 'and to 'im. Promise!

The Man. That's according.

The Girl. Promise!

The Man. If 'e keeps quiet, I won't. But I'm not accountable—not always, I tell you straight—not since I've been through that.

The Girl. (*With a shiver.*) Nor p'raps 'e isn't.

The Man. Like as not. It takes the lynchpins out, I tell you.

The Girl. God 'elp us!

The Man. (*Grimly.*) Ah! We said that a bit too often. What we want, we take, now; there's no one to give it us, and there's no fear'll stop us; we seen the bottom o' things.

The Girl. P'raps 'e'll say that too.

The Man. Then it'll be 'im or me.

The Girl. I'm frightened.

The Man. (*Tenderly.*) No, Daise, no! (*He takes out a knife.*) The river's 'andy. One more or less. 'E shan't 'arm you; nor me neither.

The Girl. (*Seizing his hand.*) Oh! no! Give it to me, Jim!

The Man. (*Smiling.*) No fear! (*He puts it away.*) Shan't 'ave no need for it, like as not. All right, little Daise; you can't be expected to see things like what we do. What's a life, anyway? I've seen a thousand taken in five minutes. I've seen dead men on the wires like flies on a fly-paper; I've been as good as dead meself an 'undred times. I've killed a dozen men. It's nothin'. 'E's safe, if 'e don't get my blood up. If he does, nobody's safe; not 'im, nor anybody else; not even you. I'm speakin' sober.

The Girl. (*Softly.*) Jim, you won't go fightin', wi' the sun out and the birds all callin'?

The Man. That depends on 'im. I'm not lookin' for it. Daise, I love you. I love your eyes. I love your hair. I love you.

The Girl. And I love you, Jim. I don't want nothin' more than you in the whole world.

The Man. Amen to that, my dear. Kiss me close!

The sound of a voice singing breaks in on their embrace. The Girl starts from his arms and looks behind her along the towing-path. The Man draws back against the hedge, fingering his side, where the knife is hidden. The song comes nearer:

"I'll be right there to-night
Where the fields are snowy white,
Banjoes ringin', darkies singin',
All the world seems bright."

The Girl. It's 'im!

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The Man. Don't get the wind up, Daise. I'm here!

The singing stops. A man's voice says: "Christ! It's Daise; it's little Daise 'erself!" The girl stands rigid. The figure of a soldier appears on the other side of the stile. His cap is tucked into his belt, his hair is bright in the sunshine; he is lean, wasted, brown, and laughing.

Soldier. Daise! Daise! Hallo, old pretty girl!

The Girl does not move, barring the way, as it were.

The Girl. Hallo, Jack! (*Softly.*) I got things to tell you.

Soldier. What sort o' things, this lovely day? Why, I got things that'd take me years to tell. 'ave you missed me, Daise?

The Girl. You been so long.

Soldier. So I 'ave. My Gawd! It's a way they 'ave in the Army. I said when I got out of it I'd laugh. Like as the sun itself I used to think of you, Daise, when the crumps was comin' over, and the wind was up. D'you remember that last night in the wood? 'Come back, and marry me quick, Jack!' Well, 'ere I am—got me pass to 'eaven. No more fightin', an' trampin', no more sleepin' rough. We can get married now, Daise. We can live soft an' 'appy. Give us a kiss, old pretty.

The Girl. (*Drawing back.*) No.

Soldier. (*Blankly.*) Why not?

The Man, with a swift movement, steps along the hedge to the Girl's side.

The Man. That's why, soldier.

Soldier. (*Leaping over the stile.*) 'Oo are you, Pompey? The sun don't shine in your inside, do it? 'Oo is 'e, Daise?

The Girl. My man.

Soldier. Your—man! Lummy! 'Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief!' Well, soldier? So you've been through it, too. I'm laughin' this mornin', as luck will 'ave it. Ah! I can see your knife.

The Man. (*Who has half drawn his knife.*) Don't laugh at *me*, I tell you.

Soldier. Not at you, soldier, not at you. (*He looks from one to the other.*) I'm laughin' at things in general. Where did you get it, soldier?

The Man. (*Watchfully.*) Through the lung.

Soldier. Think o' that! An' I never was touched. Four years an' never was touched. An' so you've come an' took my girl. Nothin' doin'! Ha! (*Again he looks from one to the other—then away.*) Well! The world's before me. (*He laughs.*) I'll give you Daise for a lung protector.

The Man. (*Fiercely.*) You won't. I've took her.

Soldier. That's all right, then. You keep 'er. I've got a laugh in me you can't put out, black as you are! Good-bye, little Daise!

The Girl makes a movement toward him.

The Man. Don't touch 'im!

The Girl stands hesitating, and suddenly bursts into tears.

Soldier. Look 'ere, soldier; shake 'ands! I don't want to see a girl cry, this day of all, with the sun shinin'. I seen too much o' sorrer. You an' me've been at the back of it. We've 'ad our whack. Shake!

The Man. Who are you kiddin'? *You* never loved 'er!

Soldier. Oh! I thought I did.

The Man. (*Fiercely.*) I'll fight you for her.

He drops his knife.

Soldier. (*Slowly.*) Soldier, you done your bit, an' I done mine. It's took us two ways, seemin'ly.

The Girl. (*Pleading.*) Jim!

The Man. (*With clenched fists.*) I don't want 'is charity. I only want what I can take.

Soldier. Daise, which of us will you 'ave?

The Girl. (*Covering her face.*) Oh! *Him.*

Soldier. You see, soldier! Drop your 'ands, now. There's nothin' for it but a laugh. You an' me know that. Laugh, soldier!

The Man. You blarsted——!

The Girl springs to him and stops his mouth.

Soldier. It's no use, soldier. I can't do it. I said I'd laugh to-day, and laugh I will. I've come through that, an' all the stink of it; I've come through sorrer.

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Never again! Cheer-o, mate! The sun's shinin'!

He turns away.

The Girl. Jack, don't think too 'ard of me!

Soldier. (*Looking back.*) No fear, old pretty girl! Enjoy your fancy! So long! Gawd bless you both!

He sings and goes along the path, and the song:

"I'll be right there to-night
Where the fields are snowy white;
Banjoes ringin', darkies singin'—
All the world seems bright!"

fades away.

The Man. 'E's mad.

The Girl. (*Looking down the path, with her hands clasped.*) The sun 'as touched 'im, Jim!

THE MAKING OF AN ANGLER'S WIFE

By Ruth Danenhower Wilson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN FROST

I BEGAN with a high ambition to become an angler—not an angler's wife. All during our engagement My Fisherman had talked joyfully of whipping streams and lakesides. His enthusiasm was contagious. When the first crocus stuck its head out under the barberry hedge I began to read old Izaak Walton and modern sporting magazines. The sound of running water kept trickling in my head. From Mr. Walton's statistical pages I developed an enthusiasm for dace, though to this day I haven't an idea what manner of fish they are. They are not to be found in fish-markets.

I talked fish with every dinner-party for the next month. I found an old college professor who was an authority on snaring suckers with a horse-hair loop. A young lawyer told me how to dip minnows in a net to be put on the hook wigglingly alive—a most alluring bait. To my amazement I found that if you scratch almost any member of the male species you strike fish-scales.

My Fisherman treated my new interest in a more or less academic, detached manner. He branded the fascinating sport of snaring suckers as arrant idiocy. When I proudly aired my Waltonian knowledge he intimated that times had changed, and he knew a thing or two he could teach old Izaak if he ever met his shade by a brookside.

My interest in my trousseau flagged. More and more I was realizing that clothes do not matter to trout. Honeymoon plans had chivalrously been left to me, so I glowingly made the great decision. Our honeymoon was to be a June-moon, a fishing-moon, a running-water-moon, a dace-moon, a snaring-sucker-moon. I really made myself believe that I had been wild to get into the hills for years. I nursed an aversion for the stereotyped summer-hotel wedding-trip.

At my decision My Fisherman opened the smothered fires of his heart. Of course, I was the most wonderful girl in the world. How had I dreamed he'd been thinking of this very thing for weeks, but hadn't dared mention it because he knew brides doted on places where they could show their pretty new clothes? How had I guessed that the dream of his life was to lead me beside a brook and teach me all the subtle arts of angling he had culled from his own cherished experiences?

The rest of that evening we spent in tracing half a dozen proposed routes. The next week was bounded by maps and railroad guides that dwarfed the importance of the wedding list itself.

Two weeks later found us, motor and

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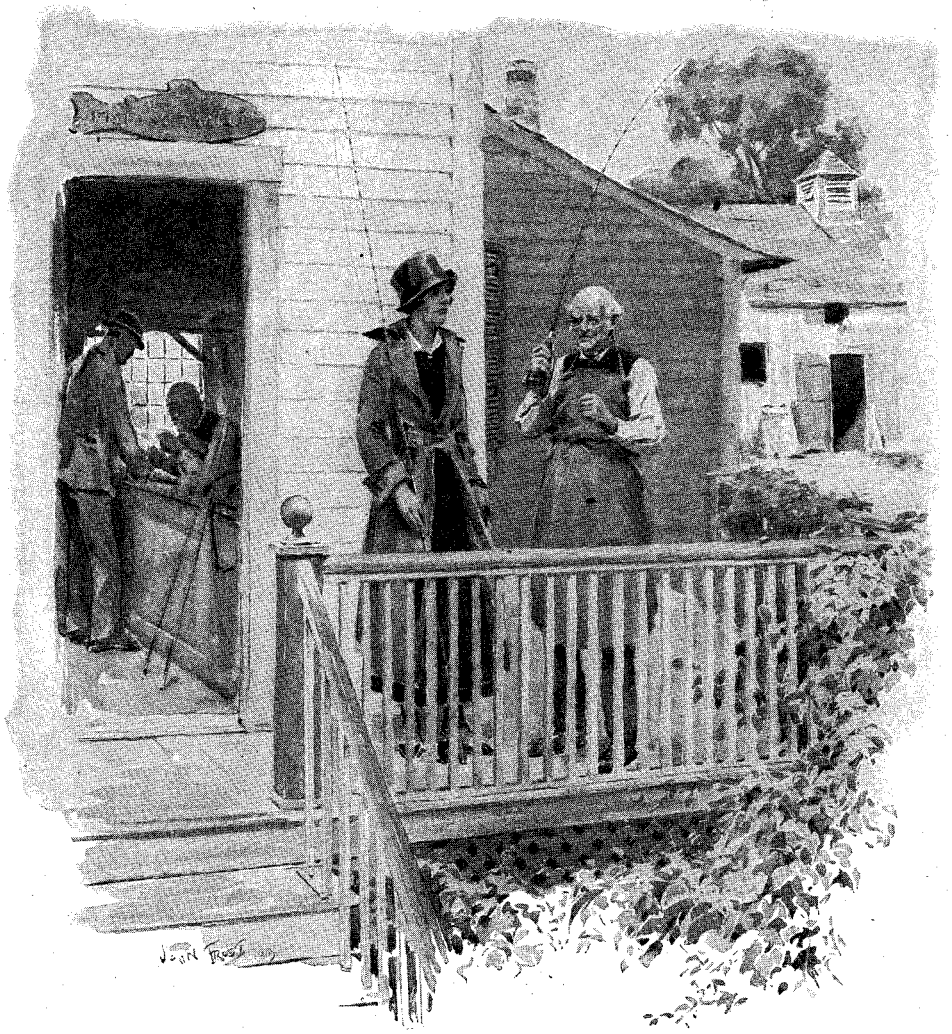
baggage, at the door of a little country hostelry in the heart of the Green Mountains. My Fisherman knew of a marvellous little old man who had his shop on a side street of this Vermont village. Obscure as the place was, there were few real fishermen who did not find their way to it sooner or later. We had come on purpose without an inch of tackle, and before we had even unpacked our bags we sought out the quaint shop with the high wooden stoop and the weather-beaten sign of a fish defying the Vermont climate.

My enrolment as a would-be angler began when I passed under that mystic fish. Until then I had wanted to angle only because My Fisherman wanted me to. But that shop changed me for the moment into a primitive being of the chase. It looked like a place where brownies and hobgoblins would steal o' nights to mend their shoes. A little old brownie man sat at a bench making something out of a rooster's tail. At his side another old fellow was working just as industriously over a condor's feather



The little bald, bespectacled craftsman took me out and gave me a first lesson in casting.—Page 518.

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and the wing of a tuscon. A fussy little baldheaded man in a gingham apron—the master of the shop and the eldest of the three brothers—was separating the strands from the silkworm into some mysterious things called triple leaders. All about were rods in various stages of construction, trays of artificial flies, little tin bait-boxes, creels, reels, and a hundred kinds of silk fish-line. After My Fisherman had selected two complete outfits, from supple rods down to fly-hooks, the little bald, bespectacled craftsman took me out on the high wooden stoop in front of the shop, and gave me a first lesson in casting. How he loved the art of sending the long line straight out without so much as a swish to warn the imaginary trout in the busy village street! His wise old face screwed up to the greatest seriousness over his gingham apron. What matter if my erratic fly skittered perilously near the hats of passing automobilists, if my awkward line tickled the dignified village policeman?

The old man's joy in teaching a new pupil was inspiring. Looking back I realize that he was the only male I met during our entire trip who gallantly assumed, without conscious effort, that a woman could fish if she half tried. Of course his business was to make people believe the art was easy. At any rate he worked me up to summits of enthusiasm.

Our next step was to get fishing clothes. My Fisherman had scorned the natty suits displayed in sporting-goods shops in town. They were worn "only by dubs who could never catch anything." From an enterprising Pole in the village store I purchased a khaki skirt and Norfolk jacket for three dollars and forty-three cents. They were made in Vermont, and had something of the rugged outline of the place. My Fisherman also looked strangely unfamiliar in corduroy trousers and a flannel shirt of native make. I had a comforting thought that no one could possibly take us for bride and groom, as we motored merrily through the village in our trout togs.

We found our first brook leading through an enchanted aisle of willow and alder with clover-filled hay-fields breathing sweet on both sides. I thrilled at the prospect of my first lesson in angling on the actual field of conflict. There was wine in the June morning. The self-important little brook chuckled and purred and minced on its way delightfully vainglorious.

With my heart athrill I sat down under a spreading willow-tree, arranging my tackle in a neat little bundle for My Fisherman to assemble. Absently humming a tune, I shut my eyes and drew in the delicious fragrance of meadow and upland. Then I drew on my boots and fussed around for a convenient place to hide my shoes. Presently I turned back to my tackle, ready for the first plunge in a most inviting pool down the stream. To my utter surprise I found my tackle as I had left it, rod still in its flimsy case, fly-book neatly folded, reel tumbled over on its shiny little side, and the line still twisted about its cardboard.

Trying to hide my amazement, I looked up, and then I gasped in astonishment. My Fisherman had disappeared! After one or two quick darts in the near vicinity I swept my eyes slowly around the horizon, and finally focussed them on a crawling, wriggling worm just this side of my prospective pool. When it eventually attained the rotten trunk of a scourge-eaten chestnut, it cautiously lifted itself and then, mysteriously, it melted into the shadow of the tree.

In humbled silence I crept back from the bank and put my tackle together as best I could, although I never did get the reel to wind as it should have done. For the rest of that morning I "followed on," I who had been gallantly helped over every coping, was left to slip down banks, stumble through briars, and flounder into pools. I was not entirely neglected. Occasionally My Fisherman, after he had exhausted the possibilities of a pool, would wave bravely back to me, swinging his arm with all the unconscious bravado of one supporting the first trenches. Or he would wait until I came up within hailing distance to shout unintelligible glad tidings, and to hold up something that looked like an animated sardine, and which I took for a dace. I liked the sound of his voice once again. There was much of the old charm and the old vitality in it, and I was encouraged to hope that, after

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all, perhaps this "following on" was the correct Montessori procedure in the piscatorial pedagogy. After a few experimental dips with my absurd red bug I stopped my travesty of fishing. Every time they saw the camouflage they'd run like scared cats. This amused me much more than massacring them on the tip of a rooster's tail.

After all, I mused, I had enjoyed skipping from stone to stone. A rod was a good excuse for the outing, even if I did not know how to use it. And finally, when, at the end of the morning, my man came back to me, flushed with victory, and laid the spoils at my feet, I noted with a woman's instinct and forgave with a woman's weakness, that after all My Fisherman had been out carrying the lance for His Woman. But all the same I wanted to know how to fish.

Our ensuing expeditions in Vermont ended the same way. Never by hook nor crook could I beg off from a fishing-trip. But neither could I ever persuade my man to take me as a serious partner in the quest. He confessed that fishing could never again have its old charm without me—a gushing, rhapsodizing, perambulating audience, but I took it that there was always to be the little row of footlights between us. So we left Vermont with no improvement in my skill as an angler, although I had learned several important lessons in the art of being an angler's wife.

We abandoned the motor to go by boat down the St. Lawrence and into the Saguenay country. It was a trip of short stops at large hotels. To my secret joy, My Fisherman had decided not to take our tackle with us. Once again, I ruminated, we might have long, delightful rambles, once again I might approach him without fear of scaring fish. So for a whole long week we played along the fringe of the Canadian wilderness. At my beckoning My Fisherman sang entrancing snatches, or called the Peabody birds with amusing imitations. Or we knelt together over the rare Linnæa, pale, sweet twinflowers in mossy settings. It was idyllic. And in that land there was not the voice of running water.

But, of course, it could not last. A fisherman is like a good, clean hound in some ways. His nose is delicately attuned. One evening, just at dusk, I found him out in back of the hotel, with his nose in the air, circling mysteriously. When I called to him with some alarm in my voice he confessed rather sheepishly that he was looking for an old sand road that was supposed to open at a pine-grove and lead over the hills to the inevitable trouting waters beyond. The next morning we were off with a horse rig. It has many advantages over walking all the way. If you ride that first quarter of a mile you will always retain some logical connection between the fishing-trip and the romantic one-horse vehicle and one-horse driver with which you started. Otherwise, search as you may your retrospective confines, you shall never be able to determine just why it was that you paid ten dollars to walk behind an aged, bony horse and an aged, bony buggy and an aged, bony French-Canadian up and down twelve miles of sand mountain. All of which, of course, has little to do with fishing, and still less, I am convinced, with honeymooning. The only point of contact between that trudge and the pursuit of my theme is the opportunity it gave me to trail on behind My Fisherman and observe him in the steady, disinterested pursuit of a far goal. It was stimulating, it was sublime, when one realized how by putting one foot after another I could attain even the sand mountain.

Eventually, many hours later, we came down from the sand mountain into the fresh green wilderness of running water. The road took a quick little surprise turn, and ran into the back door of a dilapidated log cabin. Ten feet from the front door of the cabin a river ran out into a gem of a wood lake. At dusk we were ready for my second lesson as a fisherman's wife.

Much to the disgust of my driver guide, My Fisherman helped me to the place of honor in the stern of the clumsy, homemade rowboat. The rangy, aged French-Canadian must still have maintained something of the chivalry of his French ancestry, because he made every effort to keep his opinion of women fisherfolk to himself. He smothered his tender feelings, and mine, with throaty gutturals of disdain. He permitted my honeymoon

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Drawn by John Frost.

When it eventually attained the rotten trunk of a scourge-

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eaten chestnut, it cautiously lifted itself.—Page 518.

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radiance to reflect in terms of deepest gloom upon his pockmarked countenance. He let his chagrin work itself out by way of his rowing arms in a sudden, jerky, and most uncomfortable manner of rowing. What made the situation still more unendurable was the fact that my husband's French left much to be desired when it came to Canadian setting. When I was a child my parents had amused me with a French-Canadian guide in the upper Adirondacks, so that I remembered much of the patter, although nothing of the piscatorial nomenclature. I had been playing the rôle of interpreter since leaving the hotel. This may have had something to do with our guide's despondent state of mind as we started for our second adventure with dace.

I should like to pause here to sketch in the background of that second adventure. But descriptive writing has gone out of fashion. These days no one dares to hang the sun, like a piece of Christmas tinsel, on the topmost limb of a fir-tree, and then fling the brilliant kindergarten yarns to the four winds. But I cannot go on without a word about the mellow Canadian night closing in on us, with the balsam in our nostrils and the saintly melancholy of the Peabody bird in our ears. And after that, the soft flap of the water against our boat and the constant swish of the casting.

I magnanimously left the fishing to the men. As there were only two rods, I suggested that it might be well for me to spend this second lesson in careful observation of method and technic. My Fisherman insisted upon sharing his rod with me. I was to use it for half an hour and then he was to try. But with the moral of my first lesson well in mind, I held to my decision to play audience.

So while the men-folks stealthily whipped the calm surface of the wood lake I lay back and waited for the stars to come out of the dim afterglow. My reverie was of log cabins, of primitive Puritan ancestry, of men and women who went to build the new fires of new homes, of their simple living, of the contentment which came from the daily tasks of the drawing of water, the fetching of firewood and the hunting of food—man and his woman working out their lives together from sunrise to sunset, horizoned by a few acres of bleak New England.

Now and then my reverie was broken by gentle commands to translate requests for a new leader, or the tobacco, or certain information concerning the nature of the feeding bottom of the lake. Also I recall that there were many vague allusions to the perverse hunger of fish. There were frequent little changes of position. After they had whipped the waters adjacent to a hoary old boulder that stuck its nose out of the twilight they moved on to attack a bog of snaggy tree-trunks.

Incidentally, with the instinctive feminine desire for an anchor to windward, I stealthily baited a worm on a drop-line, and let it noiselessly down over the side of the boat. I committed the atrocity during a low visibility, so that it was executed without detection. And then we had pushed gently up toward the inlet of the river, with nothing more stirring than intonating frogs. Finally, when the stars were quite out, My Fisherman reluctantly reeled in his line and gave the good word for home. It was almost at the precise moment that the guide's oars caught the water that I felt the indescribable tug at my line. I had almost forgotten that I had a line. I had absently held my hand over the gunwale, letting my fingers trail in the cool water. My first thought was that I had caught bottom. I had a mental flash of the guide's face when he learned how I had been deceiving him, and he was forced to manœuvre around with an oar to free my hook. A second flash made me abandon hook, bait and sinker, and thus avoid all complications of an unpleasant nature. But a third flash was an unmistakable triple tug on the line. After that I screamed, and began to pull in, hand over hand.

I cannot attempt to describe fully the scene that followed. Perhaps, after all, the situation can be covered by that hard-working favorite of detective literature, "all was confusion." I have memories of exultations, of quick alarms, of entreaties, of expletives of hope, of hope deferred, of hope in all its fine gradations to hope abandoned. There were shrill barbaric cries of "Let him run! Let him run! Give him line! Give him line! Don't pull him in like an anchor! Play him!

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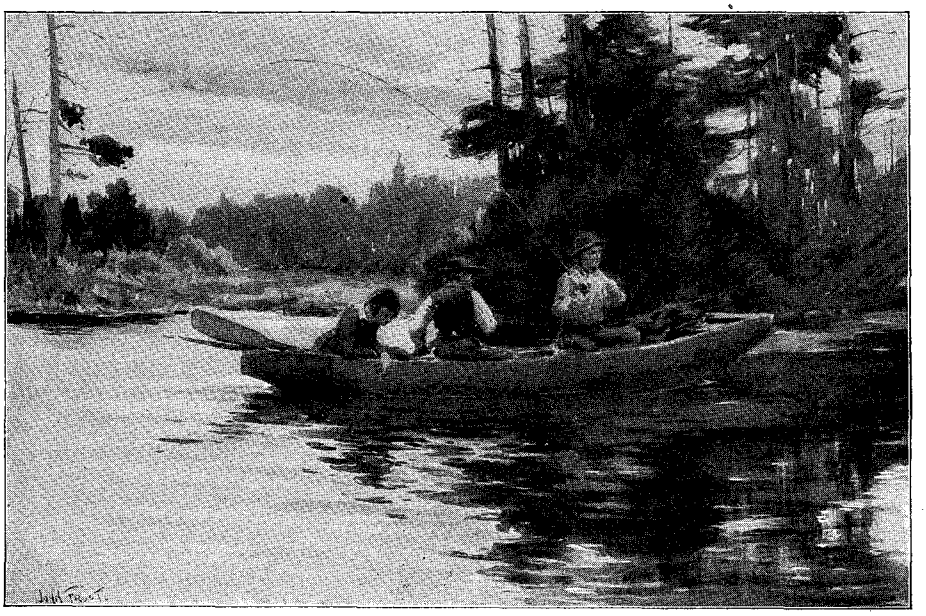
Play him!" And then that last superb climax of a gentle honeymoon: "I command you to give me that line!"

With the memory of marriage vows still in my ears, I realized instantly that I was undone. Even in that ear-splitting confusion I knew that I should have to obey. Let modern brides smile as they will over the absurdities of the marriage ceremony. When primitive man calls in no uncertain voice to unhand, it is best



I stealthily baited a worm on a drop-line, and let it noiselessly down over the side of the boat.
—Page 522.

to unhand. But first I intended to have one more wild fling of freedom. I slid both hands deep in the water and took a firm twist on the line. Then I braced my shoulders for a mighty heave. With a quick thrust of my knees I reared suddenly to my feet, threw my arms high and wide and——!

Well, that night back at the cabin, after we had supper and the guide had built us a huge wood-fire, I could still feel myself sprawling madly in the bottom of that leaky boat, scrambling and slipping, clawing madly with everything except my teeth to keep that dace from skittering back to the deep. I can still feel the cold, slimy thing clasped madly, passionately to my breast. I can still hear—but no matter. He weighed two pounds and a quarter, and was all we had to save us that night from a meatless Wednesday. There was no obvious lesson to be learned from my second adventure as a fisherman's wife. I accepted without comment the explanations that no respectable trout would take a worm at that time of day or, if he did take it, would stay on a hook to be ignominiously hauled in like a bag of meal on a wet washing-day. Like Brer Rabbit, "I ain't sayin' nothin'." And perhaps therein lies the text!

My third and last lesson that summer was staged at a charming little backwoods pond in northern New Hampshire. The month was August. We had had many delightful weeks of motoring and tramping and riding, but My Fisherman pleaded for just one more try at the trout before we left the White Mountains. In one of his long tramps from the hotel, and with the help of a small map in the hotel circular, he had located Jabe's Pond, a tiny lake almost lost in the wilderness along the Maine State line. It seemed too bad to deny this last opportunity. Besides, My Fisherman, playing skilfully upon my former success with a worm, in-

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veigled me with a promise of a canful of the squirmy things if I would accompany him.

For this last adventure we obtained the services of the local celebrity, an old Indian guide. I fear that the only thing red about him was his flannel shirt, a most distressing color scheme in the dog-days. However, it is to this guide that I owe my final dismissal from the probation of a fishing apprentice, so I shall not stoop here to malign his taste in haberdashery. That evening we fished again from a canoe with the twilight wrapping us in a soft blanket of romance. After one or two casts, in which I succeeded in entangling my line with that of the austere gentleman in the other end of the canoe, I gave it up and insisted upon the Indian taking my rod. My Fisherman, it is true, was scrupulously polite and patient in unravelling my line, but there was something so redolent of the suppressed heroic, so much of the spirit of "I am determined to suffer in silence," that I made up my mind he needed a little real competition.

And how that old half-breed could cast! My Fisherman had once won some kind of a casting-contest; the little old fly-maker in Vermont seemed to run the nerves of his fingers out into a hundred feet of line; the Canadian guide had been a caster of parts, but my Indian was beyond description. He sat there huddled up, with the paddle across his knees, and his old, smelly pipe drooping from his tight lips. He was a melancholy figure, taciturn, slow-moving, heavy in his breathing, but how he could shoot that line straight out into the rim of the twilight! There was hardly more than a fleck of the wrist, no other part of the body appeared to assist. Somewhere in his gaunt forearm short muscles of steel snapped that fly clear and true as though it had been shot from a rifle.

For the rest of that summer evening I was content to lie back and watch and listen. Overhead the lines whistled softly. I followed the wedge-shaped wake of a muskrat in the black water. Twice there came the indignant snorting of a deer that had picked up our scent from the shore. For over an hour I did not stir or speak. For gradually there, at the end of the summer, I found myself piecing together, bit by bit, the profound philosophy of an angler's wife.

No mere woman can ever actually share man's zest in the pursuit of game and fish, I mused. It would take more than the vote to bring her to his point of view in these matters. For century after century primitive man has enjoyed his fish-spears and his arrows, while his woman has stayed home to do the planting. Perhaps she discovered agriculture by digging fishworms for her man. Modern woman may feign an ardor for angling, but it will always remain an artificial taste, cultivated, I fancy, by the advice of women's magazines to make her husband's interests her own. I fear me that she can never hope to have her husband's primitive zest for the sport. She will instinctively love the beautiful tramps along tumbling cool brooks, and she will adore the quiet sunrise and sunset fishing-ponds of the north woods.

It was the Indian who broke into my philosophy. It had grown so dark that they could no longer bring the trout to the surface. The stars were out, and so were the whippoorwills, and some one was blowing the horn to call us in to a late supper at the cabin.

Then it was that the guide, dipping his paddle for the first long, powerful stroke, spoke in his melancholy gutturals:

"Umph-lady," he whispered huskily, "she good fish-woman. Nobody know she there." Reflectively, almost enthusiastically, he pulled at his pipe.

Thus did I gain my diploma as an angler's wife.

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DOMESTIC RELATIONS AND THE CHILD

By Robert Grant

Judge of the Probate Court, Boston; Author of "Woman and Property," etc.

NOT long ago a petition for the adoption of an infant was presented in court. Of the three people who stood before me, all of whom were over forty, one was a man, two were women, and as I looked them over I noticed the sweet dignity of the elder woman's expression. The other was of coarser grain, and the male in the human triangle—for it turned out to be a triangle—who must have been close on fifty-five, was of nondescript aspect, a little shop-worn, though fairly well-to-do. I supposed it to be the ordinary case of childless parents seeking to adopt a single woman's infant. On questioning them I discovered the man to be the father of the child by the other woman, and that his wife, she of the fine countenance, was applying with him for leave to adopt the waif of the illicit relation. Under the law the adoption would not be valid unless she joined in the petition.

Mistrusting my own ears I looked at the wife inquiringly only to hear: "Yes, I've decided that it's best. We've no children, and the baby will be better off. She can't afford to look after it." Terse and pitifully to the point. Here the dialogue ceased, for the culprits, already familiar with the programme, were merely awaiting my sanction. As I signed the decree I said to myself that compared with this wife Chaucer's patient Griselda seemed an amateur. Instead of leaving her husband to his evil devices and the child to its fate, she had taken the proof of his sin to her arms. A woman friend to whom I mentioned the episode replied: "Well, of course she had ceased to care for her husband."

This seemed not unlikely, and yet, penetrating as was the truly feminine comment, I found it superficial. Nevertheless, as if to bear out my friend's implication that such magnanimity was incompatible with matrimonial self-respect, a pleasant-faced young woman came before me a few weeks later with the request that I permit some worthy strangers to adopt her baby, and in response to my inquiry why she wished to part with it, answered: "I'm married now and we have another at home, and, though my husband knows and has paid for the board of the first, he prefers I shouldn't keep it. These people have had it ever since I married." Yet until the girl became explicit it had been on the tip of my tongue to suggest that if I talked to her husband he might change his mind, and this because his unwillingness somehow jarred on me from being so exceptional. Or, to put this a little differently, my memory held such a long file of husbands ready to embrace the full consequences of their wives' mistakes before marriage that I had become hardened (or shall I not say softened?) to the knowledge that they were apt to do so.

The contrast between the two cases serves as a peg on which to hang the skein of argument—a skein tangled, nevertheless, by the crisscross of changing social currents. It happened that the first person (also a woman) to whom I spoke of the second incident, remarked: "I'm not surprised that the husband didn't care to support another man's child born out of wedlock." The obvious answer was that in my official consciousness it was the exceptional husband who demurred. Being a nice person, she shook her head, an equivalent to saying that in a similar plight it would be too much to expect. Unquestionably it used to be—and not very long ago—the convention that the innocent child must suffer and the maternal tie be severed in order to avoid condoning sin or trampling on conjugal proprietary rights. A half-century back the conduct of the modern Griselda just instanced would have seemed so quixotic as almost to merit reprobation. If today we admire though marvel at the mag-

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nanimity, it is largely because of the change in society's sense of responsibility toward the child.

The consciousness of the courts differs from that of two other rival authorities or tests—that of the church and that of the legislator. All these seek the same end, the welfare of humanity, but the angle of approach is quite dissimilar. The church prescribes from the point of view of its conception, based fundamentally on Holy Writ, of what men and women ought to be, the lawmaker from a yearning for immediate concrete change, but the function of the courts is to enforce and interpret existing laws. In this endeavor they are forbidden to overstep the bounds of existing law, that is, to legislate, but in so far as they fail to keep in touch with what mankind is thinking about, and to assimilate the temper of the age—growth of new ideas as distinguished from mere sporadic tendencies—they become disqualified to adapt existing laws to current human needs and aspirations.

Nowhere is this receptiveness to what is going on—which with time becomes a rich consciousness—more essential than in the courts which have to do with domestic relations, where legal technicalities are largely subordinated with the sanction of precedent to the main issues involved. I remember hearing a critic of a candidate for the presidency say that he would make a pretty good probate judge. This damning with faint praise was meant to register the benevolent inexactness permitted to those who hold this judicial office. Yet if a wide and wise discretion is thus allowed and expected, it becomes inevitable that those who exercise its functions vigilantly should discover that certain public states of mind which strain old conventions exist and have to be reckoned with. This is merely a preliminary to the proposition that in the mirror of my judicial consciousness reflecting the experience of over twenty-five years the child has acquired stature and the parent dwindled proportionately where the happiness or welfare of the one comes in conflict with that of the other; and correlatively that the woman "in trouble" has acquired a new rating.

To be sure, the stock of the latter has been going up steadily since the cast-iron days of the "Scarlet Letter," and so rapidly of late that if we are to credit the consciousness of the Wells, Galsworthy, Compton McKenzie school of fiction—and are they not in the forefront of the "serious" contemporary novelists of old England?—she has nearly touched par as a subject of human interest. Although Mr. Wells has recently discovered a God with his own peculiar hall-mark, he has yet to disclaim that he would not regard a League of Nations braced by domestic continence as a menace to liberty if not contrary to nature; and even Arnold Bennett has strayed from the "Five Towns" in order to introduce us in London in wartime to "The Pretty Lady," with the apparent implication that not only are the "Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady sisters under the skin," but that the underlying distinction between a countess and a street-walker is far to seek.

This consciousness of the novelists—and it could be matched over here—reflects the glare of the pavements and footlights. That of the courts which deal with domestic relations is derived from the slow round of drab and often pathetic situations shorn of all except sheer reality, though constantly yielding surprises. Yet my experience tallies with that of the novelists to the point of admitting (if continuous data merit so pusillanimous a word) that the young woman "in trouble" and who wishes to "get out" by handing over the evidence of her "indiscretion" to some couple yearning for a child not infrequently shows little compunction at parting with her baby or little sense of concern at having one. Doubtless she feels more of both than the facial mask discloses, and it may be that the very beneficent societies for girls who supply "first aid" to the erring would tell a different story, but it would seem as if shame in the old-fashioned sense was no longer to be taken for granted. I am not referring to the rounder whose presence in the criminal dock argues that she has become so inveterate in her habits as to be beyond the influence of altruism, but to the casual victim of misplaced confidence (to adopt a prevailing euphemism). The freemasonry of women which once was so relentless that it applied

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the thumbscrew of torture to offenders against chastity without discrimination has happily been won to mercy; indeed so intensely and entirely so that what with helpful hands and bountiful hearts and all the compassionate ardor of scientific social service, it is possible to-day for a quizzical court to wonder whether random childbirth is from the point of view of a fresh start in life more of a handicap to a young woman than an operation for appendicitis. Certainly for one reason or another the moral aspect which used to separate the two misfortunes like a gulf has been considerably modified and pressed by the economic problem, "How shall I manage with this new mouth to feed?" the mother finds it easy to transfer the burden to society, which, impersonated by some childless couple on the lookout for just such a chance, frequently provides the only practical solution.

Between the child and the rival trio more or less at odds as to what is best for it—the parents (or parent), the charitable societies and institutions and benevolent relatives or other aspirants for custody—the consciousness of the courts stands like a buckler or wind-shield. The courts become the umpire if these clash. Why, for instance, when adoption of an illegitimate child is sought, should the mother be required to attend? In order that the judge may make sure that she is not being coerced into compliance, and that her readiness to part with her baby for good and all (if it be good) is absolute. It is easy to induce a woman under the stress of weakness and mortification that "the best way out of it" is to hand over her new-born baby to people who offer a "good home," and that all she has to do is to sign the paper. Yet if this is permitted to suffice, the maternal instinct—the most precious in the world—is liable to be robbed of genuine choice, as more than one instance known to me would bear out. For the woods are full of people eager to adopt children—the number appearing to be on the increase—and it might be added that superfluous infants just now are much easier to be had than cases of champagne. The old prejudice against thrusting one's hands in a grab-bag, eugenically speaking, and breeding by proxy is in abeyance if not dying out. Parents who long for the joy of a child in the house are less apt to be deterred by the dread of atavism, and, arguing that environment and a good bringing-up are quite as potent factors in the stability of a family tree as the influence of the original sap, are more ready to take a chance and brave the whisper of the neighborhood: "A foundling! To think he may grow up and marry my daughter," a likely and horrible contingency. Naturally these would-be adoptive parents endeavor by means of the Binet and Wassermann tests and other methods of investigation to secure as flawless grafts as possible, and their inclination is to prevent the real parents from knowing who is to adopt the child or where it is to live, in order to forestall the possibility of later regrets or interference. This is a precaution on which those who make a business of discovering healthy infants for eligible couples like to insist if they can. The policy is debatable, but the practice in careful courts is to require the presence of all parties at the same time, for the hide-and-go-seek method of interviewing them separately or not at all derogates from the authority of the court by substituting another arbiter and, furthermore, exposes the child to complete ignorance of and disassociation from its blood relatives in the event that the experiment works badly or the adoptive parents decease. In cases of guardianship or adoption where the issue is between vicious or improvident parents and a charitable society, it is often imperative for the child's sake to conceal its whereabouts lest formative influences be undermined or the patience of those providing a good home abused. In every instance involving custody, the paramount consideration, which might be termed the pole-star of precedent where a child is concerned, is—what is for its welfare or best interests?

The "best interests" of the child is a glib and appealing phrase, but less easy of exact interpretation than appears at first sight, and, pole-star as it is in the consciousness of the courts, it shades away in meaning every little while. It is commonly referred to as a modern doctrine, which, strictly speaking, it is, and yet we may fairly assume that the English judges who for centuries habitually awarded chil-

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dren to the father rather than the mother when the parents could not agree, held the belief that they were benefiting the child no less than the father by recognizing his traditional title to custody. The ancient conception of the child as property, with its consequence that the father must be little less than a monster to forfeit exclusive rights of guardianship, a doctrine which left the mother virtually in the lurch, died hard in England, even if it is entirely extinct; but the courts of our several States almost universally repudiated from the outset the harshness of the English principle by awarding children of tender years to the mother, provided she was not very much to blame for the family discord, which usually meant meretricious, and this, too, though the statutes of most States constituted the father the natural guardian during coverture. If this favoritism between the parents as to natural guardianship has not been done away with everywhere in this country, the date is not far distant when it will be, and, on the other hand, the attitude of the courts where parents battle over children has inclined so steadily toward the mother that, unless she has shown herself wanton or exceptionally recreant or heartless, she is not likely to be separated from them. Indeed, the pendulum has swung so far in the opposite direction and the theory of paternal ownership been so completely discredited that the boot is sometimes found upon the other leg, and women are heard asserting that they own their children because they bore them, and that under no circumstances should they be deprived of them—a complete reversal of the original injustice. There is a woman who keeps writing to me just before Christmas: "When you sit down at table in your beautiful home with all your family around you, think of —— ——, whom you robbed of her only child, and whose heart you have broken." And yet this pathetic Banquo at the feast fails to spoil my appetite, for, though I pity the poor mother, I think of the daughter who was removed from degrading surroundings before she had lost the chance to grow up a self-respecting woman. In other words, mother-love, though set upon a pinnacle in the conscience of modern courts, must yield to a higher consideration, the well-being of her offspring. Where the custody of children is concerned, the only enemy which the modern woman has to fear is her own unfitness which is more apt to be challenged by the social workers and charitable societies, who might be called liaison officers of the courts of domestic relations, than by masculine ill-will. This beneficent body-guard, who probe into and bring to the attention of the court the conditions which menace the child, serve as a buffer between it and maternal Bolshevism. But an assumption that the contest is one-sided or invariably simple would be far from correct. In its capacity as umpire the court will make sure that the child is safeguarded, and yet not sacrificed to the indiscriminate zeal of the social worker. Remonstrance by the parents will not avail to prevent the feeble-minded offspring from being segregated and so afforded its only chance for social development; yet in dealing with normal children the consciousness of the court keeps the balance even by allowing no one to forget that a dinner of herbs with parental affection is preferable if consistent with safety to the stalled ox of the institution —or even the home provided by the institution. Rarely, however, do those who minister to the needs of neglected children fail to live up to the spirit of this creed in their recommendations or to give the benefit of reasonable doubt to parents ambitious for another chance. It should be said, too, that it is a part of the consciousness of modern courts that these liaison officers of our social system, who are truly indispensable allies to justice, almost never trespass on one another's preserves or trample on one another's toes in religious matters. Rarely do their wires cross, because of an almost universal disposition to live in peace with their philanthropic neighbors, a course encouraged in some jurisdictions by statutes which prescribe that wards of the State shall be brought up in the religion of their parents.

When we turn from the semi-submerged to the every-day family, what human contests are fiercer than those which involve the custody of a child or children? And here the courts have to reckon not only with maternal love, but with that of the grandmother. On the

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death of a young wife a man not infrequently decides to break up housekeeping and confide the child for the time being to her mother—an eminently suitable arrangement. So far so good, but when two or three years later he decides to marry again, litigation is not uncommon, due to the refusal of the grandmother to part with it, and in her desperation (for otherwise she has not a leg to stand on) she is apt to endeavor to prove that her late daughter's husband is a disreputable person if not a fiend in human shape—evidence which in the consciousness of the court is liable to be taken with a grain of salt. Yet other women always express sympathy for the grandmother—as if to say: "It may be the law, but it ought to be different." In a case where two deaf-mutes had married and the wife had died, the father intrusted the only child, who was free from defects congenitally in all respects, to his mother-in-law. Presently he decided to marry again and his choice, oddly enough, was another deaf-mute, though capable and pleasing. He had a terrible time in recovering his baby, for there was nothing the grandmother and her other children, some of whom were deaf-mutes, some normal, did not allege against him, and the court-room was vibrant with sign-language, all the deaf-mutes in the community having gathered in his behalf. It was clearly a case of grandmother-love, but complicated for me by the puzzling consideration as to what effect living with two people who were deaf and dumb would have on a normal child; so much so that I required medical advice, which declared positively that the association would not be injurious, and so the father prevailed, although I have never felt absolutely sure that I was right.

It would be erroneous to suppose that intensity of feeling where the custody of children is concerned is confined to relatives. A childless woman who has acquired one by guardianship papers frequently becomes so attached to it that at the threat of separation her distress is not to be distinguished from the maternal instinct. I have a case in mind of a well-to-do couple whose custody of a little girl, apparently white but with negro blood in her veins, was disputed after possession for several years by the real mother, a colored woman, single at its birth (the father being a white man), who had finally married a negro and set up housekeeping. It appeared that the mother had abandoned the child on the door-steps, and as her husband could provide a decent home and they had no children, was seeking to reclaim it. The matter was puzzling, for there was the problem of miscegenation to consider. Would it be for the best interest of the child, who sooner or later must betray her origin, to stay where she was or be remanded to her colored natural mother? I remember vividly the frantic solicitude of the foster-mother, who had obtained the child from a charitable home, at the possibility of losing her. The case finally hinged on disinterested testimony, which proved the real mother to be so unfit to bring up the child that, though once more I "saw through a glass darkly," I sent the foster-parents away rejoicing.

According to the National Census of 1906, over 72,000 divorces were granted in the United States. In the world census of 1900 this country stood second only to Japan, 55,000 divorces as against 93,000, with France and Germany showing less than 9,000 apiece. These more or less familiar figures reveal an increasing and deplored but not necessarily evil tendency among our people to adjust their marital disagreements in the courts, a process which must be more or less heterogeneous in its mismating consequences until a national divorce law is passed, or diversity between the several States is cured by uniform legislation. This is not the occasion to discuss the ethical pros and cons of divorce, much less of remarriage. So far as the consciousness of the courts is concerned the issue is dead, for divorce, however reprehensible it may seem to some, represents a world-wide and growing conviction of democracy that it is the best and often the only relief against "the infernal brutality of whatever name, and, be it crude or refined, which at times makes a hell of the holiest relations." Divorce is a surgical operation, with more or less social stigma attached; appendicitis, with the difference that the patient, though relieved, wears the earmark of having made a mess of things, and yet constantly the only escape from a living death.

Incidentally, a very considerable num-

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ber of the divorces applied for involves the custody of children, and it is to be borne in mind herewith that couples deterred by religious scruples from severing the marriage tie are permitted by the church without reproach to seek separate maintenance—the modern equivalent, though unilateral in that it can only be brought by a wife, for the divorce *a mensa et thoro* of the old ecclesiastical courts as distinguished from a divorce from "the bonds of matrimony"—a proceeding that prescribes the terms on which warring couples are to live apart, yet leaves them still man and wife. This favorite and much-invoked modern expedient for all who believe in the literalness of "let not man put asunder," is granted commonly on somewhat less exigent grounds than would justify divorce pure and simple. Consequently, so far as the offspring are concerned, the consciousness of the courts has much the same problem to consider whether it be a case of pulling the tooth or killing the nerve. In each case the truly vital consideration for society is—how about the children?

The novelist, Edith Wharton, in her brilliant short story, "The Other Two," has etched with skilful irony the social consequences of easy divorce by letting the curtain fall on the wife serving afternoon tea to all three husbands, to the quizzical dismay of the last legal and fond possessor. It would be easy to match the unsavory philandering with the marriage still more or less in vogue among the fashionable rich who happen to be vulgar by equally gross and increasingly pitiful realities in the descending social scale. On the other hand, it is scarcely too much to say that it often seems to the jaded consciousness of courts dealing with discordant domestic relations that Jack and Jill might better be allowed to go their separate ways except where there are children. The power to perpetuate the tie which holds together two utterly mismated lives pulling in opposite directions is a thankless privilege unless redeemed by considerations for the race. On the issue of preserving the family, an aim alike of the church, the lawgiver, and the courts, each from its own angle, it is significant that 75 per cent of proceedings for divorce, and all for separate maintenance, are initiated by women. Modern divorce at its inception, though open to men, was designed primarily for the protection of wives from masculine tyranny, and the dire statistics which offend so many people have been in large measure a register of relief from intolerable conditions more or less sanctified by prior generations of patient Griseldas. Yet when we turn from the immediate past and look ahead, does not the established policy of modern courts (at least those in the United States) to vouchsafe complete protection to the wife, both as concerns herself and custody of her children, unless her conduct has been outrageous, prompt the question whether responsibility for the preservation of the family will not rest henceforth largely on the attitude of woman?

To develop this it is to-day practically possible for a wife to allow mere caprice or unsubstantial grievances to deprive her children of their father, and thus sacrifice their true welfare to her own egotism. No woman can be compelled to live under the same roof with her husband, and, if she leaves him, even "liking some one else better" will not prevent her from retaining the custody of young children, if all that appears on the surface is incompatibility. It would be incorrect to allege that the consciousness of the courts recognizes more than a drift in this direction; yet opportunity runs hand in glove with the temptation, one extenuated by the apostles of freedom who hold that marriage is "up" to a man, and that if he cannot retain his wife's affection she is justified in leaving him. This postulate of liberty, if not set forth in much of current fiction, is to be read between its lines. Years ago, when a woman in whose favor I had decided whispered to the court officer as she went out, "Tell the judge he's a darling," I thought it not unlikely that I had been cajoled. Yet this was a mere error in psychology. When, on the other hand, only the other day a young woman (accompanied by her mother) tripped up to the bench to inquire if she could obtain a divorce or separate maintenance because her husband "smoked in bed," I was disposed to ask myself whether the pendulum between the sexes had not swung so far the other way that the next patient Griselda would be a man.

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THE MESSAGE OF LEONARDO

HIS RELATION TO THE BIRTH OF MODERN SCIENCE

By George Sarton

LEONARDO DA VINCI died in the little manor of Cloux, near Amboise, where he had been for the last three years the honored guest of Francis I, on May 2, 1519, that is exactly four hundred years ago. He was not only one of the greatest artists, but even more the greatest scientist and the greatest engineer of his day. Indeed, with the passing of time his unique personality looms larger and larger and bids fair to attain, as soon as it is completely known, gigantic proportions.

The most befitting way of celebrating with our Italian friends this four hundredth anniversary is to try to explain this mysterious personality. If he was not a miracle, we must be able to show how he came to be what he was. Leonardo the artist is so well known that I shall hardly speak of him, but it is worth while for the purpose that I have in mind briefly to recall the most important facts of his life.

He was born in Vinci, a village in the hills between Florence and Pisa, in 1452, an illegitimate child, his mother being a peasant woman, and his father Ser Piero, a notary, a man of substance. The latter's family can be traced back to 1339, along three other generations of notaries. Soon after Leonardo's birth, his father took him away from his mother, and both parents hastened to marry, each in his own set. Ser Piero must have been a man of tremendous vitality, mental and physical. He was one of the most successful notaries of the Signoria and of the great families of Florence, and his wealth increased apace. He married four times, the two first unions remaining childless. His first legitimate child was not born until 1476, when Leonardo was already twenty-four, but after that ten more children were borne to him by his third and fourth wives, the last one in the very year of his death, which occurred in 1504, when he was seventy-seven.

Thus Leonardo had five mothers. The real one disappears soon after his birth; she bore him and her mission ended there as far as Leonardo was concerned. What the four others were to him, we do not know, for he does not speak of them. He had five mothers and he had none. He is a motherless child, also a brotherless one, because he does not seem to have had much to do with his eleven brothers and sisters—far younger than himself anyhow—except when, at their father's death, they all leagued themselves against him to deny him any part of the patrimony. A motherless, brotherless, lonely childhood, we cannot lay too much stress on this; it accounts for so much.

In or about 1470 Ser Piero placed his son, now a very handsome and precocious boy, in the studio of Andrea Verrocchio, who since Donatello's death was the greatest sculptor of Florence; also a painter, a goldsmith, a very versatile man, indeed. Within the next years Leonardo had the opportunity to show the stuff of which he was made, and by 1480 his genius had matured. He was considered by common consent a great painter, and moreover his mind was swarming with ideas, not simply artistic ideas, but also architectural and engineering plans.

Leonardo was born in the neighborhood of Florence and bred in the great city. It is well, even in so short a sketch, to say what this implies. The people of Tuscany are made up of an extraordinary mixture of Etruscan, Roman, and Teutonic blood. Their main city, Florence, had been for centuries a considerable emporium, but also a centre of arts and of letters. Suffice it to remember that of all the Italian dialects it is the Tuscan, and more specifically its Florentine variety, which has become the national lan-

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guage. The prosperous city soon took a lively interest in art, but loved it in its own way. These imaginative but cool-headed merchants patronize goldsmiths, sculptors, draftsmen. They do not waste any sentimentality, neither are they very sensual: clear outlines appeal more to them than gorgeous colors. Except when they are temporarily maddened by personal jealousy or by a feud which spreads like oil, it would be difficult to find people more level-headed, and having on an average more common sense and a clearer will.

Leonardo was a Florentine to the backbone, and yet this environment was not congenial to him. He was distinctly superior to most of his fellow citizens as a craftsman, but he could not match the best of them in literary matters. The Medici had gathered around them a circle of men whose delight it was to discuss topics of Greek, Latin, and vernacular literature, and to debate, often in a very learned manner, the subject of Platonic philosophy. There is no gainsaying that these Neoplatonists were a brilliant set of men, but their interests were chiefly of the literary kind; they were men of letters and loved beautiful discourse for its own sake. On the contrary, young Leonardo, following an irresistible trend, was carrying on scientific and technical investigations of every sort. The engineer in him was slowly developing. Perhaps, he could not help considering these amateur philosophers as idle talkers; but it is just as likely that, being a motherless child, he was not endowed with sufficient urbanity to fare comfortably in this society of refined dilettanti. Nature more and more engrossed his attention, and he was far more deeply concerned in solving its innumerable problems than in trying to reconcile Platonism and Christianity. Neither could his brother artists satisfy his intellectual needs; they were talking shop and fretting all the time. A few had shown some interest in scientific matters, but on the whole their horizon was too narrow and their self-centredness unbearable. Also, Florence was becoming a very old place, and an overgrowth of traditions and conventions gradually crowded out all initiative and real originality. So Leonardo left and went to Milan, to the court of Ludovico Sforza, at that time one of the most splendid courts of Europe. Milan would certainly offer more opportunities to an enterprising and restless mind like his. The very desire of outdoing Florence was a tremendous impulse for Ludovico: he was anxious to make of his capital a new Athens, and of the near-by university town of Pavia a great cultural centre. His happiest thought perhaps was to keep around him two men who were among the greatest of their day—Bramante and Leonardo. The liberal opportunities which were offered to these two giants are the supreme glory of the Sforza and of Milan.

Leonardo was employed by the Duke as a civil and military engineer, as a pageant master, as a sculptor, as a painter, as an architect. How far he was understood by his patron it is difficult to say. But he seems to have thriven in this new atmosphere, and these Milanese years are among the most active and the most fertile of his life. He was now at the height of his power and full scope was given to his devouring activity. It is during this period, for instance, that he modelled his famous equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, that he painted the "Virgin of the Rocks," and the "Last Supper," while he was also superintending important hydraulic works, and pursuing indefatigably his various scientific investigations. Yet even at this time of greatest activity and enthusiasm he must have been a lonesome man. This brilliant but very corrupt court was of course the rendezvous of hundreds of dilettanti, parasites, snobs —male and female—and what could Leonardo do to protect himself against them but be silent and withdraw into his own shell?

Milan justly shares with Florence the fame of having given Leonardo to the world; it was really his second birthplace. Unfortunately, before long, heavy clouds gathered over this joyous city, and by 1500 the show was over and Ludovico, made prisoner by the French, was to spend the last ten years of his life most miserably in the underground cell of a dungeon. From that time on Leonardo's life became very unsettled. It is true, he spent many years in Florence, employed

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by the Signoria, painting the "Gioconda" and the "Battle of Anghiari"; then for some years he was back in Milan, but he is more and more restless and somehow the charm is broken. After the fall of the Sforza, Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua—perhaps the most distinguished woman of the Renaissance—tried to attach Leonardo to her service, but he refused, and instead he chose, in 1502, to follow Cesare Borgia as his military engineer. One may wonder at this choice, yet it is easy enough to explain it. At that time Leonardo was already far prouder of his achievements as a mechanic and an engineer than as a painter. It is likely that in the eyes of Isabella, however, he was simply an artist and he may have feared that this accomplished princess would give him but little scope for his engineering designs and his scientific research. On the other hand, Leonardo found himself less and less at home in Florence. The city had considerably changed in the last ten years. Savonarola had ruled it, and many of the artists had been deeply swayed by his passionate appeals, and even more by his death. For once, fair Florence had lost her head. And then also, young Michael Angelo had appeared, heroic but intolerant and immoderate: he and Leonardo were equally great but so different that they could not possibly get on together.

In 1513–15 Leonardo went to the papal court, but there, for the first time in his life, the old man was snubbed. Having left Rome, his prospects were getting darker, when fortunately he met in Bologna the young King of France, Francis I, who persuaded him to accept his patronage. The King offered him a little castle in Touraine, with a princely income, and there Leonardo spent in comparative quietness, the last three years of his life. It must be said to the credit of Francis I that he seems to have understood his guest, or at least to have divined his sterling worth. France, however, did not appreciate Leonardo, and was not faithful to her trust. The cloister of Saint-Florentin at Amboise, where the great artist had been buried, was destroyed by a fire in 1808, and his very ashes are lost.

He was apparently an old man when he died, much older than his years, exhausted by his relentless mind and by the vicissitudes and the miseries of his strange career. Only those who have known suffering and anxiety can fully understand the drama and the beauty of this life.

Throughout his existence Leonardo had carried on simultaneously, and almost without a break, his work as an artist, as a scientist, as an engineer. Such a diversity of gifts was not as unusual in his day as it would be now. Paolo Uccello, Leo B. Alberti, Piero dei Franceschi, even Verrocchio himself, had shown more than a casual interest in scientific matters, such as perspective and anatomy, but Leonardo towers far above them. The excellence of his endowment is far more amazing than its complexity. His curiosity was universal to such a degree that to write a complete study of his genius amounts to writing a real encyclopædia of fifteenth-century science and technology. From his earliest age he had given proofs of this insatiable thirst for knowledge. He could take nothing for granted. Everything that he saw, either in the fields or on the moving surface of a river, or in the sky, or in the bottega of his master, or in the workshops of Florence, raised a new problem in his mind. Most of the time neither man nor book could give an answer to his question, and his mind kept working on it and remained restless until he had devised one himself. This means, of course, that there was no rest for him until the end. In a few cases, however, a satisfactory answer suggested itself, and so a whole system of knowledge was slowly unfolding in him.

His apprenticeship in Verrocchio's studio must have greatly fostered his inquiries in the theory of perspective, the art of light and shade, and the physiology of vision; the preparation of colors and varnishes must have turned his thoughts to chemistry, while the routine of his work woke up naturally enough his interest in anatomy. He could not long be satisfied by the study of the so-called artistic anatomy, which deals only with the exterior muscles. For one thing, the study of the movements of the human figure, which he tried to express in his drawings, raised innumerable questions: how were they possible, what kept the

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human machine moving and how did it work? . . . It is easy to imagine how he was irresistibly driven step by step to investigate every anatomical and physiological problem. There are in the King's library at Windsor hundreds of drawings of his which prove that he made a thorough analysis of practically all the organs. Indeed, he had dissected quite a number of bodies, including that of a gravid woman, and his minute and comprehensive sketches are the first anatomical drawings worthy of the name. Many of these sketches are devoted to the comparison of human anatomy with the anatomy of animals, the monkey or the horse for instance; or else he will compare similar parts of various animals, say, the eyes or a leg and a wing. Other sketches relate to pathological anatomy: the hardening of the arteries; tuberculous lesions of the lungs; a very searching study of the symptoms of senility. On the other hand his activity as a practical engineer led him to study, or we might almost say to found, geology: he set to wonder at the various layers of sand and clay which the cutting of a canal did not fail to display; he tried to explain the fossils which he found embedded in the rocks and his explanations were substantially correct. Moreover, he clearly perceived the extreme slowness of most geological transformations, and figured that the alluvial deposits of the river Po were two hundred thousand years old. He well understood the geological action of water and its meteorological cycle. His work as a sculptor, or as a military engineer (for instance, when he had to supervise the casting of bombards), caused him to study metallurgy, particularly the smelting and casting of bronze, the rolling, drawing, planing, and drilling of iron. On all these subjects he has left elaborate instructions and drawings. He undertook in various parts of northern Italy a vast amount of hydraulic work: digging of canals, for which he devised a whole range of excavating machines and tools; building of sluices; establishment of water wheels and pipes, and his study of hydrodynamics was so continuous that notes referring to it are found in all his manuscripts. He also studied the tides, but did not understand them.

In fact, it is impossible to give even a superficial account of all his scientific and technical investigations, and the reader must forgive me if the magnitude of the subject obliges me to limit myself to a sort of catalogue, for the adequate development of any single point would take many a page. Leonardo's manuscripts contain a great number of architectural drawings, sketches of churches and other buildings, but also more technical matters; he studied the proportion of arches, the construction of bridges and staircases; how to repair fissures in walls; how to lift up and move houses and churches. There is also much of what we would call town-planning; the plague of Milan in 1484 likely was his great opportunity in this field, and he thought of various schemes to improve public sanitation and convenience, including a two-level system of streets. Botany repeatedly fixed his attention and we find many notes on the life of plants, the mathematical distribution of leaves on a stem, also beautiful and characteristic drawings of various species. A great deal of the work undertaken for his employers was of course connected with military engineering: hundreds of notes and sketches on all sorts of arms and armor, on all imaginable offensive and defensive appliances; of course, many plans for fortifications and strongholds (how to attack them and how to defend them); portable bridges; mining and countermining; *tanks;* various devices for the use of liquid fire, or of poisoning and asphyxiating fumes. He adds occasional notes on military and naval operations. He had even thought of some kind of submarine apparatus, by means of which ships could be sunk, but the dastardliness of the idea had horrified and stopped him.

No field, however, could offer a fuller scope to his prodigious versatility and ingenuity than the one of practical mechanics. A very intense industrial development had taken place in Tuscany and Lombardy for centuries before Leonardo's birth; the prosperity of their workshops was greater than ever; there was a continuous demand for inventions of all kinds, and no environment was more proper to enhance his mechanical genius. Leonardo was a born mechanic. He had

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a deep understanding of the elementary parts of which any machine, however complicated, is made up, and his keen sense of proportions stood him in good stead when he started to build it. He devised machines for almost every purpose which could be thought of in his day. I quote a few examples at random: various types of lathes; machines to shear cloth; automatic file-cutting machines; sprocket wheels and chains for power transmission; machines to saw marble, to raise water, to grind plane and concave mirrors, to dive under water, to lift up, to heat, to light; paddle-wheels to move boats. And mind you, Leonardo was never satisfied with the applications alone, he wanted to understand as thoroughly as possible the principles underlying them. He clearly saw that practice and theory are twin sisters who must develop together, that theory without practice is senseless, and practice without theory hopeless. So it was not enough for him to hit upon a contrivance which answered his purpose; he wanted to know the cause of his success, or, as the case may be, of his failure. That is how we find in his papers the earliest systematic researches on such subjects as the stability of structures, the strength of materials, also on friction which he tried in various ways to overcome. That is not all: he seems to have grasped the principle of automaticity—that a machine is so much the more efficient, that it is more continuous and more independent of human attention. He had even conceived, in a special case, a judicious saving of human labor, that is what we now call "scientific management." . . .

His greatest achievement in the field of mechanics, however, and one which would be sufficient in itself to prove his extraordinary genius, is his exhaustive study of the problem of flying. It is complete, in so far that it would have been impossible to go further at his time, or indeed at any time until the progress of the automobile industry had developed a suitable motor. These investigations which occupied Leonardo throughout his life, were of two kinds. First, a study of the natural flying of birds and bats, and of the structure and function of their wings. He most clearly saw that the bird extracts from the air the recoil and the resistance which is necessary to elevate and carry itself forward. He observed how birds took advantage of the wind and how they used their wings, tails, and heads as propellers, balancers and rudders. In the second place, a mechanical study of various kinds of artificial wings, and of diverse apparatus by means of which a man might move them, using for instance the potential energy of springs, and others which he would employ to equilibrate his machine and steer its course.

It is necessary to insist that most of these drawings and notes of Leonardo are not idle schemes, or vague and easy suggestions such as we find, for instance, in the writings of Roger Bacon; but, on the contrary, very definite and clear ideas which could have been patented, if such a thing as a patent office had already existed! Moreover, a number of these drawings are so elaborate, giving us general views of the whole machine from different directions, and minute sketches of every single piece and of every detail of importance—that it would be easy enough to reconstruct it. In many cases, however, that is not even necessary, since these machines were actually constructed and used, some of them almost to our own time.

To better visualize the activity of his mind, I would now suggest to take at random a few years of his life, and to watch him at work. We might take, for instance, those years of divine inspiration when he was painting the "Last Supper" in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, that is about 1494–8. Do you suppose that this vast undertaking claimed the whole of his attention?

During these few years we see him act professionally as a pageant master, a decorator, an architect, an hydraulic engineer. His friend, Fra Luca Pacioli, the mathematician, tells us that by 1498 Leonardo "had completed with the greatest care his book on painting and on the movements of the human figure." We also know that before 1499, he had painted the portraits of Cecilia Gallerani and of Lucrezia Crivelli. Besides, his note-books of that period show that he

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was interested in a great variety of other subjects, chief among them hydraulics, flying, optics, dynamics, zoology, and the construction of various machines. He was also making a study of his own language, and preparing a sort of Italian dictionary. No wonder that the prior of Santa Maria complained of his slowness! It so happened that during these four years he did not do much anatomical work, but during almost any other period he would have been carrying on some dissecting. Corpses were always hard to get, and I suppose that when he could get hold of one he made the most of it, working day and night as fast as he could. Then, as a change, he would go out into the fields and gaze at the stars, or at the earthshine which he could see inside the crescent of the moon; or else, if it were daytime, he would pick up fossils or marvel at the regularities of plant structure, or watch chicks breaking their shells. . . . Was it not uncanny? Fortunate was he to be born at a time of relative toleration. If he had appeared a century later, when religious fanaticism had been awakened, be sure this immoderate curiosity would have led him straight to the stake.

But remarkable as Leonardo's universality is, his earnestness and thoroughness are even more so. There is not a bit of dilettanteism in him. If a problem has once arrested his attention, he will come back to it year after year. In some cases, we can actually follow his experiments and the hesitations and slow progress of his mind for a period of more than twenty-five years. That is not the least fascinating side of his notes; as he wrote them for his own private use, it is almost as if we heard him think, as if we were admitted to the secret laboratory where his discoveries were slowly maturing. Such an opportunity is unique in the history of science.

Just try to realize what it means: Here we have a man of considerable mother-wit, but unlearned, unsophisticated, who had to take up every question at the very beginning, like a child. Leonardo opened his eyes and looked straight upon the world. There were no books between nature and him; he was untrammelled by learning, prejudice, or convention. He just asked himself questions, made experiments and used his common sense. The world was one to him, and so was science, and so was art. But he did not lose himself in sterile contemplation, or in verbal generalities. He tried to solve patiently each little problem separately. He saw that the only fruitful way of doing that is first to state the problem as clearly as possible, then to isolate it, to make the necessary experiments and to discuss them. Experiment is always at the bottom; mathematics, that is, reason, at the end. In short, the method of inductive philosophy which Francis Bacon was to explain so well a century and a half later, Leonardo actually practised.

This is, indeed, his greatest contribution: his method. He deeply realized that if we are to know something of this world, we can know it only by patient observation and tireless experiment. His note-books are just full of experiments and experimental suggestions, "Try this . . . do that . . ." and we find also whole series of experiments, wherein one condition and then another are gradually varied. Now, that may seem of little account, yet it is everything. We can count on our fingers the men who devised real experiments before Leonardo, and these experiments are very few in number and very simple.

But perhaps the best way to show how far he stood on the road to progress, is to consider his attitude in regard to the many superstitions to which even the noblest and most emancipated minds of his day paid homage, and which were to sway Europe for more than two centuries after Leonardo's death. Just remember that in 1484, the Pope Boniface VIII had sown the seed of the witch mania, and that this terrible madness was slowly incubating at the time of which we are speaking. Now, Leonardo's contempt for astrologers and alchemists was most outspoken and unconditional. He met the spiritists of his age, as we do those of to-day, by simply placing the burden of proof on their shoulders. It is true, for all these matters, his Florentine ancestry stood him in good stead. Petrarca had already shown how Florentine common sense disposed of them; but Petrarca, man of letters, would not have dared to treat the believers in ghosts, the medical

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quacks, the necromancers, the searchers for gold and for perpetual motion as one bunch of impostors. And that is what Leonardo did repeatedly and most decidedly. Oh! how they must have liked him!

I must insist on this point: it is his ignorance which saved Leonardo. I do not mean to say that he was entirely unlearned, but he was sufficiently unlearned to be untrammelled. However much he may have read in his mature years, I am convinced that the literary studies of his youth were very poor. No teachers had time to mould his mind and to pervert his judgment. The good workman Verrocchio was perhaps his first philosopher, nature herself his real teacher. He was bred upon the experiments of the studio and of real life, not upon the artificialities of a mediæval library. He read more, later in life, but even then his readings, I think, were never exhaustive. He was far too original, too impatient. If he began to read some idea would soon cross his head, divert his attention, and the book would be abandoned. Anyhow, at that time his mind was already proof against the scholastic fallacies; he was able, so to say, to filter through his own experience whatever mediæval philosophy reached him either in print or by word of mouth.

Neither do I mean to imply that all the schoolmen were dunces. Far from that, not a few were men of amazing genius, but their point of view was never free from prejudice; it was always the theological or legal point of view; they were always like lawyers pleading a cause; they were constitutionally unable to investigate a problem without reservation and without fear. Moreover, they were so cocksure, so dogmatic. Their world was a limited, a closed system; had they not encompassed and exhausted it in their learned encyclopædias? In fact they knew everything except their own ignorance.

Now the fact that Leonardo had been protected against them by his innocence is of course insufficient to account for his genius. Innocence is but a negative quality. Leonardo came to be what he was because he combined in himself a keen and candid intelligence with great technical experience and unusual craftsmanship. That is the very key to the mystery. Maybe that if he had been simply a theoretical physicist, as were many of the schoolmen (their interest in astronomy and physics was intense), he would not have engaged in so many experiments. But as an engineer, a mechanic, a craftsman, he was experimenting all the while; he could not help it. If he had not experimented on nature, nature would have experimented on him; it was only a choice between offensive and defensive experimenting. Anyhow, whether he chose to take the initiative or not, these experiments were the fountainhead of his genius. To be sure, he had also a genuine interest in science, and the practical problems which he encountered progressively allured him to study it for its own sake, but that took time: once more the craftsman was the father of the scientist.

I would not have the reader believe that everything was wrong and dark in the Middle Ages. This childish view has long been exploded. The most wonderful craftsmanship inspired by noble ideals was its great redeeming feature, but unfortunately it had never been applied outside the realm of religion and of beauty. The love of truth did not exalt mediæval craftsmen, and it is unlikely that the thought of placing his art at the service of truth ever occurred to any of them.

Now, one does not understand the Renaissance if one fails to see that the revolution—I almost wrote, the miracle—which happened at that time was essentially the application of this spirit of craftsmanship and experiment to the quest of truth, its sudden extension from the realm of beauty to the realm of science. That is exactly what Leonardo and his fellow investigators did. And there and then modern science was born, but unfortunately Leonardo remained silent, and its prophets only came a century later. . . .

Man has not yet found a better way to be truly original than to go back to nature and to disclose one of her secrets. The Renaissance would not have been a real revolution, if it had been simply a going back to the ancients; it was far more, it was a return to nature. The

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world, hitherto closed in and pretty as the garden of a beguinage, suddenly opened into infinity. It gradually occurred to the people—to only very few at first—that the world was not closed and limited, but unlimited, living, forever becoming. The whole perspective of knowledge was upset, and as a natural consequence all moral and social values were transmuted. The humanists had paved the way, for the discovery of the classics had sharpened the critical sense of man, but the revolution itself could only be accomplished by the experimental philosophers. It is clear that the spirit of individuality, which is so often claimed to be the chief characteristic of this movement, is only one aspect of the experimental attitude.

It may seem strange that this technical basis of the Renaissance has been constantly overlooked, but that is simply due to the fact that our historians are literary people, having no interest whatever in craftsmanship. Even in art it is the idea and the ultimate result, not the process and the technique which engross their attention. Many of them look upon any kind of handicraft as something menial. Of course, this narrow view makes it impossible for them to grasp the essential unity of thought and technique, or of science and art. The scope of abstract thinking is very limited; if it be not constantly rejuvenated by contact with nature our mind soon turns in a circle and works in a vacuum. The fundamental vice of the schoolmen was their inability to avow that, however rich experimental premises may be, their contents are limited;—and there is no magic by means of which it is possible to extract from them more than they contain.

The fact that Leonardo's main contribution is the introduction, not of a system, but rather of a method, a point of view, caused his influence to be restricted to the few people who were not impervious to it. Of course, at almost any period of the past there have been some people —only a very few—who did not need any initiation to understand the experimental point of view, because their souls were naturally oriented in the right way. These men form, so to say, one great intellectual family: Aristotle, Archimedes, Ptolemy, Roger Bacon, Leonardo, Stevin, Gilbert, Galileo, Huygens, Newton. . . . They hardly need any incentive; they are all right anyhow. However, Leonardo's influence was even more restricted than theirs, because he could never prevail upon himself to publish the results of his experiments and meditations. His notes show that he could occasionally write in a terse language and with a felicity of expression which would be a credit to any writer; but somehow he lacked that particular kind of moral energy which is necessary for a long composition, or he was perhaps inhibited, as so many scientists are, by his exacting ideal of accuracy.

All that we know of Leonardo's scientific activities is patiently dug out of his manuscripts. About 5,800 pages are extant, of which 1,150 are still practically unexplored. He was left-handed and wrote left-handedly, that is in mirror-writing: his writing is like the image of ours in a mirror. It is a clear hand, but the disorder of the text is such that the reading is very painful. Leonardo jumps from one subject to another; the same page may contain remarks on dynamics, on astronomy, an anatomical sketch, and perhaps a draft and calculations for a machine. Now, it is clear that to thoroughly understand his thoughts on any subject, a study, however exhaustive, of one manuscript is insufficient; it is necessary to follow him through all the manuscripts. Incredible as it may seem, that has not yet been done! After four centuries we do not yet know the text of Leonardo in the sense that we know the text of Shakespeare or of Dante; such knowledge will only become accessible when all the manuscripts have been published, and their contents classified in a systematic order. In other words, we shall only know Leonardo when the labor of composition and editing, which he left undone, has been accomplished.

If I may be permitted to say a few words of it, the task in which I am engaged is precisely the establishment of a standard text of Leonardo's writings, and furthermore the elaborate study of the origin and the development of his thoughts. From what I have said above, it is sufficiently clear that this part of my task is nothing less than the preparation

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of an encyclopædic survey of artistic, scientific, and technical thought at the height of the Italian Renaissance. To measure the size of this undertaking, it is enough to bring before one's mind the many scholarly lives which have been entirely spent, and well spent, in a similar endeavor with regard to Dante. Yet the study of Dante is in many ways far simpler. His scientific lore does not begin to compare with Leonardo's knowledge. The *Divina Commedia* is the sublime apotheosis of the Middle Ages; Leonardo's note-books are not simply an epitome of the past, but they contain to a large extent the seeds of the future. The world of Dante was the closed mediæval world; the world of Leonardo is already the unlimited world of modern man: the immense vision which it opens is not simply one of beauty, of implicit faith, and of corresponding hope; it is a vision of truth, truth in the making. It is perhaps less pleasant, less hopeful; it does not even try to please, nor to give hope; it just tries to show things as they are: it is far more mysterious, and incomparably greater.

I do not mean to say that Dante had not loved truth, but he had loved it like a bashful suitor, while Leonardo was a conquering hero. His was not a passive love, but a devouring passion, an indefatigable and self-denying quest, to which his life and personal happiness were entirely sacrificed. Some literary people who do not realize what this quest implies, have said that he was selfish. It is true, he took no interest in the petty and hopeless political struggles of his day; Savonarola's revival did hardly move him, and he had no more use for religious charlatanry than for scientific quackery. He would be a poor man, however, who would not recognize at once in his aphorisms a genuine religious feeling, that is, a deep sense of brotherhood and unity. His generosity, his spirit of detachment, even his melancholy, are unmistakable signs of true nobility. He makes me often think of Pascal. He was very lonely, of course, from his own choice, because he needed time and quietness, but also because, being so utterly different, it is easy to conceive that many did not like him. I find it hard to believe that he was very genial, in spite of what Vasari says. Being surrounded by people whose moral standards were rather low or, if these were higher, who were apt to lose their balance and to become hysterical because of their lack of knowledge, Leonardo's solitude could but increase, and to protect his equanimity he was obliged to envelop himself in a triple veil of patience, kindness, and irony.

Leonardo's greatest contribution was his method, his attitude; his masterpiece was his life. I have heard people foolishly regret that his insatiable curiosity had diverted him from his work as a painter. In the spiritual sphere it is only quality that matters. If he had painted more and roamed less along untrodden paths, his paintings perhaps would not have taught us more than do those of his Milanese disciples. While, even as they stand now, scarce and partly destroyed, they deliver to us a message which is so uncompromisingly high that even to-day but few understand it. Let us listen to it; it is worth while. This message is as pertinent and as urgent to-day as it was more than four hundred years ago. And should it not have become more convincing because of all the discoveries which have been made in the meanwhile? Do I dream, or do I actually hear, across these four centuries, Leonardo whisper: "To know is to love. Our first duty is to know. These people who always call me a painter do annoy me. Of course, I was a painter, but I was also an engineer, a mechanic. My life was one long struggle with nature, to unravel her secrets and tame her wild forces to the purpose of man. They laughed at me because I was unlettered and slow of speech. Was I? Let me tell you: a literary education is no education. All the classics of the past cannot make men. Experience does, life does. They are rotten with learning and understand nothing. Why do they lie to themselves? How can they keep on living in the shade of knowledge, without coming out in the sun? How can they be satisfied with so little—when there is so much to be known, so much to be admired? . . . They love beauty, so they say—but beauty without truth is nothing but poison. Why do they not interrogate nature? Must we not first understand the laws of nature, and then only the laws and the conventionalities of men?

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Should we not give more importance to that which is most permanent? The study of nature is the substance of education—the rest is only the ornament. Study it with your brains and with your hands. Do not be afraid to touch her. Those who fear to experiment with their hands will never know anything. We must all be craftsmen of some kind. Honest craftsmanship is the hope of the world. . . ."

And that is not all, because Leonardo's message is a very complex one. He has also something to say of the scientists, or rather of these overtrained and uneducated specialists, these Pharisees of science, almost as inarticulate as fishes: "What do these people know anyhow? They are trying to find the truth, so they say. But why don't they try to be human? Why are they so pale and so peevish? Why do they stand outside like beggars? How is it that all their science has failed to enlighten them? Why are they so afraid of beauty? Is knowledge without beauty and without love worth anything? . . ."

We must try to reconcile idealism and knowledge, science and art, truth and beauty. The ability of every man to do so is the real measure of his education. In the last analysis, that is what Leonardo tells us, and it is also the message of the New Humanism.

THE CHARM OF OLD NEW ORLEANS

By Edward Larocque Tinker

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

CHARLES MERYON, with an affectionate etching-needle, working on a copper plate bitten by the concentrated essence of his devotion and admiration for his subject, has left us etchings which preserve the glorious memories of a wonderful old Paris, already almost passed. Pennell first heralded the poetry of Pittsburg, and the artistic possibilities of the New York sky-scraper. For the aspiring young artist, either etcher or painter, there remains close at home a new field just as fertile; so fertile in fact that he who succeeds in adequately translating the fascination and charm of old New Orleans, before it has been lost, will build for himself a monument which will live long after his death to make Americans proud, not only of their artists, but also of those old French and Spanish ancestors who builded that city.

Latin taste has moulded the form and decreed the decorations of all the old buildings of the "Vieux Carré," or old part of the city. In some of the streets you almost imagine yourself in Seville, Naples, old Paris, or Habana. The Spanish settlers imposed on the architecture their feeling that a house, like a family, should present to the world a quiet impassive front, with just a glimpse through a well-balanced archway of a patio filled with fig-trees and flowers, where the real family life was lived. But the fine hand of our French ancestors is equally apparent. With their greater love of the graceful, they have added balconies with wrought-iron railings, hand-forged by negro slaves, from wonderful designs, carried in their master's hearts from their beloved France. The Spanish contributed their love of bright colors, and for a hundred years or more, these houses have been painted in alternating coats of pink, soft green, orange, blue, red, each coat fading soon in the severe sunlight, and being overlaid with some new color, until now, due to the continued assaults of the elements, many colors show through, giving a vividly varied but harmonious tone to the old walls that would make a painter's left hand itch for his palette and his right for a brush.

Then there are the market-places from whose cool, dark depths you can look out into the brilliant sunshine at the Rembrandt-lighted figures of the hucksters in picturesque groups near the curb, semi-

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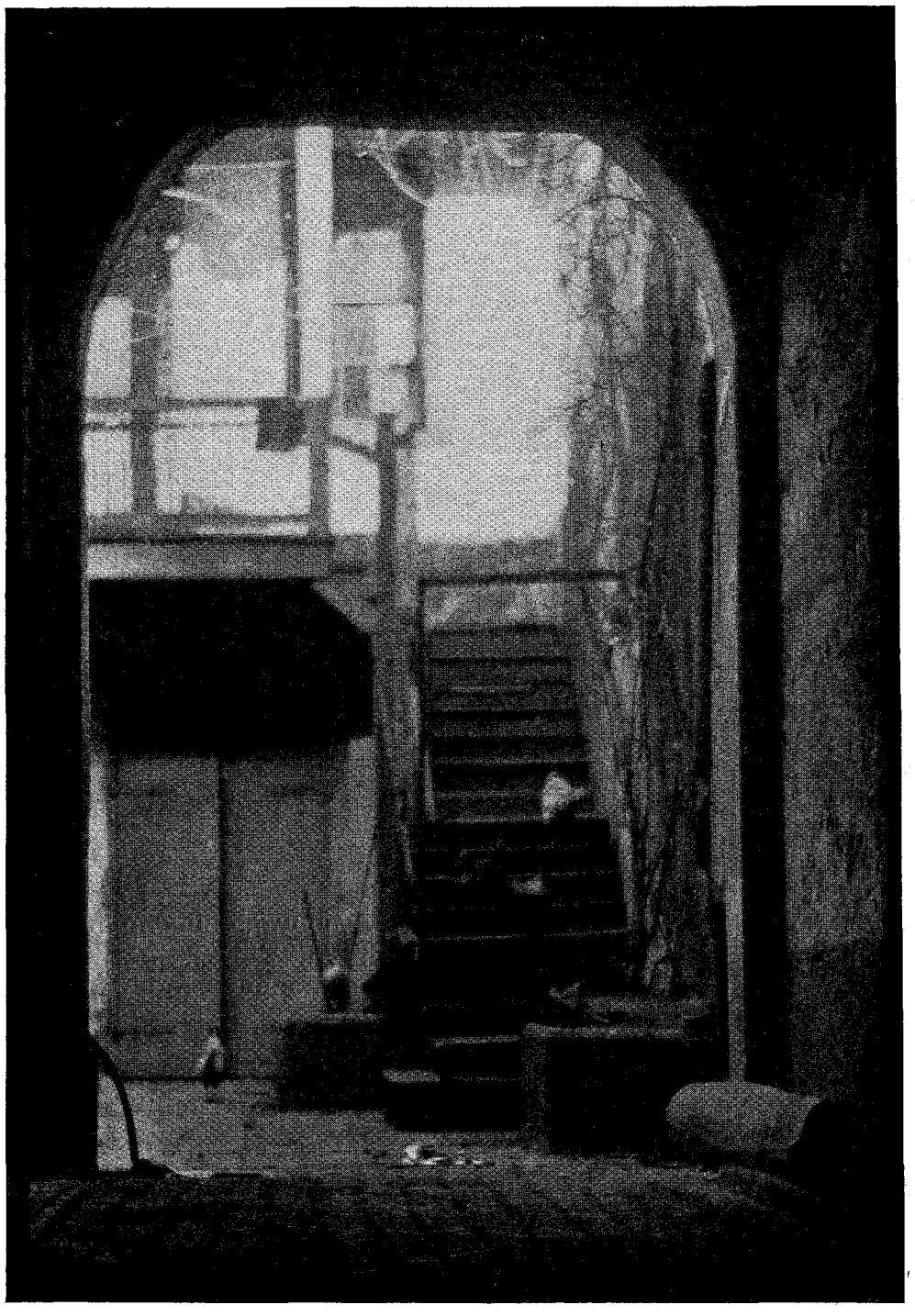

The wine-merchant's courtyard.

In the good old days, huge hogsheads of the finest wines from France rumbled from the ships arrived from sea to this old house, and, passing through the iron gateway, were trundled down this cool, dark tunnel into the sunlight-flooded patio, and stored in dark surrounding rooms, while right above, the old wine merchant lived in constant watch upon his precious wares.

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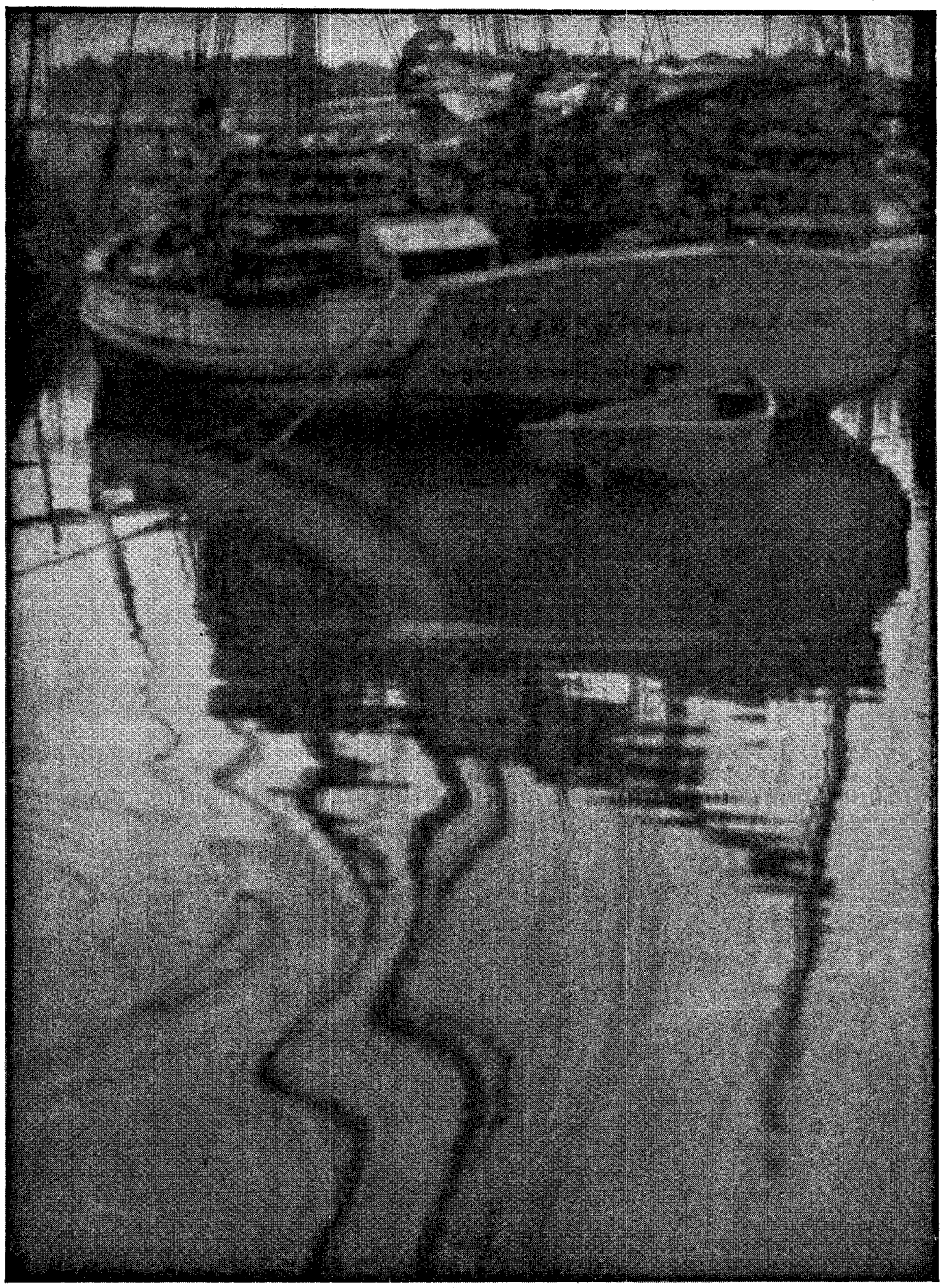

Patterns in the bayous.

The spidery patterns of reflected masts and rigging, constantly in motion below the surface of the bayous, like a den of writhing black snakes, are an inspiration to an etcher's point.

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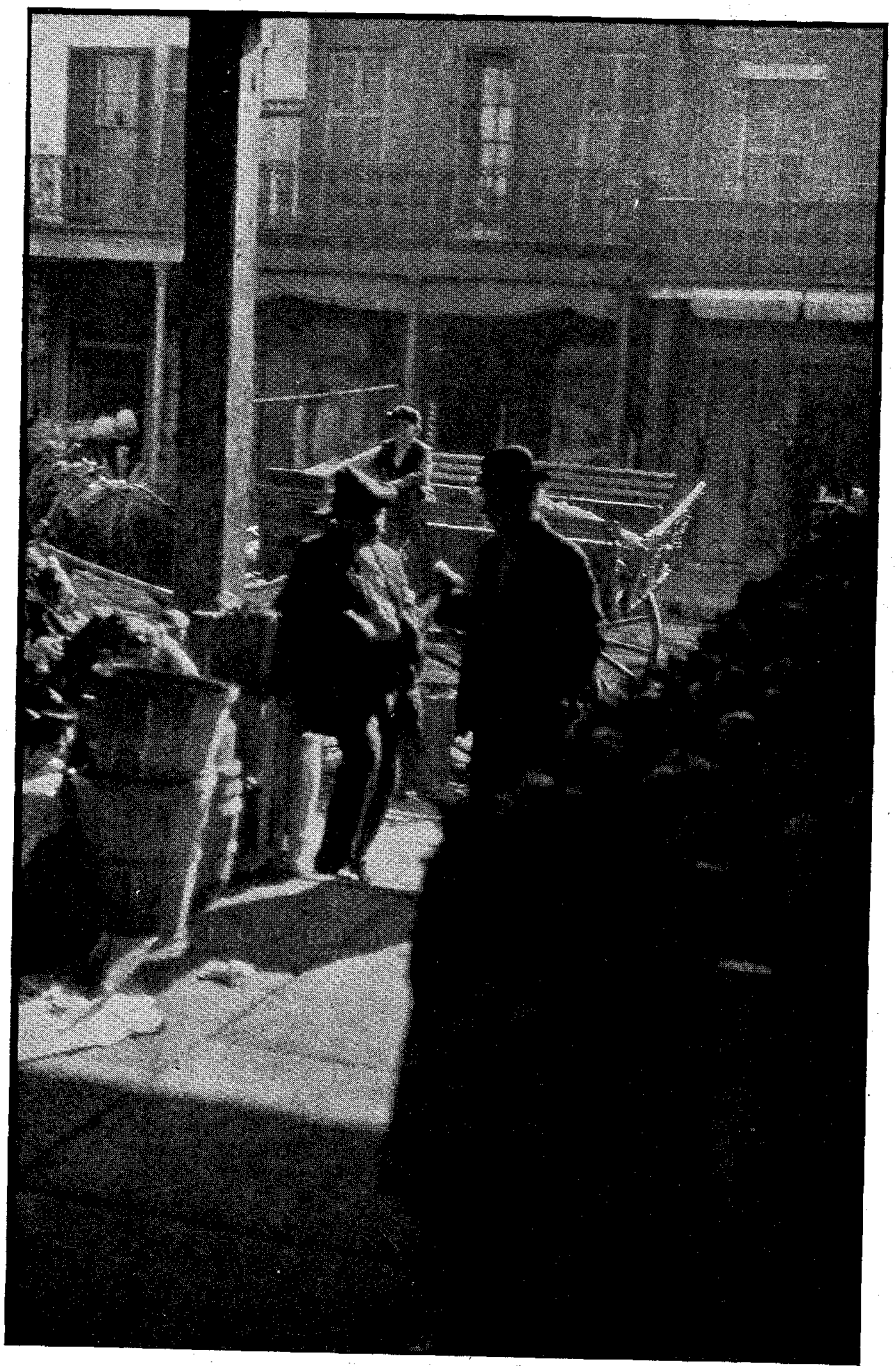

Looking out from the cool, dark depths of the old market-place into the full, blazing force of the Southern sunshine.

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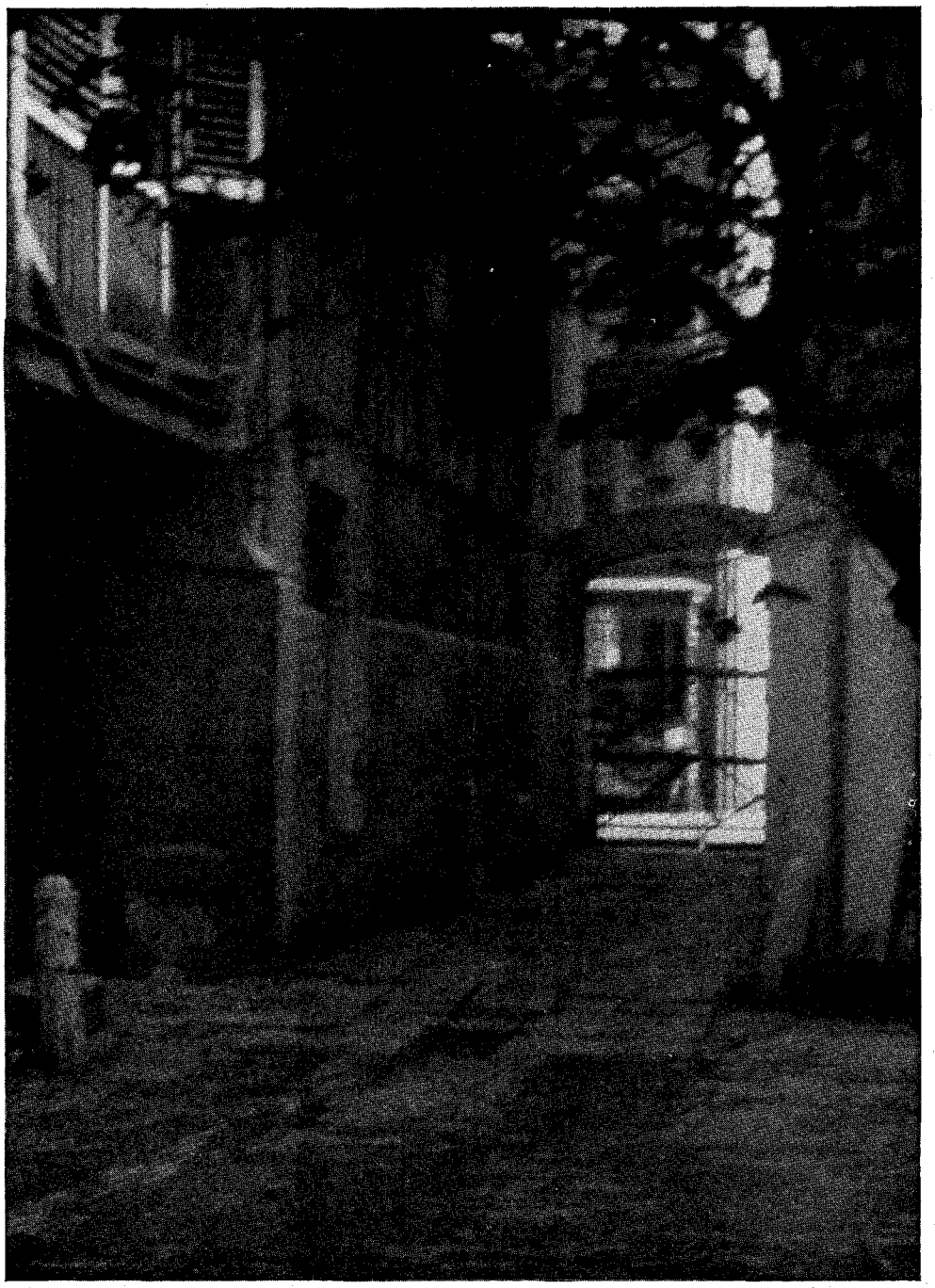

Antoine's courtyard.

While Voisin's is a name dear to the French gourmet's heart, Antoine's has become a place of pilgrimage for those Americans who feel that the satisfaction of the palate should be a fine art. For a hundred years or more this famous old restaurant has kept unchanged its fine French flavor both of appearance and of cookery. Even its back courtyard remains as it was when the military guard of the first Spanish governor stabled their horses in its stalls.

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The Country Club oak.

This stately old tree, festooned with its streamers of Spanish moss, has probably guarded during its two or three hundred years of existence the mating secrets of the grandmothers and grandfathers of some of the very men and women who flirt and take tea in its shadow to-day.

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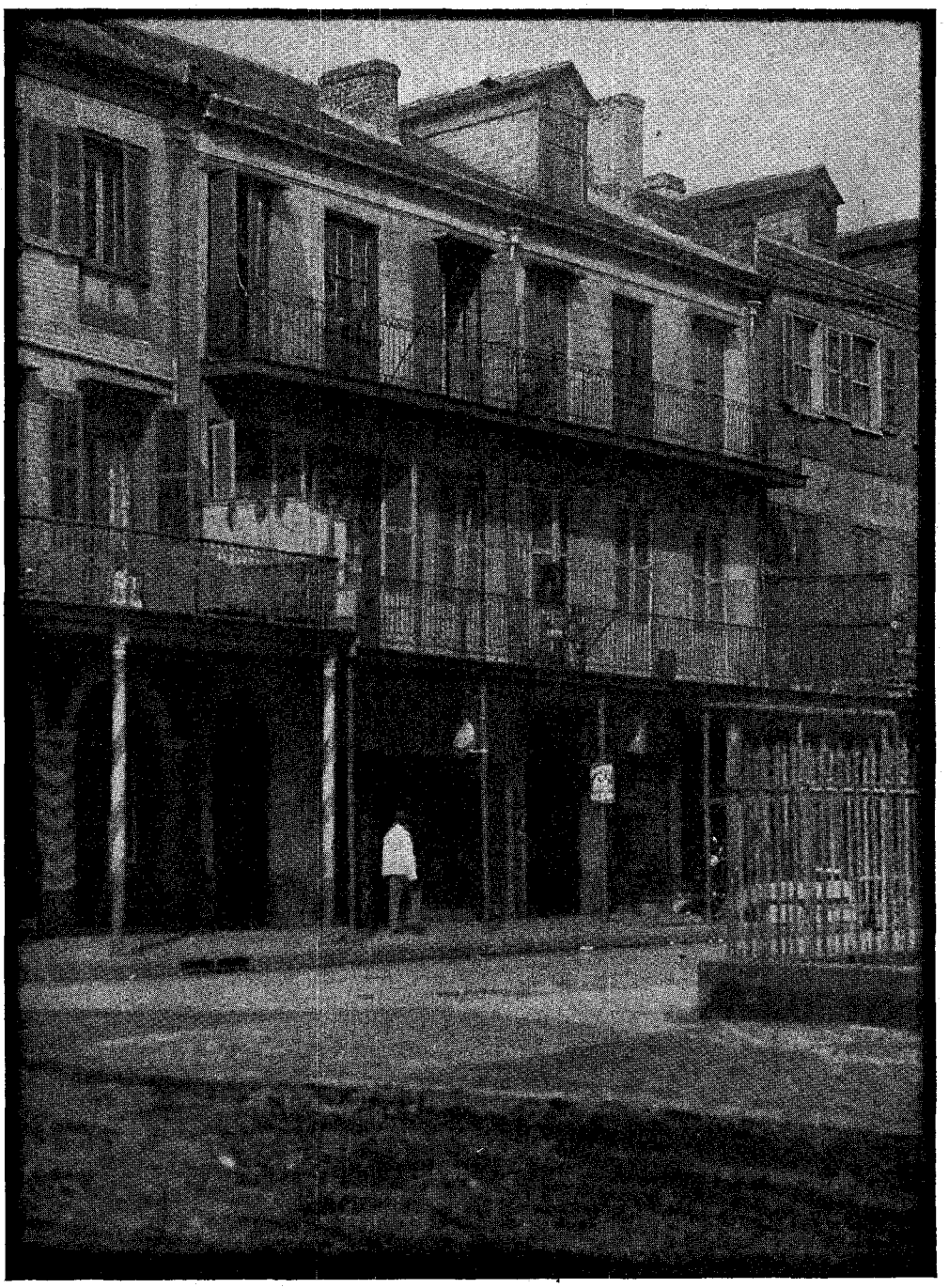

Faded faces of past splendors.

These old houses, which used to shelter the belles and beaux made familiar by Cable's novels, now house teeming families of Italian immigrants, who have settled like a plague of locusts upon the "Vieux-Carré."

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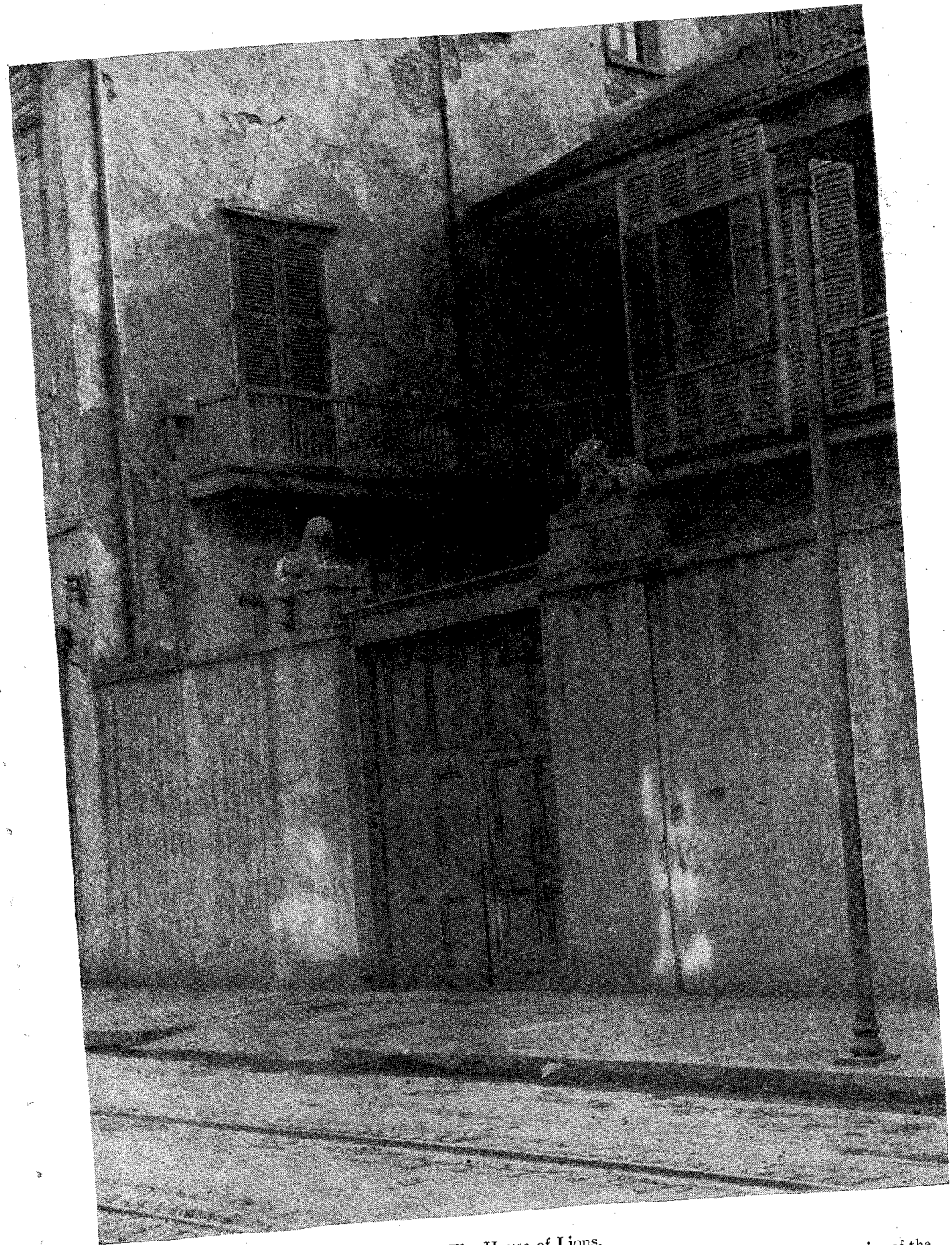

The House of Lions.

Originally, these queer carved lions were the outward and visible sign of the inward pride of birth and possession of the old Frenchman or Spaniard who built this house. To-day, like the broken-down race-horse who pulls the ragman's cart, it has fallen from its proud estate, and a little placard brands the door with that sign manual of earthly deterioration, "Rooms to Let."

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Repaving the old French Quarter.

Originally the streets of the "Vieux-Carré" were paved with enormous cobblestones brought over in ballast by the ships from France. While the diagonal lines of the cobbling lent to the picturesqueness of the streets, its unevenness detracted from the comfort of the passengers, so in this materialistic age the cobbles are rapidly giving place to asphalt.

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silhouetted against the façades of the lovely old houses across the street—the fruit-stalls with the patches of sunlight livening the mingled colors of the fruit—the wagons backed up to the curb, loaded with carrots in color an orange-like distilled sunshine, and with tops so fresh and green that you were sure each carrot must have had a separate bath before it was loaded—the haggling housewife, market-basket on arm—the old, old negro mammy, who, although dressed in rags, mumbling along bent over a stick, begging a precarious living of scraps of meat and spoiled vegetables, still continues to wear that badge of slavery, a "tignon," or Madras handkerchief of many faded colors.

For those who must look upon water to really live, there's the broad Mississippi, with one whole bank topped with warehouses and lined with ships of every kind, square-riggers with their interesting tangle of cross-yards and rigging, ocean-going steamers in camouflage colors, even the old-time Mississippi steamboat still with its clumsy stern paddle-wheel, each vessel a sufficiently concrete promise of adventure to stir the blood of any two-fisted man.

Should more circumscribed marines appeal, bayous cut right into the heart of the city, tied to whose banks rest flotillas of lateen-rigged luggers, and schooners on whose bulwarks are constructed queer lattice-work fences to accommodate enormous deck-loads of charcoal. At just about sunset, the snaky reflections in the water of the repeated masts of the luggers, are not a whit less alluring than the shadows cast in any Venetian canal.

It's one of the saddest things, however, to realize that most of the bright picturesque spots in the world are being rapidly ironed flat, into the dull drab monotony of a purely utilitarian plane. The Mexican is giving up his silver-buttoned leathern charro clothes and bullioned sombrero, the Japanese his becoming silks and flowing lines, the Chinaman his queue—all to adopt the hideous livery of modern Europe. In the same way New Orleans, like the rest of the world, is beginning to conform, to destroy her old glories, in the pursuit of her ambition to become that artistic atrocity—an "up-to-date American city."

But the damage has not yet been done—only commenced. Few of the lovely old buildings have yet been destroyed. There is still time, not much, but sufficient, for the right American artist, with sympathy in his touch and reverence in his heart, to preserve for future generations the full flavor and charm, the fascination and color of old New Orleans, and in the doing to give himself a claim, not only to fame, but also to the gratitude of the American people.

WRONG NUMBER

By Meredith Nicholson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL FOSTER

I

THEY called him Wrong Number in the bank because he happened so often and was so annoying. His presence in the White River National was painful to bookkeepers, tellers, and other practical persons connected with this financial Gibraltar, because, without having any definite assignment, he was always busy. He was carried on the rolls as a messenger, though he performed none of the duties commonly associated with the vocation, calling, or job of a bank messenger. No one assumed responsibility for Wrong Number, not even the cashier or the first vice-president, and such rights, powers, and immunities as he enjoyed were either self-conferred or were derived from the president, Mr. Webster G. Burgess.

Wrong Number's true appellation as disclosed by the pay-roll was Clarence E. Tibbotts, and the cynical note-teller averred that the initial stood for Elmer. A small, compact figure, fair hair, combed to onion-skin smoothness, a pinkish face

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and baby-blue eyes—there was nothing in Wrong Number's appearance to arouse animosity in any but the stoniest heart. Wrong Number was polite, he was unfailingly cheerful, and when called upon to assist in one place or another he responded with alacrity, and no one had reason to complain of his efficiency. He could produce a letter from the files quicker than the regular archivist, or he could play upon the adding-machine as though it were an instrument of ten strings. No one had ever taught him anything; no one had the slightest intention of teaching him anything, and yet by imperceptible degrees, he, as a free-lance, passed through a period of mild tolerance into acceptance as a valued and useful member of the staff. In the Liberty Loan rushes that well-nigh swamped the department, Wrong Number knew the answers to all the questions that were fired through the wickets. Distracted ladies who had lost their receipts for the first payment and timidly reported this fact found Wrong Number patient and helpful. An early fear in the cages that the president had put Wrong Number into the bank as a spy upon the clerical force was dispelled when it became known that the young man did, on several occasions, conceal or connive at concealing some of those slight errors and inadvertences that happen in the best-regulated of banks. Wrong Number was an enigma, an increasing mystery, nor was he without his enjoyment of his associates' mystification.

Wrong Number's past, though veiled in mist in the White River National, may here be fully and truthfully disclosed. To understand Wrong Number one must also understand Mr. Webster G. Burgess, his discoverer and patron. In addition to being an astute and successful banker, Mr. Burgess owned a string of horses and sent them over various circuits at the usual seasons, and he owned a stock-farm of high repute, as may be learned by reference to any of the authoritative stud-books. If his discreet connection with the race-track encouraged the belief that Mr. Burgess was what is vulgarly termed a "sport," his prize-winning shorthorns in conjunction with his generous philanthropies did much to minimize the sin of the racing-stable.

Mr. Burgess "took care of his customers," a heavenly attribute in any banker, and did not harass them unnecessarily. Other bankers in town who passed the plate in church every Sunday and knew nothing of Horse might be suspicious and nervous and even disagreeable in a pinch, but Mr. Burgess's many admirers believed that he derived from his association with Horse a breadth of vision and an optimism peculiarly grateful to that considerable number of merchants and manufacturers who appreciate a liberal line of credit. Mr. Burgess was sparing of language, and his "yes" and "no" were equally pointed and final. Some of his utterances, such as a warning to the hand-shaking vice-president, "Don't bring any anæmic people into my office," were widely quoted in business circles. "This is a bank, not the sheriff's office," he remarked to a customer who was turning a sharp corner. "I've told the boys to renew your notes. Quit sobbing and get back on your job."

It was by reason of their devotion to Horse that Burgess and Wrong Number met and knew instantly that the fates had ordained the meeting. Wrong Number had grown up in the equine atmosphere of Lexington—the Lexington of the Blue Grass, and his knowledge of the rest of the world was gained from his journeys to race-meets with valuable specimens of the horse kind. Actors are not more superstitious than horsemen, and from the time he became a volunteer assistant to the stablemen on a big horse-farm the superstition gained ground among the cognoscenti that the wings of the Angel of Good Luck had brushed his tow head and that he was a mascot of superior endowment. As he transferred his allegiance from one stable to another luck followed him, and when he picked, one year, as a Derby winner the unlikeliest horse on the card and that horse galloped home an easy winner, weird and uncanny powers were conceded to Wrong Number.

Burgess had found him sitting on an upturned pail in front of the stable that housed "Lord Templeton" at six o'clock of the morning of the day the stallion strode away from a brilliant field and won an enviable prestige for the Burgess stables. Inspired by Wrong Number's confidence, Burgess had backed "Lord

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Templeton" far more heavily than he had intended, and as a result was enabled to credit a small fortune to his stable account. For four seasons the boy followed the Burgess string, and in winter made himself useful on the Burgess farm somewhere north of the Ohio. He showed a genius for acquiring information, and was cautious in expressing opinions; he was industrious in an unobtrusive fashion; and he knew all there is to know about the care and training of horses. Being a prophet, he saw the beginning of the end of the horse age, sniffed gasolene without resentment, and could take an automobile to pieces and put it together again. Burgess was his ideal of a gentleman, a banker, and a horseman, and he carried his idolatry to the point of imitating his benefactor in manner, dress, and speech. Finding that Wrong Number was going into town for a night course in a business college, Burgess paid the bill, and seeing that Wrong Number at twenty-two had outgrown Horse and aspired to a career in finance, Burgess took him into the bank with an injunction to the cashier to "let him run loose in the lot."

Burgess had found him sitting . . . in front of the stable that housed "Lord Templeton."—Page 550.

While Mrs. Burgess enjoyed the excitement and flutter of grand-stands, her

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sense of humor was unequal to a full appreciation of the social charm of those gentlemen who live in close proximity to Horse. Their ways and their manners and their dialect did not, in fact, amuse her, and she entertained an utterly unwarranted suspicion that they were not respectable. It was with the gravest doubts and misgivings that she witnessed the rise of Wrong Number, who, after that young gentleman's transfer to the bank, turned up in the Burgess townhouse rather frequently and had even adorned her table.

On an occasion Webster had wired her from Chicago that he couldn't get home for a certain charity concert, which she had initiated, and suggested that she commandeer Wrong Number as an escort; and as no other man of her acquaintance was able or willing to represent the shirking Webster, she did, in fact, utilize Wrong Number. She was obliged to confess that he had been of the greatest assistance to her and that but for his prompt and vigorous action the programmes, which had not been delivered at the music-hall, would never have been recovered from the theatre to which an erring messenger had carried them. Wrong Number, arrayed in evening dress, had handed her in and out of her box and made himself agreeable to three other wives of tired business men who loathed concerts and pleaded important business engagements whenever their peace was menaced by classical music. Mrs. Burgess's bitterness toward Webster for his unaccountable interest in Wrong Number was abated somewhat by these circumstances, though she concealed the fact and berated him for his desertion in an hour of need.

Webster G. Burgess was enormously entertained by his wife's social and philanthropic enterprises, and he was proud of her ability to manage things. Their two children were away at school and at such times as they dined alone at home the table was the freest confessional for her activities. She never understood why Webster evinced so much greater interest and pleasure in her reports of the battles of warring factions than in affairs that moved smoothly under her supreme direction.

"You know, Web," she began on an evening last September, after watching her spouse thrust his fork with satisfaction into a pudding she had always found successful in winning him to an amiable mood; "you know, Web, that Mrs. Gurley hasn't the slightest sense of fitness—no tact—no delicacy!"

"You've hinted as much before," said Webster placidly. "Cleaned you up in a club election?"

"Web!" ejaculated Mrs. Burgess disdainfully. "You know perfectly well she was completely snowed under at the Women's Civic League election. Do you think after all I did to start that movement I'd let such a woman take the presidency away from me? It isn't that I *cared* for it; heaven knows I've got enough to do without that!"

"Right!" affirmed Burgess readily. "But what's she put over on you now?"

Mrs. Burgess lifted her head quickly from a scrutiny of the percolator flame.

"Put over! Don't you think I'd give her any chance to put anything over! I wouldn't have her *think* for a minute that she was in any sense a *rival*."

"No; nothing vulgar and common like that," agreed Webster.

"But that woman's got the idea that she's going to entertain all the distinguished people that come here. And the Gurleys have been here only two years and we've lived here all our lives! It's nothing to me, of course, but you know there *is* a certain dignity in being an old family, even here, and my great-grandfather was a pioneer governor, and yours was the first State treasurer, and that ought to count and always *has* counted. And the Gurleys made all their money out of tomatoes and pickles in a few years; and since they came to town they've just been *forcing* themselves everywhere."

"I'd hardly say that," commented Burgess. "There's no stone wall around this town. I was on the committee of the Chamber of Commerce that invited Gurley to move his canning factory here."

"And after *that* he was brazen enough to take his business to the Citizen!" exclaimed Mrs. Burgess.

"That wasn't altogether Gurley's fault, Gertie," replied Burgess softly.

"You don't mean, Web——"

"I mean that we could have had his account if we'd wanted it."

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Drawn by Will Foster.

"We thought the commission would be tired of the train."—Page 558.

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"Well, I'm glad we're under no obligations to carry them round."

"We're not, if that's the way you see it. But Mrs. Gurley wears pretty good clothes," he suggested, meditatively removing the wrapper from his cigar.

"Webster Burgess, it can't be possible that you *mean* ——"

"I mean that she's smartly set up. You've got to hand it to her, particularly for hats."

"You never see what I wear! You haven't paid the slightest attention to anything I've worn for ten years! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! That woman buys all her clothes in New York, every stitch and feather, and they cost five times what I spend. With the war and everything, I don't feel that it's *right* for a woman to spread herself on clothes. You know you said yourself we ought to economize, and I discharged Marie and cut down the household bills. And Marie was worth the fifty dollars a month I paid her for the cleaner's bills she saved me."

Mrs. Burgess was at all times difficult to tease, and Webster was conscious that he had erred grievously in broaching the matter of Mrs. Gurley's apparel, which had never interested him a particle. He listened humbly as Mrs. Burgess gave a detailed account of her expenditures for raiment for several years, and revealed what she had never meant to tell him, that out of her personal allowance she was caring for eight French orphans in addition to the dozen she had told him about.

"Well, you're a mighty fine girl, Gertie. You know I think so."

The tears in Mrs. Burgess's eyes made necessary some more tangible expression of his affection than this, so he walked round and kissed her, somewhat to the consternation of the darky butler who at that moment appeared to clear the table.

"As to money," he continued when they had reached the living-room, "I got rid of some stock I thought was a dead one the other day, and I meant to give you a couple of thousand. You may consider it's yours for clothes or orphans or anything you like."

She murmured her gratitude as she took up her knitting, but he saw that the wound caused by his ungallant reference to Mrs. Gurley's wardrobe had not been healed by a kiss and two thousand dollars. Gertrude Worthington Burgess was a past mistress of the art of extracting from any such situation its fullest potentialities of compensation. And Webster knew as he fumbled the evening newspaper that before he departed for the meeting of the War Chest Committee that demanded his presence down-town at eight o'clock he must make it easy for her to pour out her latest grievances against Mrs. Gurley. He is a poor husband who hasn't learned the value of the casual approach. To all outward appearances he had forgotten Mrs. Gurley and for that matter Mrs. Burgess as well when, without looking up from the government estimate of the winter-wheat acreage, he remarked with a perfectly feigned absent air:

"By the way, Gertie, you started to say something about that Gurley woman. Been breaking into your fences somewhere?"

"If I thought you would be interested, Web——"

This on both sides was mere routine, a part of the accepted method, the established technic of mollification.

"Of course, I want to hear it," said Webster, throwing the paper down and planting himself at ease before her with his back to the fire.

"I don't want you to think me unkind or unjust, Web, but there are *some* things, you know!"

He admitted encouragingly that there were indeed some things and bade her go on.

"Well, what made me very indignant was the way that woman walked off with the Italian countess who was here last week to speak to our Red Cross workers. You know I wired Senator Saybrook to extend an invitation to the countess to come to our house, and he wrote me that he had called on her at the Italian Embassy and she had accepted; and then, when the countess came and I went to the station to meet her, Mrs. Gurley was there all dressed up and carried her off to her house. For sheer impudence, Web, that beat anything I ever heard of. Every one *knows* our home is always open and it had been in the papers that we were to entertain the Countess Paretti. It was not only a reflection on me, Web, but on you as well. And, of course, the poor countess wasn't to blame, with all

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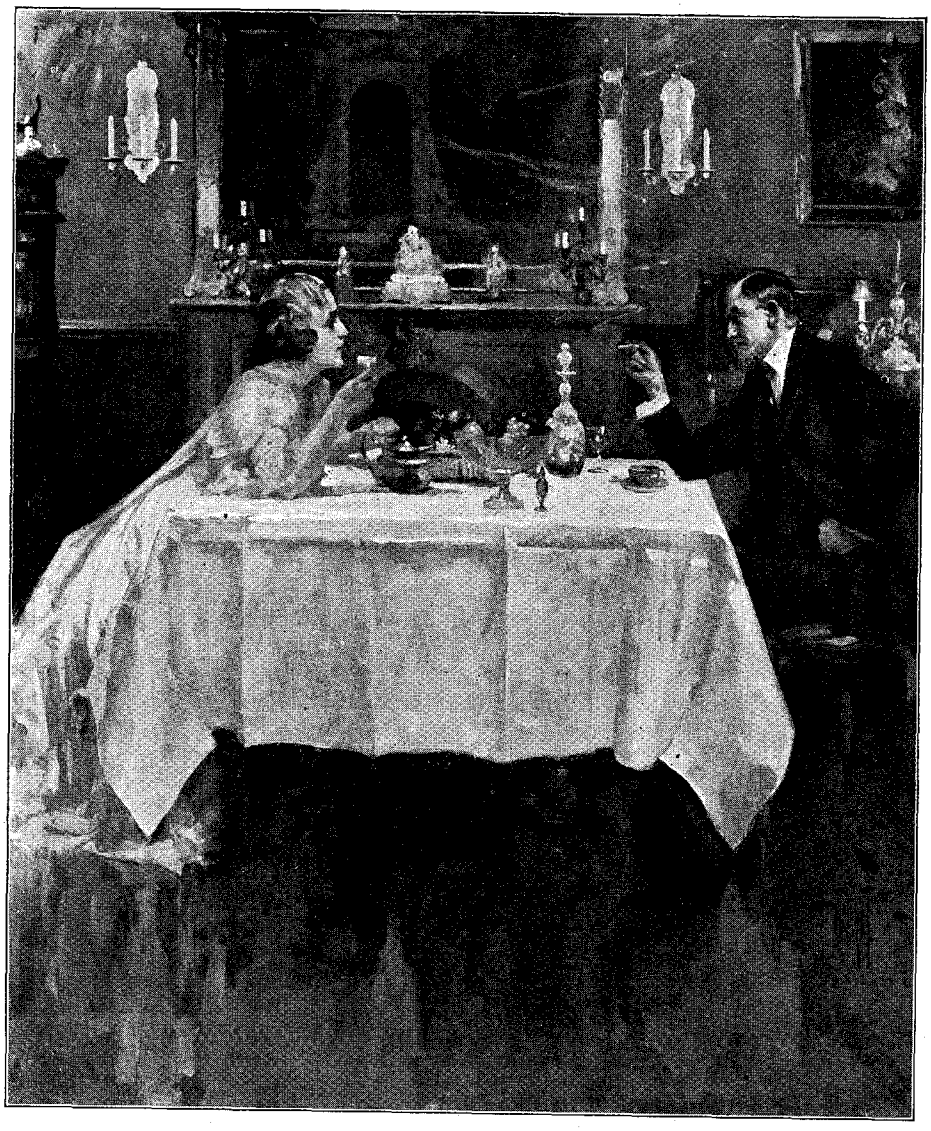

"It's the best party you ever pulled off."—Page 559.

the hurry and confusion at the station, and she didn't know me from Adam; and Mrs. Gurley simply captured her—it was really a case of the most shameless kidnapping—and hurried her into her limousine and took her right off to her house!"

"Well, after the time you'd spent thinking up Italian dishes for the lady to consume, I should say that the spaghetti was on us," said Burgess, recalling with relief that the countess's failure to honor his home had released him for dinner with a British aviator who had proved to be a very amusing and interesting person. "I meant to ask you how the Gurleys got into the sketch. It was a contemptible thing to do, all right. No wonder you're bitter about it. I'll cheerfully punch Gurley's head if that'll do any good."

"What I've been thinking about, Web, is this," said Mrs. Burgess meditatively. "You know there's an Illyrian delegation coming to town, a special envoy of some of the highest civil and military officials of poor war-swept Illyria. And I heard this afternoon that the Gurleys mean to carry them all to their house for luncheon when the train arrives Thursday at noon, just before Governor Windridge receives them at the State-house, where there's to

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be a big public meeting. The Gurleys have had their old Congressman from Taylorville extend the invitation in Washington and, of course, the Illyrians wouldn't *know*, Web."

"They would not," said Webster. "The fame of our domestic cuisine probably hasn't reached Illyria, and the delegation would be sure to form a low opinion of Western victualling if they fed at the Gurleys. The Gurleys probably think it a chance to open up a new market for their well-known Eureka brand of catsup in Illyria after the war."

"Don't be absurd!" admonished Mrs. Burgess.

"I'm not absurd; I'm indignant," Webster averred. "Put your cards on the table and let's have a look. What you want to do, Gertie, is to hand the Gurleys one of their own sour pickles. I sympathize fully with your ambition to retaliate. I'll go further than that," he added with a covert glance at the clock; "I'll see what I can do to turn the trick!"

"I don't see *how* it can be done without doing something we can't stoop to do," replied Mrs. Burgess with a hopeful quaver in her voice.

"We must do no stooping," Webster agreed heartily. "It would be far from us to resort to the coarse kidnapping tactics of the Gurleys. And, of course, you can't go to the mat with Mrs. Gurley in the train-shed. A rough-and-tumble scrap right there before the Illyrians would be undignified, and give 'em a quaint notion of the social habits of the corn-belt. But gently and firmly to guide the Illyrian commissioners to our humble home, throw 'em a luncheon, show 'em the family album and after the shouting at the State-house give 'em a whirl to the Art Institute, and walk 'em through the Illyrian Relief rooms, where a pretty little Illyrian girl dressed in her native costume would hand 'em flowers—that's the ticket."

"Oh, Web, you are always so helpful when you want to be! That's the most beautiful idea about the flowers. And perhaps a *group* of Illyrian children would do some folk-dances! I'm sure the visitors would be deeply touched by that."

"It would certainly make a hit," said Webster, feeling that he was once more rehabilitated in his wife's affections and confidence. "You say the Gurleys' publicity agent has already gazetted their hospitable designs? Excellent. The more advance-work they do on the job the better. We'll give a jar to the pickles—that's the game. Did you get that, Gertie? Pickles—a jar of pickles; a jar to the pickle industry?"

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Burgess, with a far-away look in her eyes, "how charming the folk-dances would be and I must see the settlement-house superintendent about choosing just the right children. But, Web, is it *possible* to do this so *no one* will know?"

"Don't worry about that," he assured her. "Arrange your luncheon and do it right. I've heard somewhere that a great delicacy in Illyria is broiled grasshoppers, or maybe it's centipedes. Better look that up to be sure not to poison our faithful ally. You'd better whisper to Mrs. Windridge that you'll want the governor, but tell her it's to meet a prison reformer or a Congo missionary; Windridge is keen on those lines. Ask a few pretty girls and look up the Illyrian religion, and get a bishop to suit."

"But you haven't told me how you *mean* to do it, Web. Of course, we must be *careful*——"

"Careful!" repeated Burgess, shaking himself into his top-coat in the hall-door. "My real name is discretion! You needn't worry about that part of it. The whole business will be taken care of; dead or alive, you shall have the Illyrians."

II

Wrong Number, locked up in the directors' room of the White River National, studied time-tables and maps, and newspaper clippings bearing upon the Western pilgrimage of the Illyrian Commission. In fifty words Webster G. Burgess had transferred to his shoulders full responsibility for producing the Illyrians in the Burgess home, warning him it must be done with all dignity and circumspection.

"That's for expenses," said Burgess, handing him a roll of bills. This job isn't a bank transaction—you get me? It's strictly a social event."

Wrong Number betrayed no perturbation as the president stated the case. Matters of delicacy had been confided to

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him before by his patron—the study of certain horses he thought of buying and wished an honest report on; the cautious sherlocking of a country-town customer who was flying higher than his credit; the disposal of the stock of an automobile manufacturer whose business had jumped ahead of his capital—such tasks as these Wrong Number had performed to the entire satisfaction of his employer.

In a new fall suit built by Burgess's tailor, with a green stripe instead of a blue to differentiate it from the president's latest, and with a white carnation in his lapel (Mrs. Burgess provided a pink one for Web every morning), Wrong Number brooded over this new problem for two days before he became a man of action.

His broad democracy made him a familiar visitor in cigar-stands, billiard-parlors, sporting-goods emporiums, soft-drink bars, and cheap hotels where one encounters horsemen, expert trap-shooters, pugilists, bookmakers, and other agreeable characters never met in fashionable clubs. After much thought he chose as his co-conspirator, Peterson, a big Swede, to whom he had advanced money with which to open a Turkish bath. As the bath was flourishing, the Swede welcomed an opportunity to express his gratitude to one he so greatly admired; and besides, he still owed Wrong Number two hundred dollars.

"I want a coupla guys that will look right in tall hats," said Wrong Number. "You'll do for one; you'll make up fine for the Illyrian Minister of Foreign Affairs—he's a tall chap; you'll see from that picture of the bunch being received at the New York City Hall. Then you want a little wizened cuss who won't look like an undertaker in a frock coat to stand for the Minister of Finance. We need four more to complete the string and they gotta have uniforms. Comic-opera hats with feathers—you can't make 'em too fancy."

The Swede nodded. The Uniform Rank of the Order of the Golden Buck, of which he was a prominent member, could provide the very thing.

"And I gotta have one real Illyrian to spout the language to the delegation."

"What's the matter with Bensaris who runs a candy-shop near where I live? He's the big squeeze among 'em."

"We'll go down and see him. Remember, he don't need to know anything; just do what I tell him. There's a hundred in this for you, Pete, if you pull it right; expenses extra."

"The cops might pinch us," suggested Peterson warily. "And what you goin' to do about the mayor? It says in the papers that the mayor meets the outfit at the Union Station."

"If the cops ask the countersign tell 'em you turned out to meet the remains of a deceased brother. And don't worry about the mayor. He's been over the Grand Circuit with me and brought his money home in a trunk."

He drew a memorandum-book from his pocket and set down the following items:

Pete. 2 plug hats; 4 uni.
Band.
Bensaris.
Mayor.
Five touring-cars.

"The honor, it is too much!" pleaded Bensaris when Wrong Number and Peterson had told him all it was necessary for him to know, at a little table in the rear of his shop. "But in the day's paper my daughter read me their Excellencies be met at the Union Station; the arrange' have been change'?"

"The papers are never right," declared Wrong Number. "And you don't need to tell 'em anything."

"A lady, Mees Burgett, she come here to arrange all Illyrians go to Relief office to sing the songs of my countree. My daughter, she shall dance and hand flowers to their Excellencies!" cried Bensaris beaming.

"The Bensaris family will be featured right through the bill," said Wrong Number.

"You are too much kind," insisted Bensaris. "It is for the mayor you make the arrange'?"

"I represent the financial interests of our city," Wrong Number replied. "You want to go the limit in dressing up the automobiles; make 'em look like Fourth o' July in your native O'Learyo. Where do we doll 'em up, Pete?"

The garage of a friend in the next block

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would serve admirably and Peterson promised to co-operate with Bensaris in doing the job properly.

"Tail-coat and two-gallon hat for Mr. Bensaris," said Wrong Number. "Pete, you look after that." He pressed cash upon Mr. Bensaris and noted the amount in his book. "We'll call it a heat," he said, and went up-town to pilot Mr. Webster G. Burgess to a ten-round match for points, between two local amateurs, that was being pulled off behind closed doors in an abandoned skating-rink.

III

THE Illyrian Commission had just breakfasted when their train reached Farrington on the State-line, where the mayor of the capital city, Mr. Clarence E. Tibbotts, *alias* Wrong Number, and Mr. Zoloff Bensaris, all in shining hats, boarded the train.

Having studied the portraits of the distinguished Illyrians in a Sunday supplement provided by Mr. Tibbotts, Mr. Bensaris effected the introductions without an error, and having been carefully coached by the same guide, he did not handle his hat as though it were a tray of chocolate-sundaes. The kindness of the mayor and his associates in coming so far to meet the commission deeply touched the visitors. The fourth assistant secretary of state, who was doing the honors for the American Government, heard without emotion of the slight changes in the programme.

"We thought the commission would be tired of the train," explained Wrong Number, who was relieved to find that his cutaway was of the same vintage as the fourth assistant secretary's. "So we get off at the first stop this side of town and motor in."

"Luncheon at Mr. Gurley's," said the secretary consulting a sheaf of telegrams.

"Had to change that, too," said Wrong Number carelessly; "they have scarlet fever at the Gurleys'. The Webster G. Burgesses will throw the luncheon."

The secretary made a note of the change and thrust his papers into his pocket. Mr. Tibbotts handed round his cigarette-case, a silver trinket bearing "Lord Templeton's" head in enamel relief, a Christmas gift from Mr. Webster G. Burgess, and joined in a discussion of the morning's news from the Eastern front, where the Illyrian troops were acquitting themselves with the highest credit.

When the suburban villas of Ravenswood began to dance along the windows, Mr. Tibbotts marshalled his party and as they stepped from the private car a band struck up the Illyrian national hymn. Several dozen students from the near-by college who chanced to be at the station raised a cheer. As the Illyrians were piloted across the platform to the fleet of waiting automobiles, the spectators were interested in the movements of another party—a party fully as distinguished in appearance—that emerged from the station and tripped briskly into a sleeper farther along in the train that had discharged the Illyrians. Here, too, were silk hats upon two sober-looking gentlemen who could hardly be other than statesmen, and uniforms of great splendor upon four stalwart forms, with topping plumes waving blithely in the autumn air. And out of the corner of his eye Mr. Clarence E. Tibbotts, just seating himself in a big touring-car, between the fourth assistant secretary of state and the Illyrian minister of finance, saw Peterson's work, and knew that it was good.

The procession swept into town at a lively clip, set by the driver of the first car, that bore the mayor and the minister of foreign affairs, which was driven by a victor of many motor speed-trials, carefully chosen by Wrong Number for this important service. The piquant flavor of Wrong Number's language as he pointed out objects of interest amused the American secretary, much bored in his pilgrimages by the solemnities of reception committees; but it served also to convince the Illyrian minister of finance of the inadequacy of his own English.

Lusty cheering greeted the party as it moved slowly through the business district. When the Illyrian minister and the fourth secretary lifted their hats Wrong Number kept time with them; he enjoyed lifting his hat. He enjoyed also a view of half a dozen clerks on the steps of the White River National, who cheered deliriously as they espied their associate, and hastened within to spread the news of his latest exploit through the cages.

It is fortunate that Mr. Tibbotts had

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taken the precaution to plant a motion-picture camera opposite the Burgess home, for otherwise the historical student of the future might be puzzled to find that the first edition of the *Evening Journal* of that day showed the Illyrian delegation passing through the gates of the Union Station, with a glimpse of Mrs. Arnold D. Gurley handing a large bouquet of roses to a tall gentleman who was not in fact the Illyrian minister of foreign affairs but the proprietor of Peterson's bath-parlors. The *Journal* suppressed its pictures in later editions, and printed without illustrations an excellent account of the reception of the Illyrians at Ravenswood and of the luncheon, from facts furnished by Mr. Tibbotts, who stood guard at the door of the Burgess home while the function was in progress.

Who ate Mrs. Gurley's luncheon is a moot question in the select circles of the capital city. Peterson and his party might have enjoyed the repast had not the proprietor of the bath-parlors, after accepting Mrs. Gurley's bouquet at the station-gates, vanished with his accomplices in the general direction of the lodge-room of the Order of the Golden Buck.

When foolish reporters tried to learn at the City Hall why the mayor had changed without warning the plans for the reception, that official referred them to the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, who in turn directed the inquirers to the governor's office; and the governor, having been properly instructed by his wife, knew nothing whatever about it.

As the Burgesses were reviewing the incidents of the day at dinner that evening, Mrs. Burgess remarked suddenly:

"Now that it's all over, Web, do you think it was quite fair, really *right?*"

"You mean," asked Webster huskily, "that you're not satisfied with the way it was handled?"

"Oh, not that! But it was almost *too* complete; and poor Mrs. Gurley must be horribly humiliated."

"Crushed, I should say," remarked Webster cheerfully. "This ought to hold her for a while."

"But that fake delegation you had at the station to deceive Mrs. Gurley——"

"I beg your pardon," Webster interrupted, "I assure you I had nothing to do with it."

"Well, all I *know* is that just before dinner Mrs. Windridge called me up and said the governor had just telephoned her that Mrs. Gurley tried to *kiss* the hand of some man she took for the Illyrian minister of foreign affairs as he went through the station-gates. And the man is nothing but a rubber in a Turkish bath. You *wouldn't* have played such a trick as that, Web, would you?"

"No, dear, I would not. For one thing, I wouldn't have been smart enough to think it up."

"And you know, Web, I shouldn't want you to think me mean and envious and jealous. I'm not really that way; you know I'm not. And of course if I'd thought you'd really bring the Illyrians here, I should never have mentioned it at all."

Webster passed his hand across his brow in bewilderment. At moments when he thought he was meeting the most exacting requirements of the marital relationship it was enormously disturbing to find himself defeated.

"Your luncheon was a great success; the talk at the table was wonderful; and the girls you brought in made a big hit. It's the best party you ever pulled off," he declared warmly.

"I'm glad you think so," she said slowly, giving him her direct gaze across the table, "but there were one or two things I didn't *quite* like, Web. It seemed to me your young friend Tibbotts was a little *too* conspicuous. I'm surprised that you let him come to the house. You couldn't —you *wouldn't* have let him *know* how the Illyrians came here! He really seemed to assume full charge of the party, and in the drawing-room he was flirting outrageously with pretty Lois Hubbard, and kept her giggling when I'd asked her *specially* to be nice to the fourth assistant secretary, who's a bachelor, you know. And if Mrs. Hubbard *knew* we had introduced Lois to a boy from the race-track——"

"It would be awful," said Webster with one of the elusive grins that always baffled her.

"What would be awful?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing! I was thinking of Wrong Number, and what a blow it would be if I should lose him. I must remember to raise his salary in the morning."

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THE COLLEGE MAN IN ACTION

By Paul van Dyke
Director American University Union, Paris

THE college man in action not only helped to beat the German, but he has utterly routed his old enemies at home. For the college man has had his enemies at home—I mean he has suffered from criticisms so unreasonable and unjust as to betray that their origin was inveterate hostile prejudice.

These criticisms were of two sorts: The first kind is illustrated by the story of the machine politician of one of our smaller New England cities who, soon after the triumph of a certain reform, said in disgust: "The game of politics is no good any more, everywhere you turn you run up against one of these damned college men." The other sort of hostile criticism of the American college man was not that the college man took a part in public affairs which were not his business. Quite the contrary, there were a certain number of people hostile to college education and its results simply because they chose to assume, without ever examining the facts, that a college education unfitted and indisposed men to take an efficient part in the practical affairs of life.

These criticisms were directed not against any particular faults in the education given by our colleges. They were much deeper and declared that the graduate was entirely incapable of practical work because the habits he had contracted as an undergraduate made him incapable of it. In other words, this hostile attack, which can hardly be called criticism, asserted that the young college man was made soft and incompetent by his college education.

An examination of the solid facts of the careers of eminent men in all branches of effort demonstrated the falsity of this hostile assumption. For example, our last three Presidents were graduated respectively from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Nevertheless, these hostile attacks had some effect on the public mind, and the falsehood that the honor men of colleges never amount to anything afterward in life—a statement which has been demonstrated to be absolutely contrary to the facts—had entirely too much weight even among college men themselves.

Those of us who really know the college boy have been perfectly aware of his faults, for we have been spending our lives trying to correct them. Perhaps the most noticeable is idleness. The college boy takes very often the pose of a certain pride in being as idle as he conveniently can. This is really the tendency of at least nine men out of ten of all sorts and conditions. Only the average man conceals what it has been the mode among young men in colleges to parade. The college lad is also exceedingly careless, as ninety-nine out of a hundred men of all sorts and conditions are. But life off the campus tends to repress carelessness because it brings, in the rough, rude world, loss and pain. Those who knew him, however, were always sure that under these faults there was a solid foundation of admirable manly character, that he knew more than he sometimes seemed to know, and that beneath many of the habits of a boy he concealed the strength of a man. And those of his old friends who know the attitude he took at the beginning of this war and his conduct up to the end of it have our grateful admiration touched by a human "I told you so" sort of feeling, because the young men we have so thoroughly believed in have more than justified our belief. If ever any set of young men in the world have proved that they were neither soft nor incompetent, our college boys, thousands of whom left the campus and within a few months were leading their men against the German machine-guns, have proved it.

The thing most to be feared among the large number of young college men, who received a commission after a few months'

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training, was the carelessness which had undoubtedly existed in a life where they had the privileges of men without their responsibilities. It was something of a question what these young fellows, many of whom had never even had to pay their own bills, would do when there was put into their hands full responsibility for the welfare and the life of from fifty to two hundred and fifty men.

My own conclusion, based on conversations with a large number of these young college officers is that they were anxious about the condition of their men, very proud of their conduct and quite conscious of their responsibility for them. It was very rare to come across one who did not show by his bearing and talk that he fully understood what it meant to do his duty as an officer and a gentleman. I have no means of examining facts, but I venture to express the opinion that among the comparatively small number of officers who have been guilty of conduct in service which has required the severe discipline they have received on the ground that they showed a lack of sense of responsibility unbecoming in the commanders of men, there has been an infinitesimally small percentage of college men.

That the college man was able to hold his own in comparison with other men in the profession of a soldier is abundantly proved by the very large percentage of them who have risen either from the ranks to a commission or from one commission grade to another. I know one case of a rise in the field from a second lieutenant to colonel. I know another from private to captain.

Perhaps the most notable quality about the college man in action has been that he insisted on being considered not as a college man, but as a man. He claimed no privilege, but wherever he was put into the game he played it for all he was worth, and his comrades who had enjoyed less chances than he had never had reason to suspect that he had any consciousness of it.

The only privilege he asked was the privilege of using to the full any talent he possessed, and of getting into the game as quickly as possible. The only laments over the armistice I have heard were the laments of young officers of my acquaintance who had been robbed by it of the chance to prove by actual experience their willingness to face hideous discomfort, pain, and death. I remember very well, for instance, a strapping non-commissioned officer whom I met just behind the lines, and how plainly the care and pride with which he brought the men of his platoon to introduce them to me manifested the good-fellowship which existed between him and them. He was in line, as he told me afterward, for a commission for the same reason which had given him his rank of first sergeant: proved capacity. But he was not trying to make any capital among his fellows out of the fact that he had better social rank and better army prospects than they had.

Another characteristic of the college man in action, is that he did not change his habitual good humor. I have seen men arrive back from the lines, eaten with vermin from head to foot, without a bath for five weeks, having slept in their uniform in the rain under the open sky night after night, with all their baggage lost or stolen, but I have never heard grumbling nor seen flinching. I have known gassed men, or men convalescent from wounds, bothering the surgeons in the hospital almost to death trying to get permission to go back to the discomforts of the field before they were fit to go, and all this with the same undying chaffing good humor we know so well in the campus.

The college boy in action also preserved the characteristic which has sometimes been the cause of his being misjudged; that is to say, his habit of concealing his real attitude and his real motives. Many undergraduates, particularly young undergraduates, have a curious air of seeming to be a little ashamed of trying to take seriously the real object of their college life, which is the development of their minds. They do not like to make profession of serious intention lest they should be suspected of posing, but many of them undoubtedly rather like to pose the other way. This same habit they carried over into facing the terrible business of war. Thus people who did not know him, were in danger of forming the mistaken judgment that the young college man went

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into the war from a boyish love of adventure and without a real understanding of the terrible dangers he was facing. To say this is to show a crass ignorance of psychological facts. The college man of any age went into the war because he thought his country needed him, because he believed in the cause for which he was fighting. They rarely talked of the danger before them, but they were perfectly conscious of it. The phrase they used before the fighting began to a man who had got into a regiment was significant: "Well, John, I hear you have got your one-trip ticket to France."

This characteristic of reticence about their consciousness of danger was particularly noticeable in the case of aviators, among whose ranks there was an unusually large proportion of college men. Flying in fighting-machines, even when they are not fighting, is a dangerous game; a large number of men gave their lives for their country when practising it before ever having entered into combat. Every aviation-field has a row of graves alongside. It contains the bodies of young lads who in the formal judgment of their officers died "in the course of duty." One day when I was in a large aviation-camp, two men in two separate machines were thus killed, through no fault of their own, the same afternoon. In this camp there were eight fields for different stages of learning to fly, and they were numbered from one to eight. The boys habitually spoke of the graveyard as number nine. For the lads who went into aviation had made up their minds that their lives, for one reason or another, would probably be short. But they were not in the habit of talking about these dangers to outsiders or showing in their conduct any consciousness that they would probably die within a year. It would have been perfectly easy for any person unskilled in young men to draw the false inference that they were entirely unconscious of the imminence of death.

Another thing is very manifestly true of our college men, though I think it is equally true of all officers and men in our army whether college men or not: they all hate war, and in consequence they dislike everything connected with war. Practically none of them liked war when they went into it, and they have had to overcome natural instinctive feelings in order to learn to be soldiers.

For example, the idea of using the bayonet was particularly distasteful to most of the young college men with whom I talked in America before they came to France. I believe that some natural repugnance existed among our troops as a mass. Yet every officer with whom I talked spoke of the readiness and eagerness of his men to charge with the bayonet. Scores of officers have told me that the only difficulty they ever had with a platoon, company, battalion, or regiment was to hold them back and stop them from trying to make too long advances. I have it from officer after officer out of his actual experience that the Germans would not stand up to our men with the bayonet, and one older man, with the habit of careful observation, told me he had seen numbers of German dead, killed by the bayonet, but had never been able to find on the field of battle a single American killed by the bayonet. This seems to me a prerogative instance of the triumph of will, reason, and the sense of duty over the repugnance of natural instincts which must have been, from what I saw before I left America, particularly great among college men.

I remember one of my students, a young man of the utmost refinement of spirit, whom I asked: "What branch of the service will you choose?" He said: "The infantry." "Why?" "Because I believe this war must be settled by dirty work with the bayonet. I hate the thought of it, but I want to take my share of the dirty work." The gallant lad who insisted on going into the ranks, and was commissioned almost in spite of himself, died heroically in the south bank of the Marne helping to stem the German rush across the river. The official report said that in the immediate vicinity of his dead body and that of the enlisted man who fell beside him, there were eleven dead Germans.

Those people who feared that war would breed among any class of our American young men, college men or others, a military spirit or a love for war, may lay aside their fears. If you want to meet people who hate war with a deadly hate,

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talk now with officers and men of our army who have been in France. Those who have had no chance to take their share in the terrible business may have a sense of disappointment that it is over before they could prove themselves in it, but those who have been in it hate it; though they would have fought to the last man rather than end it in any other way than by a complete triumph of righteousness and liberty. The real pacifists, although they do not bear the name, those who believe that the only things for which war can be made are justice, liberty, and peace, will receive an enormous reinforcement from the American army on its return home.

If there is anything in this article which seems to suggest that college men expect any special consideration for what they were able to do, either as officers or in the ranks, for their country and for the liberty of the world, it is unintentional. They have tried to play their part not as college men but as men, not holding themselves in any way separated from their fellows of the simplest grade of education. They have claimed no privilege whatever, except the privilege of taking the largest possible share of the hardships and dangers of war.

It seems to me that this great experience must have brought to the college men and, indeed, to all sorts and conditions of men in our army, a new sense of the fundamental truth of real democracy; which means equality of duties. It can hardly fail to produce a new feeling of the brotherhood of men, and a new desire for fellowship with all right-thinking men.

THE TRAFFICKER

By A. Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATED (FRONTISPIECE) BY T. K. HANNA

I LOOKED at the portrait, at the picture beneath it of the brig *Diana*, ploughing her way seaward under billowing sail, and then at my grandfather.

"No," I said, "I never heard the story. I've often wanted to know what really happened."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't —now. You're a grown lad."

He limped over to a wing chair set by one of the long windows of the library in the old house on Walnut Street, leaned his white head on his hand, and stared ruminantly out at the garden.

"That portrait," he began suddenly with a lifting of the hand toward the wall, "is the portrait of my great-uncle David Buell—your great-great-great-uncle, Templeton, founder of the house of Buell & Co., New York and Paris. And that" —motioning to the picture of the scudding ship—"was the famous *Diana*, Captain Pym. Uncle David had it painted in the early days, when she was first sent out in the China trade. It was in the *Diana* that his wife—but you shall have the story.

"I saw him first at morning prayers. They had sent me to bed early the night before, and I knew nothing of what was going forward until black Mahala woke me the next morning with the usual admonition to hurry with my dressing and go down to the library for prayers, where my grandfather and my cousin, Henry Buell, were waiting for me. Henry was a handsome, high-spirited lad of fifteen then, five years my senior and an orphan like myself. We lived in this old house here in Louisville, with our grandfather, Judge Nathaniel Buell.

"I was sidling noiselessly into the room, conscious of being late, when I was suddenly arrested by the sight of an immense, gray-haired, stern-visaged man seated beside my grandfather. I stood stock-still in the middle of the room, staring impolitely at the unfamiliar presence,

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until recalled sharply to my senses by my grandfather's voice.

"'Templeton, hark ye! Have ye lost your manners? 'Tis your grand-uncle David Buell, arrived last night from New York. Shake hands with him, boy!'

"I hastily achieved my best obeisance, received a brief, uninterested glance from Uncle David, my grandfather opened the family Bible with an extra flourish, and we composed ourselves as best we could to listen to the morning lesson. But I was sorely distracted. My eyes and my thoughts kept wandering to Grand-uncle David sitting on the opposite side of the room. As at a great distance, my grandfather's voice rumbled to me:

"'The burden of Tyre . . . she is a mart of nations . . . whose antiquity is of ancient days . . . whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth. . . . The Lord of hosts hath purposed it to—' My grandfather stopped reading suddenly, shut the Bible, and sank to his knees.

"I didn't hear a word of his prayer—my mind was occupied with the Scriptures my grandfather had just read. Old Isaiah had been writing about men like my great-uncle, I reflected in astonishment. *He* was a 'merchant prince' and a 'trafficker,' one of the 'honorable of the earth.' But what was it the Lord purposed to do to such? What was it my grandfather had started to read? Unfortunately he had stopped at the most interesting moment. I sighed as I rose from my aching knees, balked in my childish speculations.

"At breakfast I had a good opportunity of studying my great-uncle David. He sat opposite me at table, facing the big east window through which a shaft of bright morning light struck full on his gray hair and forceful, unhandsome face. He ignored Henry and myself and talked business uninterruptedly with my grandfather, whose affairs were disposed of in short order. Child as I was, I knew that his worldly achievement cut but a poor figure in comparison with the blatant, spectacular business triumphs of my grand-uncle David. *His* talk was all of the Spanish main, of cargoes from the West Indies, of argosies winged to foreign ports with smooth, strange-sounding names that fell on my childish ears like molten gold. I looked at my purse-proud, determined uncle and fell to dreaming of pirate ships, of bloody decks and fierce sea-fights. I wondered, with a leap of the heart, if in the closed, dark chambers of his great New York house there were not stored kegs of yellow Spanish pieces and barrels of pearls and diamonds and rubies filched from sunken, white-masted ships. . . . As I listened to the sound of his voice I thought that it seemed to take on the metallic ring of gold and silver. . . .

"He had never married. Love had formed no part in the scheme of life of this man, who, tight-fisted and implacable, had fought his way up the ladder of success until he stood at a dizzy eminence. Family affection he had none.

"'I'm establishing a new line of packets between the island of Jamaica and New Orleans. It was necessary for me to see my agents in New Orleans. The shortest way from New York to New Orleans is through Louisville, down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers,' he announced briefly.

"'So it was not owing to affection for your only brother or for these children of my two dead sons, that you came, David?' asked my grandfather a little bitterly.

"'I'm a busy man, Nat,' returned my uncle, shrugging his broad shoulders.

"'You're a cold-blooded money-getter, David,' retorted my grandfather. 'Why don't you marry and open your heart to softening influences? Some day nature will have her revenge. You'll want a wife and you won't be able to get her. Young women don't want to marry old men, and old men are fools to marry young women.'

"'Bah! who's talking of marriage? Not I—but if I should decide to marry I'll get the woman I want—never fear! Money can buy everything.'

"'Except love!' Henry's boyish treble rang out unexpectedly.

"'What do you know about love, boy?' Uncle David swung about in his chair and stared contemptuously at Henry for a second; then, heaving an immense shoulder away from him, turned back to my grandfather.

"'The boy's right. And to what end is all this amassing of wealth, David?'

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asked my grandfather gravely. 'You have no child to leave your riches to.'

"My uncle's heavy eyebrows drew together in a frown. 'I've thought of that,' he said briefly. Suddenly he swung about again and looked at Henry.

"'When you are older, boy, would you like to come to me and learn to be a great merchant, or are you all for the law, like your grandfather?' He waved a somewhat contemptuous hand in the direction of his brother.

"'I—I had meant to be a judge, like grandfather,' said Henry bravely, 'but I think now, sir, I would rather own ships and sail the seas.'

"My great-uncle threw back his head and laughed loudly.

"'There's something to you then, boy, after all.' He turned to my grandfather. 'He's a smart lad, I take it. Perhaps I shall send for him later to learn the business. How about it, Nat—will you let him go?'

"'If he wishes to,' said my grandfather quietly.

"I felt a spasm of jealousy surge up within me. No one ever paid any attention to my plain, uninteresting self when Henry was about.

"'Perhaps I shall send for you, boy—who knows?' said Uncle David again, laying a big hand on my cousin's thin young shoulder. Then he turned to my grandfather and began once more talking of the wonders of the sea trade of this country, the greatness of its merchant princes, the power of gold.

"We listened in fascinated silence. It was with difficulty that Henry and I tore ourselves away and set out for Mr. Snethen's Gentlemen's Academy. When we hurried back in the afternoon we found, to our unspeakable chagrin, that Uncle David had gone. He had disappeared as quickly and as completely as he had come. Enchantment had fled; flat reality had descended upon us once more. The conjurer had shut up his box of tricks; the lights were out.

"We didn't see him again for five years.

"During all that time he hardly gave a sign of life. We heard, vicariously, of his enormous successes, attested now and then by costly foreign presents—cabinets of teakwood inlaid with shimmering mother-of-pearl, puncheons of Jamaica rum, and carved bibelots of jade and ivory that smelled mysteriously of spices and Oriental perfumes. And then, suddenly, one morning there came a short letter from him announcing his arrival in a few days and leaving us to conjecture the cause of his unexpected visit. We were all three of a mind that it was to take Henry away with him, and it was therefore with unalloyed astonishment that we heard instead, on his arrival, the news of his approaching marriage.

"'I'm going to take your advice, Nat,' he said to my grandfather. 'My big house needs a mistress, my fortune an heir. She's the daughter of an English planter at Spanish Town—Miss Victoria Milnor. She's nineteen years old, and she's got spirit—rides a horse like a boy. There's something fearless, untamed, about her that bewitches a man. Proud as the devil, too—her father's the younger son of a great house, and her English pride of race fits her beauty rarely well.'

"'And how will you wear this rich jewel, David?' asked my grandfather gloomily. My uncle shot him a piercing glance.

"'What I have I can keep,' he said in his hard, even voice. 'Is it likely that the man who is master of thirty sailing-vessels, whose cargoes go east and west, north and south, whose name is known from Canton to Port-au-Prince, cannot hold one weak woman?' and he closed his big hand as though crushing in his fierce grasp something precious and elusive.

"'You can only hold a woman by love, David,' said my grandfather. 'Are you going to bring your bride back this way so we may know her?'

"'No. We sail from Spanish Town for the port of New York. I'm sorry you won't see her, Nat. I'd be willing to bet you a cargo of malvoisie against one of your musty law-books that you'd tell me she's the handsomest young creature you ever set eyes on.'

"There was an air of gallantry, a heavy, belated eagerness, about him that sat incongruously on the stern old man and rather shocked both Henry and myself. I think it shocked my grandfather, too.

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"'Are you in love with her?' he asked in a curious voice, turning suddenly to Uncle David.

"He had the grace to redden slightly. 'Love her? What do I know of love? I shan't let her make a fool of me, if that's what you mean. But I can afford luxuries. I'm a rich man, Nat. I want the best of everything and I mean to get it. Money can get it. Her father and I came to an understanding quickly enough,' and he shrugged his shoulders again after his foreign fashion.

"'That's not the way—not the way,' murmured my grandfather in a troubled voice.

"'It's *my* way,' retorted my uncle in his hard voice, and flinging himself out of his chair he moved toward the door.

"'I must be getting off. I take the steamer *Natchez*, Captain Caleb. She starts at five.' He turned to me. 'Ring the bell, Templeton, and have one of the black boys bring down my travelling-bag.'

"In a few minutes Cyrenius had brought down my uncle's big portmanteau, and at four o'clock precisely the coach drew up at the door, my uncle entered it, and we waved him a farewell from the steps as he rolled away. And so, once more, Great-uncle David passed out of our lives.

"The next four years were busy years for us. Henry settled down to the study of law in grandfather's office, though he made no pretension to liking it. I entered the Transylvania College, but after a couple of years of it I left and went into the tobacco firm of Imrie & Dumesnoy, meaning to become a merchant, as I had no more inclination for the law than Henry—much to my grandfather's distress.

"As for my uncle David, we heard but little of him. Now and then a brief letter would come, bitter with the sting of some loss. It seemed as though the fickle goddess Fortuna had suddenly deserted her arrogant favorite. Now it was the *Hawk*, in the Mediterranean trade, gone to the bottom in a heavy gale off the Azores. Now the failure of the great wine house of Miguel Silva at Oporto, a large amount of whose paper my uncle held. Twice the *Commercial Gazetteer* brought us news of disasters that had befallen him—first an account of the *Enterprise* aground on the Dry Tortugas, her rich cargo of sugar, fustic, and Rio coffee a complete loss; and six months later the news of the great fire that swept his warehouses at Spanish Town, destroying the vast stores of logwood, cacao, rum, and pimento waiting to be shipped to the port of New York.

"It was shortly after this last disaster that he suddenly presented himself here one morning with no warning of his coming. We were at breakfast and he came straight into the room unannounced.

"'I've had a cursed tiresome trip up from New Orleans. I stopped by to get Henry,' he said in his customary brusque fashion. 'I want him to come back to New York with me, Nat. I've a notion he'll make a success of business. I've no son to leave the business to, and I want it to go to one of my name, at least. I've a fancy that way.'

"'I see,' said my grandfather slowly. 'How is Victoria?'

"'Handsomer than ever. But—I have no children. Well, I'll take Henry here. I'll take him into the firm, and he'll live in my house—it's the custom in New York, Nat, for young clerks to live with their employers—and perhaps he'll bring me luck! I've need of you, boy,' he went on hurriedly, turning to Henry. 'Things have been going badly with me of late. As soon as you take hold of affairs a little I shall leave you to look after the New York house with Mr. Elias Nexsen, my confidential agent, and set out for Canton. My China trade's going to the devil. Things are in a cursed tangle over there.' He passed a hand wearily across his forehead. He looked fagged and much older. 'What do you think of it, boy? Will you come?'

"Of course Henry said he would go. He was packed and ready to leave this old house which had been his home since boyhood in a couple of days. At first he wrote by almost every mail. Three months after he had reached New York he announced Uncle David's departure for Whampoa aboard the sloop *Orient*. After that his letters grew less and less frequent. . . .

"It was about a year after Henry had left us that the firm of Imrie & Dumes-

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noy decided to send me to New York. They were doing a big export business with Liverpool, and it was necessary to have an honest agent at the port of New York to look after their tobacco interests. I went with less than a week's notice, expecting to stay six months at most. How little we know the future! I never came back, except on short visits to my grandfather, until I was an old man." He moved his stiff knee a little and gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

"Henry met me on the wind-swept Trident wharf, at the foot of Duane Street, when the *Aspasia*, one of Uncle David's packets, which I had taken at Baltimore, dropped her anchors," he went on after a moment's silence. "He looked handsomer than ever in his silk beaver and greatcoat buttoned up to his throat—it was a cold day in January.

"'Welcome to New York, Temple!' he cried, grasping both my hands. 'And welcome to the house, too—Victoria says you are to stay with us.' I made a protest.

"'Good Lord, Temple! You'll be doing us a real favor—the house is as big as a barn, and we're lost in it. Uncle David's in China, you know—not that we miss him!' he added with a laugh, and, catching me by the arm, we set out at a lively pace toward Broadway.

"We walked briskly up the crowded street in the stinging wintry twilight, the snowflakes falling thick and fast. At Canal Street we turned west to Laight, and in a moment more were mounting the snowy steps of Uncle David's imposing mansion in Saint John's Park.

"'We'll find Victoria in her boudoir,' said Henry, and, nodding to the servant who had opened the door for us, he ran quickly up the stairs.

"As we gained the upper hall I saw a sour-visaged, middle-aged woman pass softly down the corridor to a room in the rear.

"'Who's that?' I asked Henry in astonishment.

"'The housekeeper—an Englishwoman. She's a queer fish—neither Victoria nor I like her,' he said indifferently, and, stopping before a heavy mahogany door, knocked.

"Victoria was standing by her harp looking at some music when we entered. She was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen—or have ever seen since, for that matter. No words can convey an idea of her loveliness to you, Templeton. Of what avail to say that she was tall and slender, with a fine-grained skin of English fairness, blue eyes fringed with dark lashes, and golden-brown hair curling in ringlets on each side of her charming face? Above and beyond all that there was something irresistibly enchanting—a boyish frankness and good nature and sweetness, in spite of a certain haughtiness of bearing, by moments. She wore a white dress, I remember, and a blue ribbon about her throat.

"She came forward quickly at our entrance and gave me her outstretched hand cordially enough, but it was at Henry she looked as he stood by my side. And later, at dinner, and when we had gone up to her boudoir again for music, I saw her look at him again and again. . . .

"We had a gay evening. Victoria played and sang divinely—or so I thought. I was too dazzled to criticise—I could only gaze and worship. She flung me a look now and then and a smile, but all her arts and graces, all her sweet gayety and unconscious coquetry, were for Henry. The old jealousy leaped up within me at last, and I sat there cursing myself inwardly for a fool and longing to get away and have it out with myself after the old fashion. Suddenly Victoria noticed my preoccupation.

"'Henry!' she cried, 'how thoughtless of us! Templeton is perishing of fatigue. You must go to bed!'

"I rose to my feet, muttering a good night, and quickly opened the door. There, upon the threshold, stood the woman who Henry had told me was the housekeeper. As the light from the room fell upon her she drew back, and I fancied I saw an expression of discomfiture flit across her ill-favored countenance. But it was gone instantly.

"'I was about to knock to see if anything was wanted before I went to bed,' she said quietly. She looked at Victoria and, though she spoke civilly, there was, I thought, a nameless insolence in her glance.

"'Nothing—except to be sure that Mr.

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Buell's room is in order for him. Templeton, this is Mrs. Croft, the housekeeper,' said Victoria carelessly.

"The woman dropped me a courtesy.

"'Welcome to the house, sir—if I may make so bold. It is rare good luck for Mrs. Buell to have another cousin come to cheer her up. Young people take to young people, I mind me, sir; and now that the master's away the house is dull.' She gave me a sidewise glance from under half-veiled eyes. I thought I saw the shadow of a mocking smile about her thin, colorless lips. She dropped me another courtesy and glided softly down the hall.

"Henry went to my room with me, and, in spite of Victoria's injunctions to get some sleep, we sat up half the night talking of our affairs. I had never seen him in such high spirits—he was all enthusiasm and hopefulness and happiness. I think that even on that first evening I divined the cause, but he—he didn't know until afterward. . . .

"Time passed more pleasantly than I could tell you, boy. Business at our respective warehouses until evening, and then home and music in Victoria's boudoir and laughter and gayety among ourselves. Sometimes the dashing Miss Penelope Willetts and her brother Anthony would come in and spend the evening with us. And often young Mrs. Stephen Instone—she that was the beautiful Miss Angelica l'Hommedieu—would bring her husband and favor us with her society. She sang like a bird, and I can tell you it was something to see and hear—Victoria at her harp and Angelica Instone standing beside her singing 'Oft in the Stilly Night' or ''Twas the Last Rose of Summer.' Young girls aren't the bewitching creatures nowadays that they were when *I* was young, boy!

"But oftener we were alone, and I soon saw that Henry and Victoria liked that best. I think they never asked themselves why. I am sure they did not know. But Mrs. Croft and I knew. I hated the woman from the first and I feared her. She was forever about, spying upon them, suddenly presenting herself, under some pretext or other, at Victoria's boudoir door when Henry was with her playing and singing, making excuses for entering the dining-room when they were at table, or lurking upon the stairway as they passed up or down. . . . As for Victoria and Henry, they were only conscious that they were happy and that life was good. No shock of separation, no clash of duty and desire had come to awaken them. The days' happiness spilled over like wine from a full cup. . . .

"It was late on a still, warm afternoon in May that the *Commerce*, one of Imrie & Dumesnoy's packets, came in from Liverpool, bearing disturbing news of the tobacco market overseas. I had an engagement with Victoria and Henry to walk on the Battery—it was the fashion then, boy—but I was detained so long by Captain Lewis and his news that, thinking to miss them, I went straight up to Saint John's Park as soon as I was free to get away. To my surprise, Mrs. Croft, in her best silk gown, opened the front door for me.

"'I—I thought it was the master,' she said when she caught sight of me. For an instant she made as if to close the door, in her confusion, then she bit her lip and threw it open wide.

"'Is my uncle expected?' I demanded in astonishment.

"'Yes, sir. About an hour ago, sir, Mr. Nexsen sent his man on the run up here to tell Mrs. Buell that the *Orient* was in from China and that the master would be at the house in time for supper. Unfortunately, Mrs. Buell is not at home, sir. Mrs. Buell has gone to walk on the Battery with Mr. Henry.' She shook her head distressfully, then suddenly glanced up sidewise with one of her half-veiled, knowing looks that always set my nerves to trembling.

"I went slowly into the library and sat down. And while I sat there, wondering stupidly what I had best do, or if it were not wisest to let bad enough alone, I heard the front door open again and Mrs. Croft saying, 'Welcome home, sir!' and my uncle answering her in a wearied voice: 'How d'y' do, Mrs. Croft? Everything all right?'

"She must have dropped him her customary courtesy, for I heard the rustle of her silk dress, and then, after an instant's pause, in an eager tone: 'Well, sir, I can't say as everything *is* all right. Might I

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speak with you in your study a few minutes, sir?'

"'I'm devilish tired, Mrs. Croft. Can't the matter wait?'

"'It's—important, sir. I think you would wish to know it at once.'

"There must have been an air of mystery about her that intrigued my uncle, for, after a moment's hesitation, I heard him say, in a surprised and rather truculent tone: 'Very well, Mrs. Croft, but I can only give you a few minutes.'

"It was a good half-hour, though, before I heard her softly descending the stairway. A minute later the bell rang and Victoria and Henry came in. They were in a gale of laughter and high spirits that dropped from them like a discarded garment at Mrs. Croft's announcement:

"'The master has arrived, Mrs. Buell, but does not wish to be disturbed. He has sent for one of the ships' captains on business. He will see you at supper.'

"Victoria turned on the woman in astonishment.

"'What! Mr. Buell here and sends me such a message—by you!'

"'Yes, madam.' Mrs. Croft spoke in her softest tone.

"For an astounded instant Victoria was silent and motionless. Then she ran quickly up the stairs to her room. In a little while she came slowly down again and I heard her pass into the dining-room. Henry joined me in the library and together we went in to supper—people had supper in those days, boy—late dinners were almost unknown.

"Victoria was standing at the head of the table awaiting us. I had never seen her in such extraordinary beauty. No wonder that Uncle David stopped short on the threshold and stared at her as though dazzled by her loveliness. He advanced into the room, his eyes growing colder and sterner at each step. Victoria came quickly forward, but before the forbidding look he bent upon her she wavered and drew back.

"'Madam,' said my uncle—and there was a cold edge to his voice that set my nerves to shaking—'madam, have you no welcome for your husband?'

"Victoria drew herself up with a haughtiness that could be hers at times and which well became her.

"'Sir,' she said icily, 'I was not sure whether the moment had arrived for welcoming you—or if you wished it still further delayed.'

"He shot her a black look from beneath his heavy brows as he bent ceremoniously over her hand.

"'Your absence from your home on my arrival made delay unavoidable, madam, as I take it.'

"'Not having the powers of a clairvoyant, it was impossible for me to know when to expect you, sir,' she retorted.

"'True—a not altogether unmitigated misfortune for me, especially as the time I spent awaiting you was not lost. Nevertheless, had you formed the habit of going to the Trident wharf for news of the *Orient*, instead of promenading the Battery, you might have been there when she dropped her anchors.'

"'Very true,' said Victoria slowly, her face paling. 'And I am sure that either of my cousins, whom, by the way, you have not greeted, would have been as pleased to be my escort there as on the more pleasant Battery. Shall we be seated?'

"Some remnant of decency made my uncle cease what—but for its icy politeness—might have appeared an unseemly wrangle and turn to Henry and myself. Henry, indeed, he noticed only by a cold bow and stare. With me he shook hands, not overcordially, and asked a few questions concerning my grandfather. I returned his grudging politeness by inquiries as to his voyage and the condition of the China trade.

"'The East India business is going to the devil, boy. The tea trade's done for!' He pushed back his hair with an impatient gesture, stared moodily at his plate, and ate awhile in silence. But he could keep neither his eyes nor his thoughts off of Victoria for long.

"'I am glad to see, madam, that my absence has affected neither your health nor your spirits. I have never seen you looking better or happier.' He spoke with biting sarcasm and stared again, in a sort of wonder, at Victoria's splendor.

"'This climate agrees excellently with me after the heat of Spanish Town, and Henry and, later, Templeton have done all in their power to console me for your

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absence,' she said, smiling a little. I thought I caught a hint of mockery in the smile.

"'So I hear,' said my uncle slowly, and again he bent a piercing glance upon her. 'It is a pity that for the future you must be deprived of at least Henry's agreeable society.'

"Victoria flung up her head. 'I do not understand,' she said, and she gave my uncle look for look.

"'The *Diana* sails for Whampoa at five in the morning, and Henry goes with her as supercargo,' he said coldly.

"Henry started to his feet.

"'This is short notice, sir! I thought the *Diana* was to lay over a voyage for repairs! Captain Pym knew nothing of this project when I talked with him this morning.'

"'Captain Pym be damned! He'll not sail with the *Diana*, and her repairs can wait!' He glared at Henry and burst out in sudden fury. 'By heaven! must I take every seaman and every young fool in my employ into my confidence before I send a ship to sea?'

"'I belong in neither category, sir!' said Henry proudly, staring back at my uncle with an anger as fierce as his own. 'I only know that the *Diana's* hold is empty and that this short sailing notice is unprecedented!'

"'Silence!' thundered my uncle, and then he turned with a deadly calm to where Victoria, pale as death, had risen in her place. She was staring at Henry as though she had never seen him before. And suddenly I saw her expression change. She stretched out a white hand. Henry, half-risen, was staring at her, too, his heart in his eyes—they looked like lost souls outside paradise.

"My uncle got heavily to his feet, his face black with passion. With a shaking finger he pointed to the door.

"'To your room, madam!'

"I led her, trembling, and with a last backward glance at Henry, up the stairs.

"It must have been four o'clock in the morning when I awoke. I was lying dressed on my bed, where I had thrown myself the night before. I had been glad enough to keep my own room, having no wish to overhear that fierce altercation which I knew was taking place below. As I wakened I was conscious of soft, cautious steps in the hall and the rustle of a woman's dress. I sprang to the door, a deadly fear at my heart.

"'Victoria!' I said.

"She stopped and held up a warning hand. I grasped her arm and drew her into the room. 'Victoria—where are you going?'

"'To Henry,' she said quietly. She turned upon me a face I had never seen before. Its beauty was ravaged as though by some inward, consuming fire.

"'Don't look at me like that!' she commanded passionately. And then—'Oh, Temple, Temple!' She leaned her lovely head against the chimney-piece and hid her face in her hands. Suddenly she wrenched her arm free and began to speak rapidly, her face still hidden from me.

"'I can guess what you think of me, Templeton!' she said bitterly. 'But you don't—you can't—understand, and I don't care, anyway. I care about nothing in the whole world but Henry! I never cared for *him*—I never pretended to. He bought me, Temple, as he buys his rich cargoes—with gold. But he could not buy my heart. And he left me here alone. There was only Henry and myself—for a long while.' She wrung her hands. 'He went last night—went aboard the *Diana* so as to be ready to sail. He dared not come to tell me good-by—but I saw him go. And I am going, too, Templeton. You can no more hold me here than this chain can hold me!' She felt for a slender gold chain about her neck and with a slight gesture snapped the delicate links. Suddenly she laid an anxious hand on the door-knob. 'It is getting late. I must be off instantly, Temple!'

"What could I say to her, boy? I was young myself and her passion swept me off my feet. Looking back on it, I can think of a dozen arguments I might, and should, have tormented her with, but I didn't think of any of them then, and, besides, I don't believe they would have turned her from her purpose by so much as a hair's breadth.

"'I can't let you go alone, Victoria,' was all I said.

"Outside day had dawned—a warm,

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sweet spring day, the air as soft as velvet against our cheeks. In the park the birds were singing. We walked swiftly down Laight to Canal Street and so to Broadway. Victoria almost ran, in an agony of fear lest the *Diana* should weigh her anchors before she got there. . . . At Duane Street we turned sharply west and made our way to the Trident wharf. There at the water's edge still hovered the *Diana*, ready for flight, her sails, snowy-white in the morning sun, billowing gently. . . . The gang-plank was still down, and near it, on the deck, stood Henry, quite alone. Victoria gave a little cry and he looked down—I shall never forget the look on his face, boy. And then, with outstretched arms, he came forward to meet her. . . .

"I watched the *Diana* until she was well out to sea, then made my way slowly back to the house.

"My uncle was awaiting me, impatiently pacing up and down the library behind the breakfast-room.

"'You are late, Templeton,' he said to me coldly. Then he turned to the servant. 'Go to Mrs. Buell's room and ask her to come down immediately.'

"I waited until the man was out of the room, and then I went over to the door and turned the key in the lock.

"'There is no use sending for Victoria, Uncle David,' I said slowly, 'Victoria—is gone.'

"For a moment I do not think he took in the meaning of my words. He stopped in his rapid walking to and fro and turned an irascible countenance upon me.

"'Gone?' he said—'gone where?' I was silent, and suddenly a wave of horrible comprehension swept over his face.

"'Hell and fury, Templeton! what d'y' mean?—speak out, boy!' He grasped the table with both hands and stood there, swaying backward and forward, staring at me with wild eyes under frowning brows. A spasm of pity wrenched my heart.

"'With Henry—on the *Diana*—' I managed to say.

"Silence followed my words. I had expected a burst of fury, and in surprise I at last looked at my uncle. His face had gone dead white and he was standing quite still. Every trace of anger had left him; only fear—a deep, silent fear—held him now. His heavy brows were lifted and his eyes, stretched open to their widest, seemed to be envisaging some horror.

"'On the *Diana!*—not on the *Diana*, Templeton!' I heard him implore me under his breath. 'How could I know *she* would be on the *Diana?*' Suddenly he turned on me fiercely.

"'Damnation, Templeton, the *Diana* isn't seaworthy! She'll never come back, boy! Pym wouldn't sail on her!—I—I put a new skipper aboard——!'

"I started back in horror. 'You did this and you sent Henry—!' I felt my gorge rise. I had no pity now for this murderer. I wanted to stab him with cruel words. 'Don't you know that a woman will follow her heart? Have you forgotten what grandfather told you—that you can only hold a woman by love?'

"He eyed me dully. 'I see now,' he said at last. 'You can hold a man by duty or honor or fear—but you can only hold a woman by love! I've sinned, Templeton!' he cried out hoarsely, 'and the Lord has taken vengeance. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. I will repay!"' He put up his hand to his forehead. 'There was another David, Templeton, who sent a man away, into danger—' Suddenly I saw his lifted hand begin to shake and his face, which had been white, go red and purple and commence to twitch ominously. He gave me one frightened look and pitched forward upon the floor.

"I ran to the locked door, opened it, and shouted to the servants. One of them ran next door for old Doctor Grinnell, the others helped me lift my uncle up the stairs and lay him on his bed.

"For three months he lay there like a log, boy. I got Imrie & Dumesnoy to send out another agent and I gave up all my time to looking after Uncle David and helping Mr. Elias Nexsen straighten out his affairs. We found them in a bad way. For five years he had had constant reverses. Lust of gold, pride of conquest, arrogance of possession had been his undoing. He had been too high-handed with the goddess Fortuna and she had punished him—she had a way of punishing those

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venturesome traders who tempted her too outrageously. . . .

"Some three months after his seizure he began to mend a little, to talk intelligibly, and to walk slowly about with the help of a stout stick. But so negligible had his interest in the business of living become that one thing alone seemed to vitally concern him. Each evening on my return from the wharf and warehouses his first, and often only, question was for news of the *Diana*.

"One snowy night in December, about eight months after the *Diana* had put to sea, Mr. Elias Nexsen came heavily up the steps of the big house in Saint John's Park and rang the bell. Hurrying past the servant who let him in, he came straight into the library, where I sat alone reading.

"'We've had news of the *Diana*,' he said briefly. 'Captain Bradford is just in with the *Cumshaw* from Canton—five months out from the China port. A quick voyage. He put in at the Falkland Islands for water. There he learned the news. The *Diana* went down, with all on board, in a smashing gale—pounded to pieces on a reef in sight of the islands! You'll have to tell Mr. Buell, boy. I can't—I'm too old!'

"I broke the news to my uncle as gently as I could. He was strangely quiet. For a long while he sat quite silent, his head bowed upon his breast, his dark eyes, under their heavy brows, staring into a past at which I could only dimly guess.

"Once he lifted his head and looked at me.

"'I have sinned, Templeton! The things of this world have been too much with me. Who am I that I should escape the divine wrath?'

"And later, when I rose to go for the night, he laid a detaining hand upon my arm. 'Templeton,' he said, 'bring me the Bible. We will have evening prayers, boy.'

"For a long while after I had handed it to him he let the book lie unopened upon his knees. At length, with a deep indrawing of the breath, he picked it up and, opening at the twenty-third chapter of Isaiah, began to read.

"It was the first time I had heard that chapter of Isaiah since the morning of uncle David's visit, so many years before, when my grandfather had commenced to read it and had stopped so suddenly. But this time I heard it to the end—'The burden of Tyre. . . . She is a mart of nations whose antiquity is of ancient days, . . . whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth. . . . The Lord of hosts hath purposed it to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth. . . .'"

BEFORE SUMMER

By Arthur Davison Ficke

O SUMMER, come, and on these hills of snow
  The veil of all your ancient magic spread.
  Come through the meadows with flower-crownèd head,
That bleeding-heart may hang, and roses blow.
O Moon of Summer, come as once you came,
  Filling our valleys with a mist of dream.
  Pour down pale silver on each quiet stream,
And sink to westward like a sleeping flame.
O Love of Summer, come upon the night
  When the low Moon to dusk has almost gone;
  Come with thine own light leading thee alone,
With voice more soft than the Moon's tenderest light.
  Only when thou art here, the lover knows
  Why Summer's Moon is sweet, and Summer's Rose.

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MEMORIES OF THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

By Le Roy Jeffers, F.R.G.S.

Of the New York Public Library; Librarian American Alpine Club; Secretary Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America; Member Explorers, Harvard Travellers, English, American, and Canadian Alpine, and Sierra Clubs, etc.

LOOKING backward over many summers in which I have wandered amid the charms of all our States, I ever return in thought to the most alluring of them all—our California. Long will her mountains and lakes, her forests and flowers, remain the paradise of all who seek renewing of mind and freedom of spirit. Here rises range upon range resplendent with light, on whose summits linger the snows of unnumbered winters. Large are the regions within her spacious domain, unknown to all save the mountaineer.

To the traveller who seeks a first acquaintance with this glorious country the mountains open their portals with joy. As the train surmounts the divide we are conscious of a new world of life and beauty awaiting us, for the very air comes laden with a thousand promises soon to be revealed. Eagerly we scan the landscape clothed with tree and flower to us unknown. If we enter by a southern gateway we skirt the Salton Sea, across whose mystic waters the desert ranges loom ethereal in mirage. Passing clusters of date palms wherever water rises through the sands, we approach the mighty wall of San Jacinto, scarred and seared with desert heat, yet crowned with snowy mantle. As we traverse the pass the vast gray mass of San Gorgonio, 11,485 feet, reaches out to cast its spell upon us. We pause to visit Redlands hidden among its citrus groves and ever-blooming flowers. Above it rise steep, sheltering ridges, once brown of grass, on which the cactus and the white-belled yucca grew, but now with magic draft of mountain water clothed in semitropic verdure. Beyond in heavenly company the everlasting mountains gather. Long will we linger in the sunshine, while the clouds and storms encompass San Bernardino and San Gorgonio, whitening their summits, softening their outlines.

On my journeys among the mountains of North America I carry sleeping-bag and mountaineering equipment on my back, with ice-axe in hand. Leaving the world behind while exploring some interesting region, I live on dried fruit and crackers, with plenty of fresh air and water. Starting at daybreak and travelling until dark, one may often cover twenty to thirty-five miles of mountainous country in a day, including one or two ascents on the way.

For years the San Jacinto Mountains had called me, and I had reluctantly passed by. Finally I sought them, taking the railroad to Hemet, then the auto for the long upward climb to Strawberry Valley. Downward over the unfolding landscape the eye travels far across canyons and ridges, softened in purple haze. Arriving at evening, I at once started up the trail which winds backward and forward for miles in search of an upland valley. When I reached its trickling, mossy waters, darkness enfolded them, and I lay down by their side. With the early morn and voice of bird awakening, I again followed the trail until it seemed to lose its direction. Soon I left it for the mountains, forcing my way up steep ridges of thorn-bush and unyielding manzanita, where progress depended on grasping these waist-high tormentors, throwing my foot above them, and pulling myself upward. Needless to say, one must be clothed for the occasion! On reaching the summit of the range I traversed peak after peak of loose granite blocks that offered many little problems in rock-climbing, but reaped increasing reward in the

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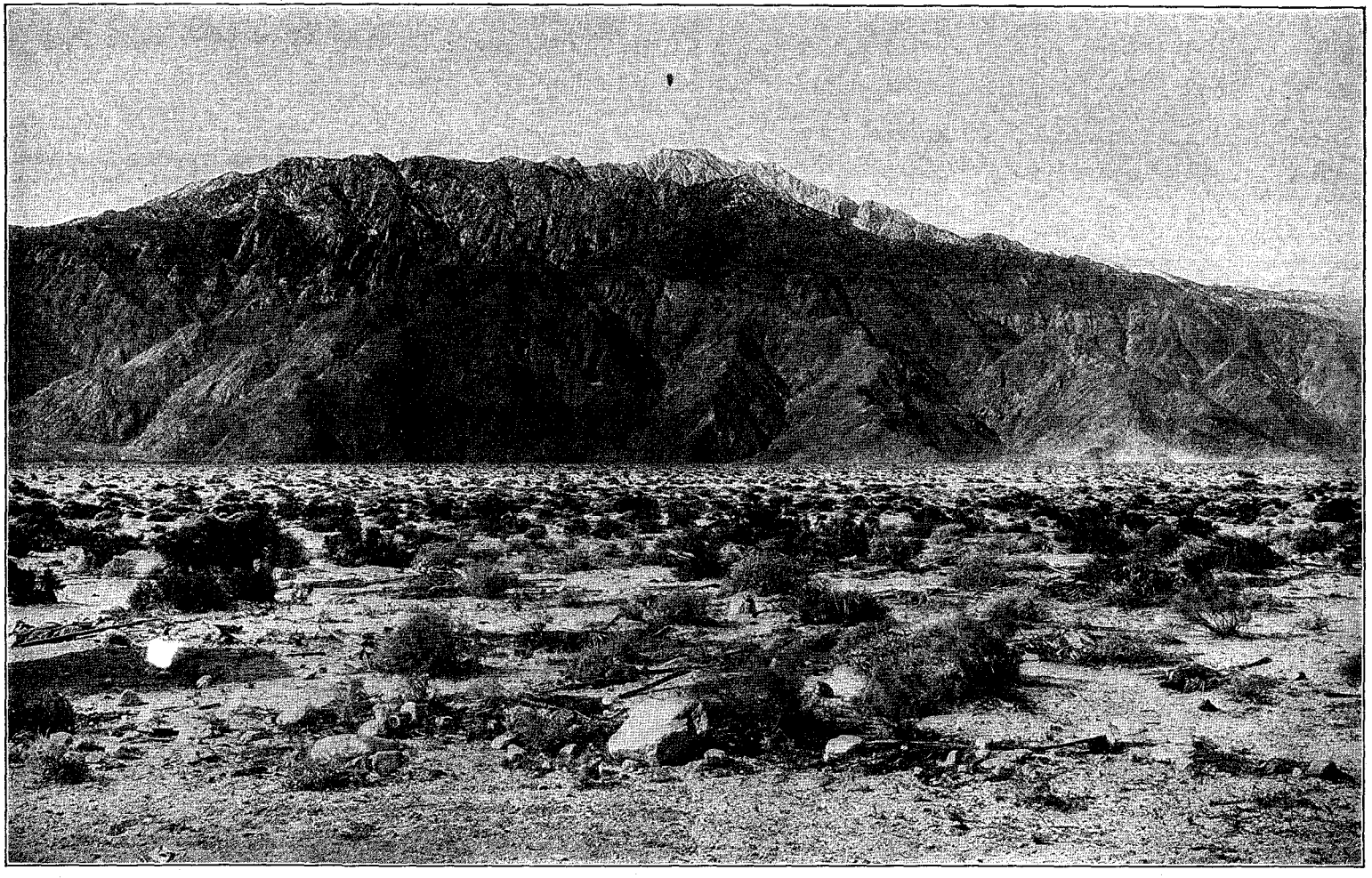

Mount San Jacinto, 10,805 feet, Southern California.

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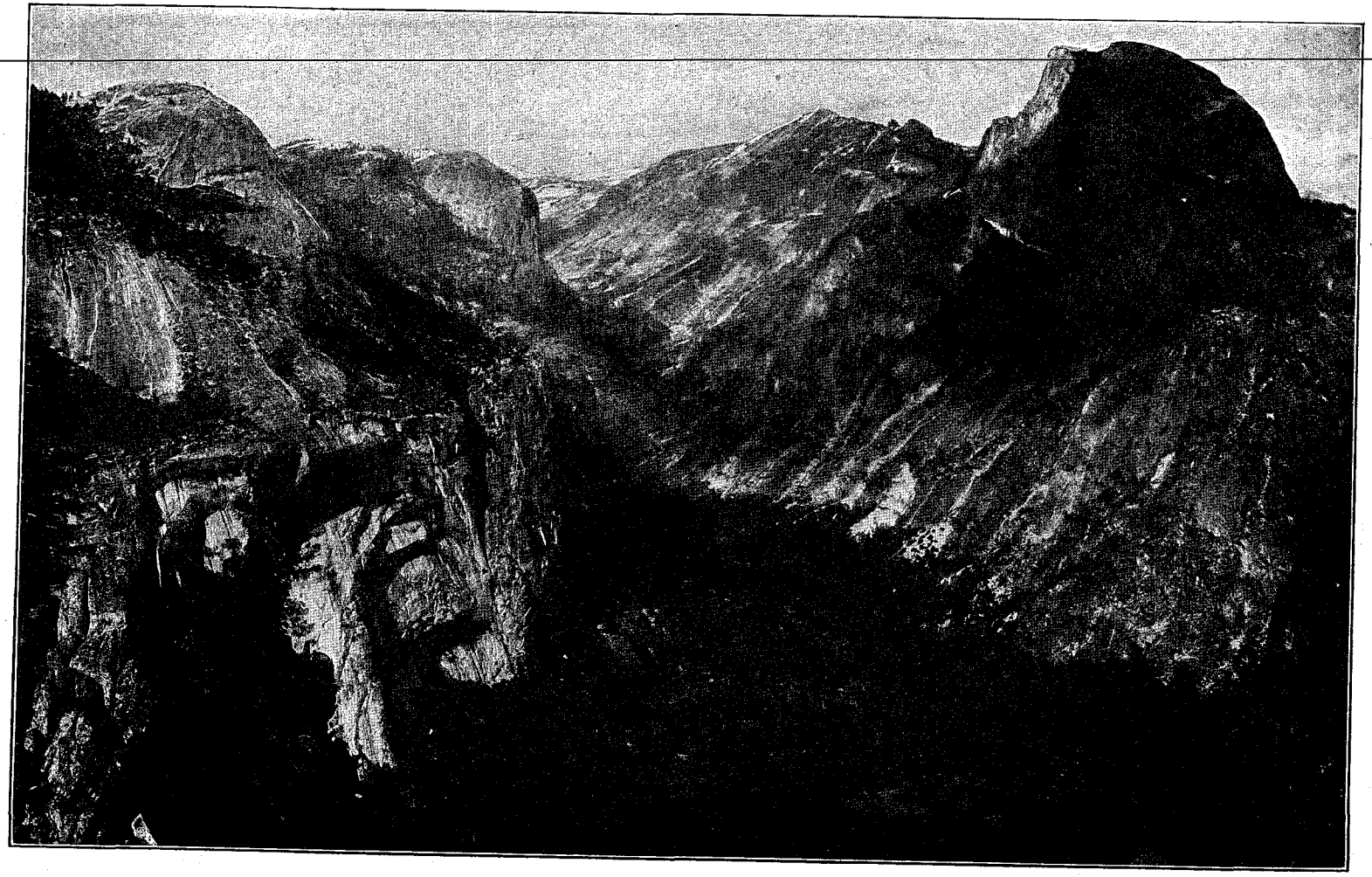

Yosemite Valley, California.

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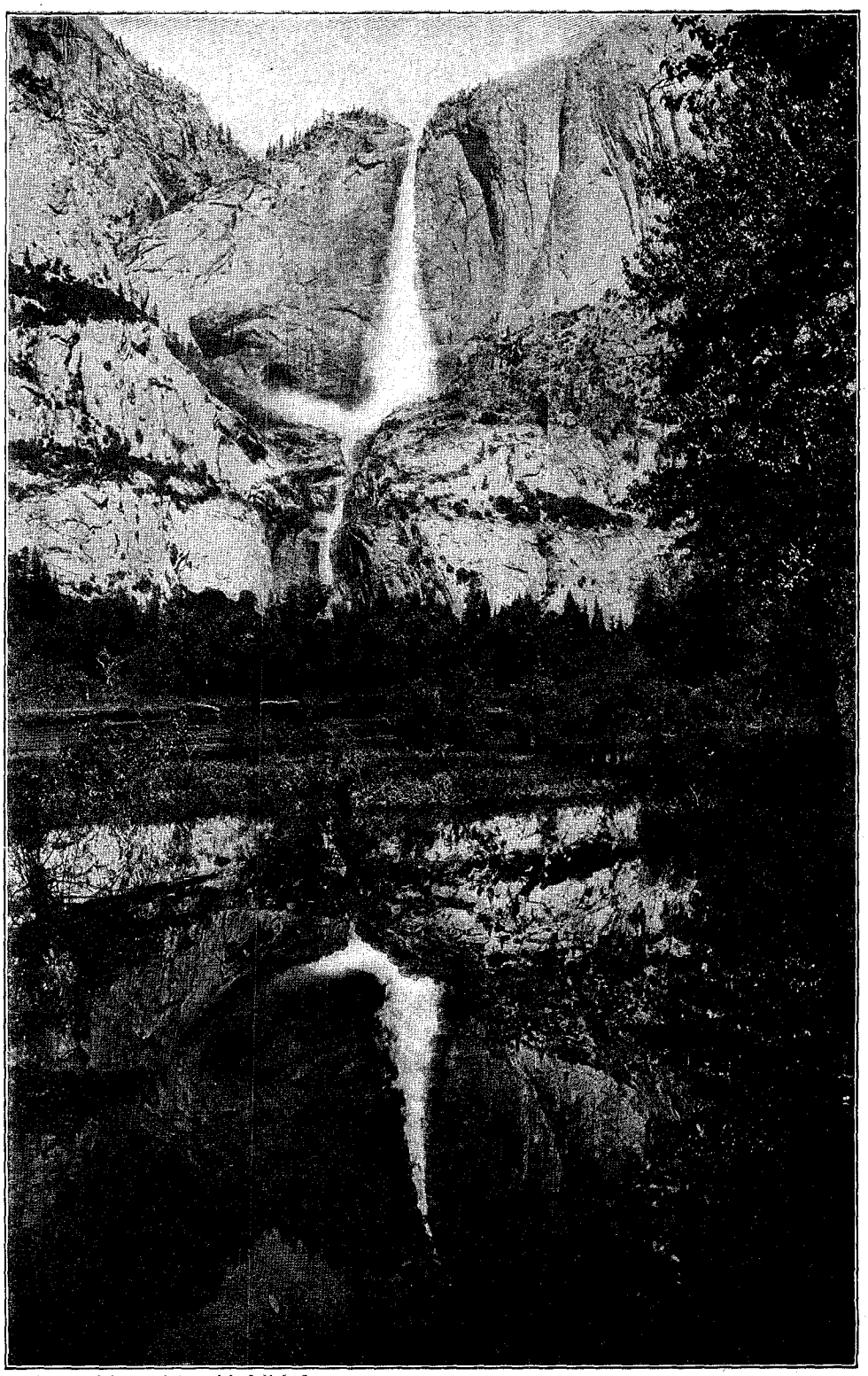

Reproduced from a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.

Yosemite Falls, 2,565 feet above the valley.

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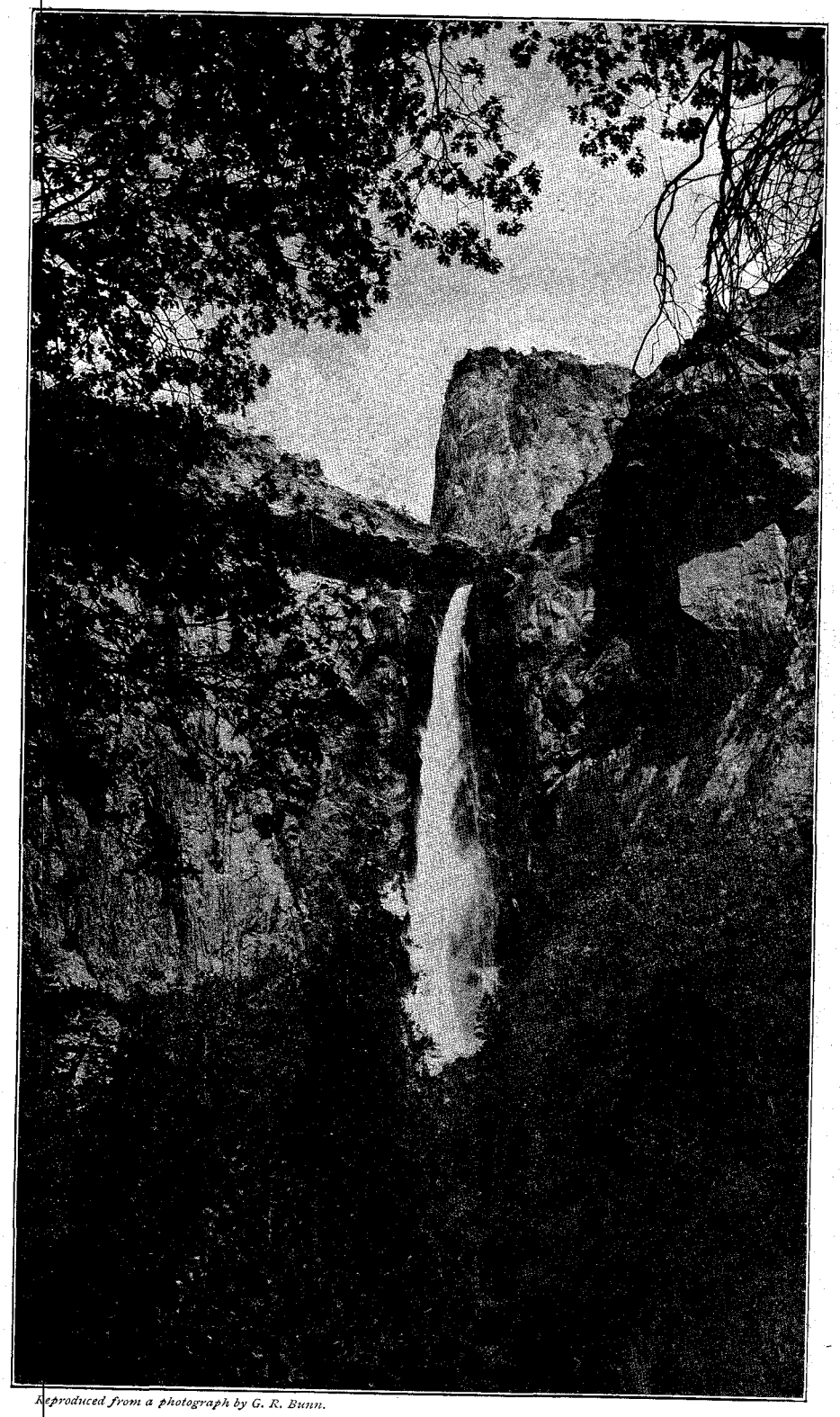

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Bridal Veil Fall, Yosemite Valley.

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Azalea Occidentalis, California.

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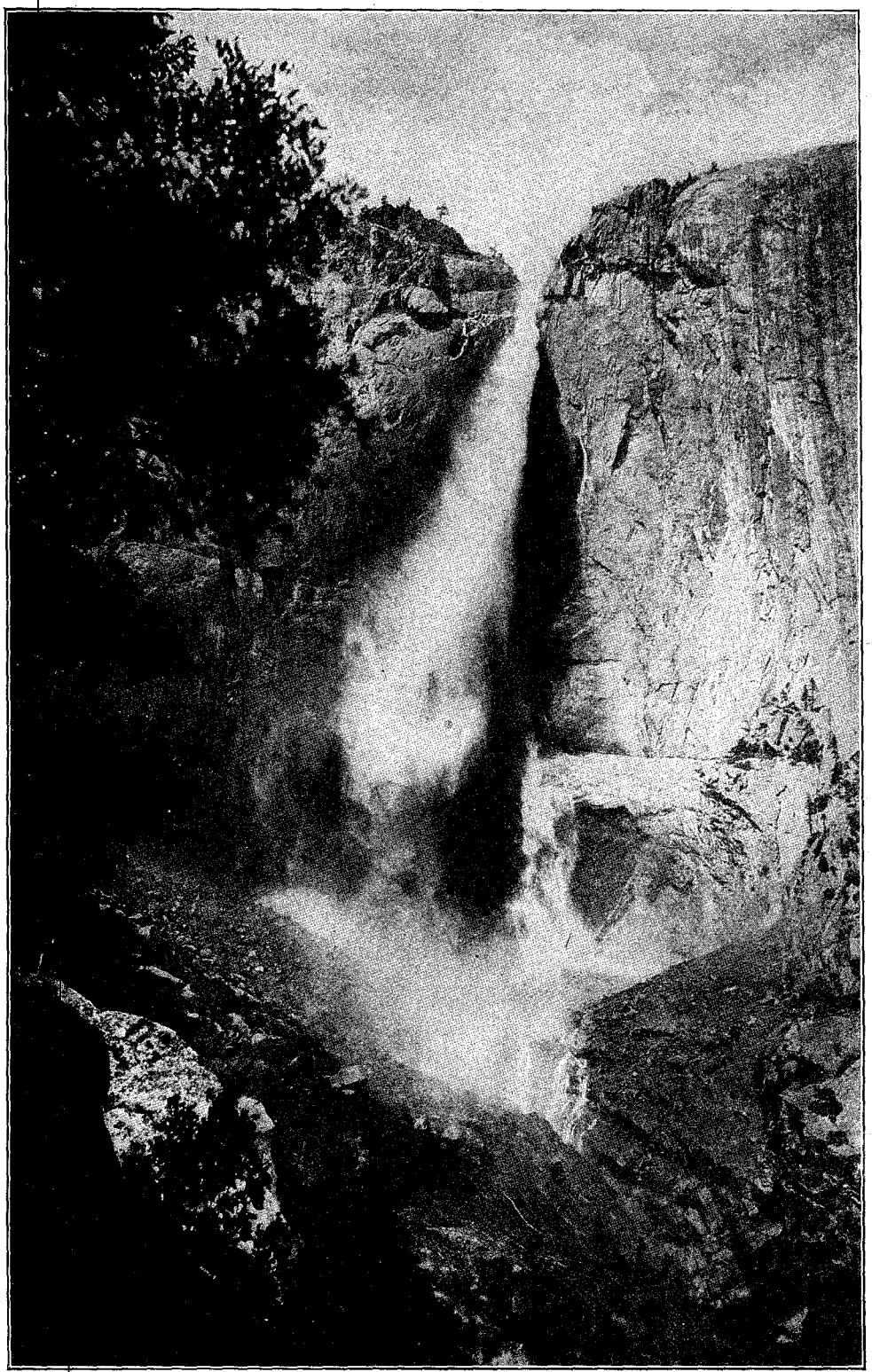

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Upper Yosemite Fall, 1,430 feet.

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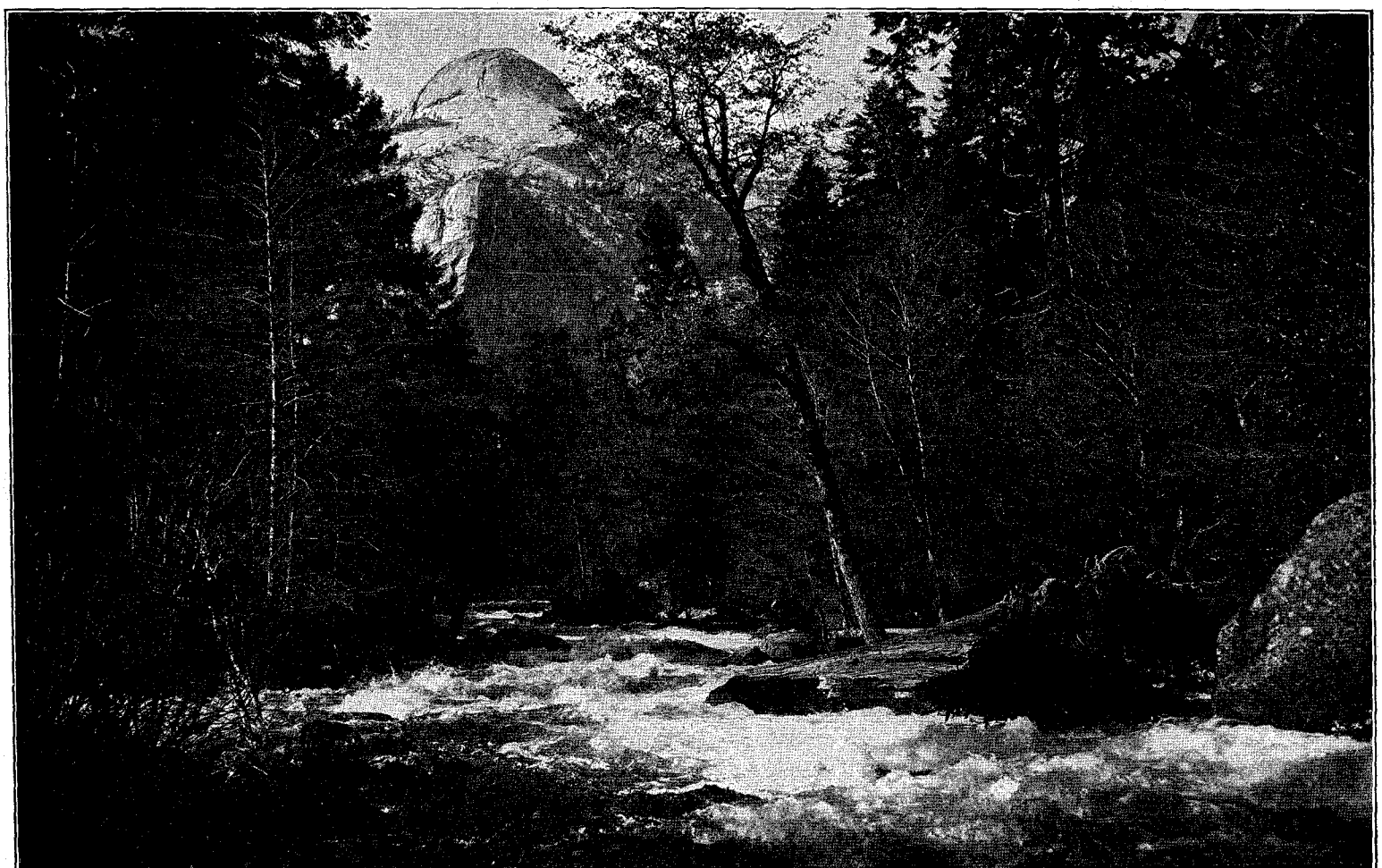

Happy Isles and North Dome, Yosemite Valley.

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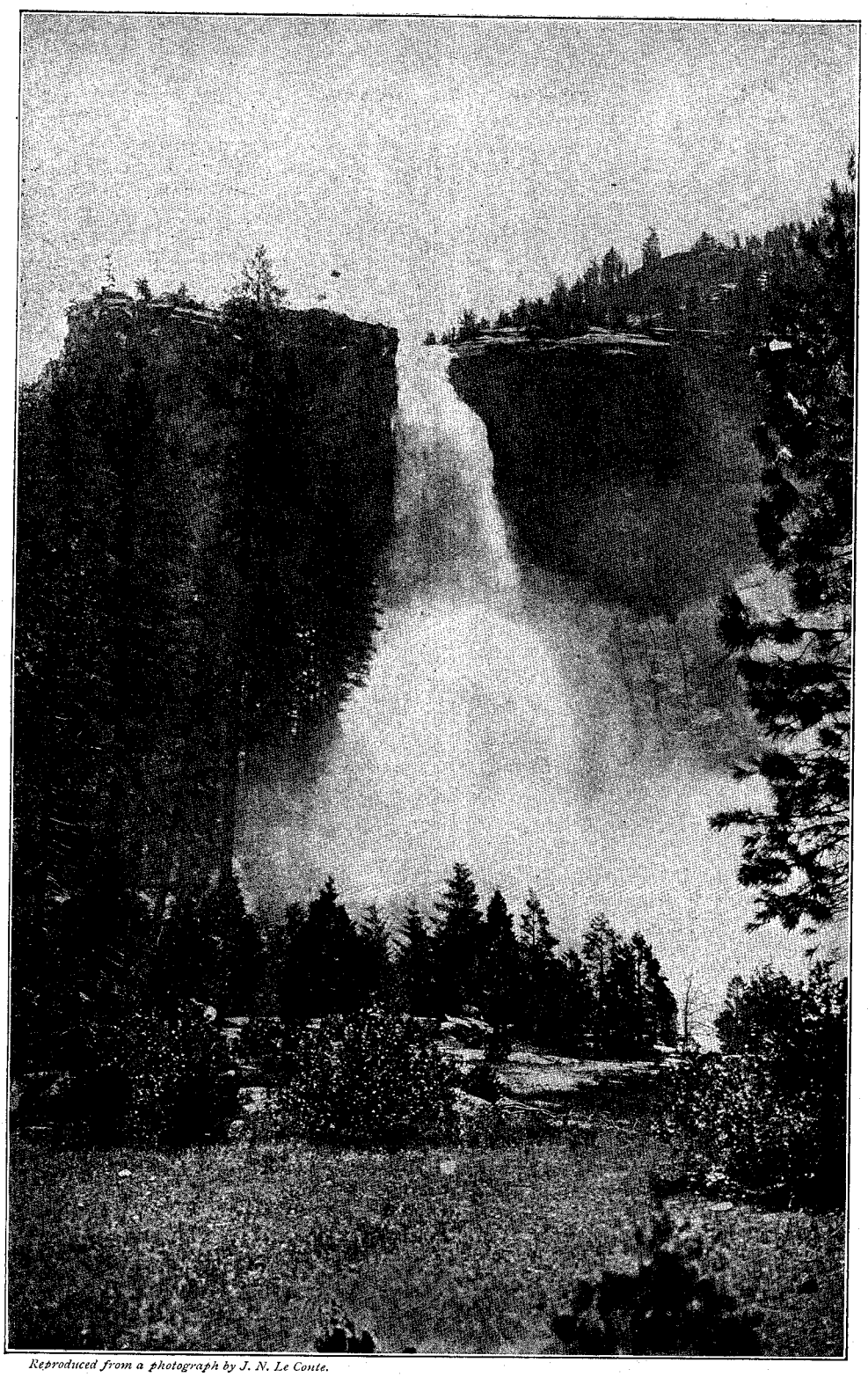

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Nevada Fall, Yosemite National Park.

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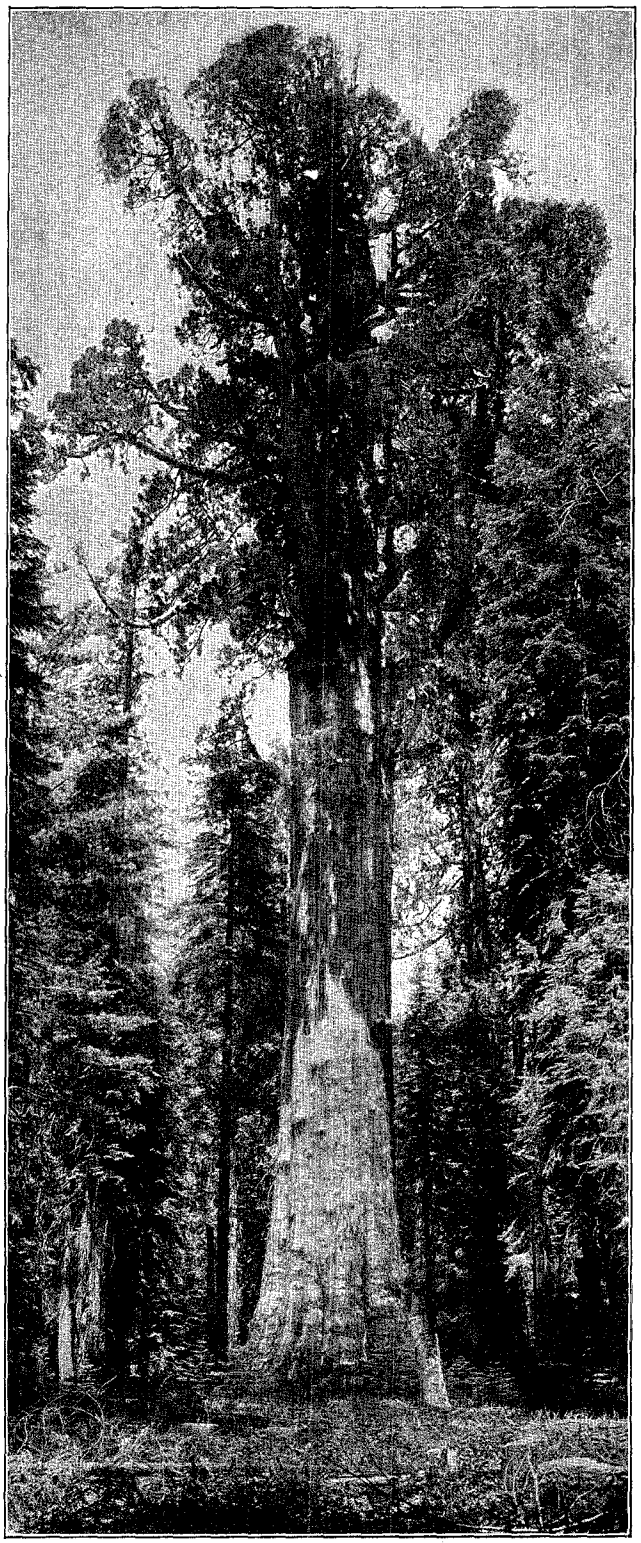

Reproduced from a photograph by Lindley Eddy.

unfolding landscape beneath me. Swinging to the north through snowbanks, I finally reached the sharp terminal summit of Mount San Jacinto, 10,805 feet. All around lay mapped a magnificent view extending from the reds and browns of the desert, with its opalescent Salton Sea, to the green of the citrus groves and, far beyond, the gleam of the blue Pacific. Just across the gulf to the north towered the mighty crest of San Gorgonio, while through the pass at my feet, nearly 10,000 feet below, the long trains of the Southern Pacific slowly writhed like snakes of the desert. Gathering lasting memories of the view, I hastened downward by another route through all but impenetrable chaparral, reaching Hemet by evening.

Poor is the traveller who pauses not at Riverside to stroll up Roubidoux Mountain, from whose summit the landscape fairly smiles in its fruitfulness. In California the mountains are ever in view, but one never wearies of their friendship. Pasadena without them would be a land of enchantment no more. Ride, if you will, up Mount Lowe while your soul expands with

Sequoia Gigantea, Sequoia National Park, 280 feet in height and 36½ feet in diameter.

Sequoia towers far above his neighbors, majestic in the silence of unnumbered centuries. For ages his companions have been the storms and the stars, while only the birds and the squirrels are in his confidence.

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the view. Then you may follow the trail along the ridges to San Gabriel Peak, or to Mount Wilson and its observatory.

Most important in the development of mountaineering and in the preservation of the natural beauties of California is the work of the Sierra Club. With headquarters in San Francisco and Los Angeles, local walks and excursions are taken amid the hills, while in summer a month's outing is held in the high sierra. Three mountain lodges are maintained: the Le Conte Memorial in Yosemite Valley, Parsons Memorial in Tuolumne Meadows, and Muir Lodge in Santa Anita Canyon, Southern California. Sierrans are active in the exploration of the mountains and in making them accessible to all by the construction of trails, while the club is foremost in its endeavor to secure adequate protection and development of our National Parks. In common with all organizations belonging to the Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America,* the Sierra Club educates its

Reproduced from a photograph by W. L. Huber.

Bergschrund of the Glacier on Mount Lyell, 13,090 feet.

Across its mile of glacier we work our way, coming finally to the bergschrund, where the steep summit snows open in yawning icy depths of green and blue before continuing their journey toward the valley.

* The Association consists of the following clubs and so-societies which comprise over twenty thousand members: American Alpine Club, Philadelphia and New York; American Game Protective Association, New York; American Museum of Natural History, New York; Adirondack Camp and Trail Club, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.; Appalachian Moun-

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members in the preservation of bird and animal life, and of trees and flowers in their natural environment. In its annual publication, the *Sierra Club Bulletin*, may be found much of interest for all who love the mountains.

The Sierra Club holds its summer outings in three great regions of the Sierra Nevada: The Yosemite National Park, embracing the Merced and Tuolumne basins; the various forks of the Kings River, and the Kern River with its tributaries. The club is about to add a fourth region, that of the headwaters of the San Joaquin and its branches. This vast area is filled with many of the most beautiful mountains, lakes, and waterfalls in America; while its magnificent canyons, giant trees, and exquisite flowers are the everlasting delight of all who have lingered among them.

If one is willing to open his heart to the mountains, let him come to Yosemite, for in this temple of God he may enter into their joy. In silent majesty the smooth gray walls of the valley rise for thousands of feet above its flowery meadows. Often their faces smile with softened yellow. Here one may rest by the peaceful waters of the Merced while he listens to the songs of the birds mingling with the wind-blown music of the falls; or one may climb without fatigue for hours on precipitous trails, drawn upward by the life-giving air of the summits. Who has not gazed in rapture on the fairy comets of the Bridal Veil, now swaying in the breeze, now glittering with rainbow hues as they mingle with the sunshine; and who would not linger amid the golden-hearted, gloriously fragrant azaleas, home of the sunbeams and of the tiniest and most exquisite of hummingbirds? In the mirror of the placid Merced one loses the cares of the world, while his heart cannot long resist the magic of the great Yosemite Falls. Upward to their snowy fountains let us climb, following the zigzags of the trail through the cooling spray clouds of the upper fall, coming finally to the very brink where in mighty volume the river leaps for nearly 1,500 feet in air. Our very thoughts are swept onward with tremendous power in the rush of the fall, and we let the eye follow downward on the glistening wings of the water comets.

Reluctantly we leave the deep-voiced waters and cross the torrent to the high cliffs overlooking the valley. A grander insight and appreciation of this unique region await us at every view-point, and we soon follow the trail to Eagle Peak, from whose commanding height we behold a vast company of mountains leading to the highest sierra. Down through unyielding chaparral we force our way to the summit of El Capitan, finding its brow strewn with enormous blocks of granite and catching interesting glimpses of the abyss through its western fissures.

Every one who seeks a most glorious day's excursion and who thinks little of a twenty-two mile stroll will follow the Clouds' Rest trail to its summit at 9,925 feet. At first we linger amid the Happy Isles, fringed with fern and fragrant azalea, along whose banks the tumbling Merced rushes, tossing its foam bells to the flowers. Soon we come to a trail leading to Sierra Point, just beneath the unclimbed southern face of Grizzly, where we enjoy a unique view of all the finest falls of the valley. Resuming the trail, we dash through the thunderous mist clouds of Vernal Fall, climbing beside its feathery jets to the smooth green brow of the fall. We follow up the madly rushing torrent to the mighty Nevada Fall, 600 feet in height, the greatest in volume of all in the valley. Cooled by its spray, we gaze back at the tremendous walls of Liberty Cap, and on reaching the brink of the fall we stand silent before its stupendous power. From the Little Yosemite Valley we swing to the left, catching inviting glimpses of the great Half Dome, whose highly polished slopes forbid all climbers save those who come with rope and staple. At last we mount the final zigzags of the trail, reaching the storm-worn rocks of Clouds' Rest. At our feet yawns the far, smooth depths of Tenaya Canyon offering no hinderance to any one

tain Club, Boston and New York; British Columbia Mountaineering Club, Vancouver; Colorado Mountain Club, Denver; Field and Forest Club, Boston; Fresh Air Club, New York; Geographic Society of Chicago; Geographical Society of Philadelphia; Green Mountain Club, Rutland, Vermont; Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club, Honolulu; Klahhane Club, Port Angeles, Wash.; Mazamas, Portland, Oregon; Mountaineers, Seattle and Tacoma; National Association of Audubon Societies, New York; National Parks Service, Department of the Interior, Washington; Prairie Club, Chicago; Rocky Mountain Climbers' Club, Boulder, Col.; Sagebrush and Pine Club, Yakima, Wash.; Sierra Club, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

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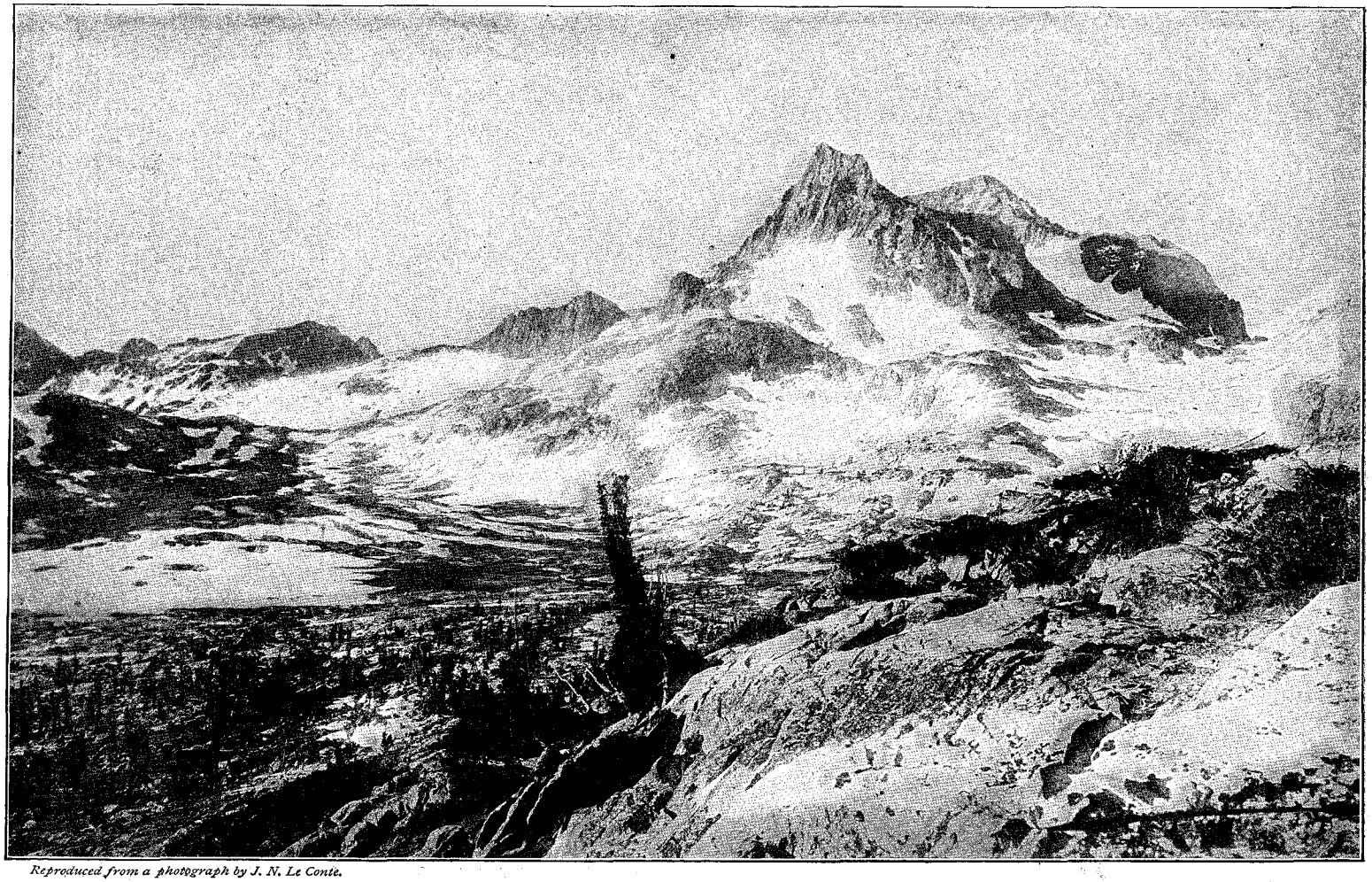

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Mount Ritter, 13,156 feet, Sierra Nevada Mountains.

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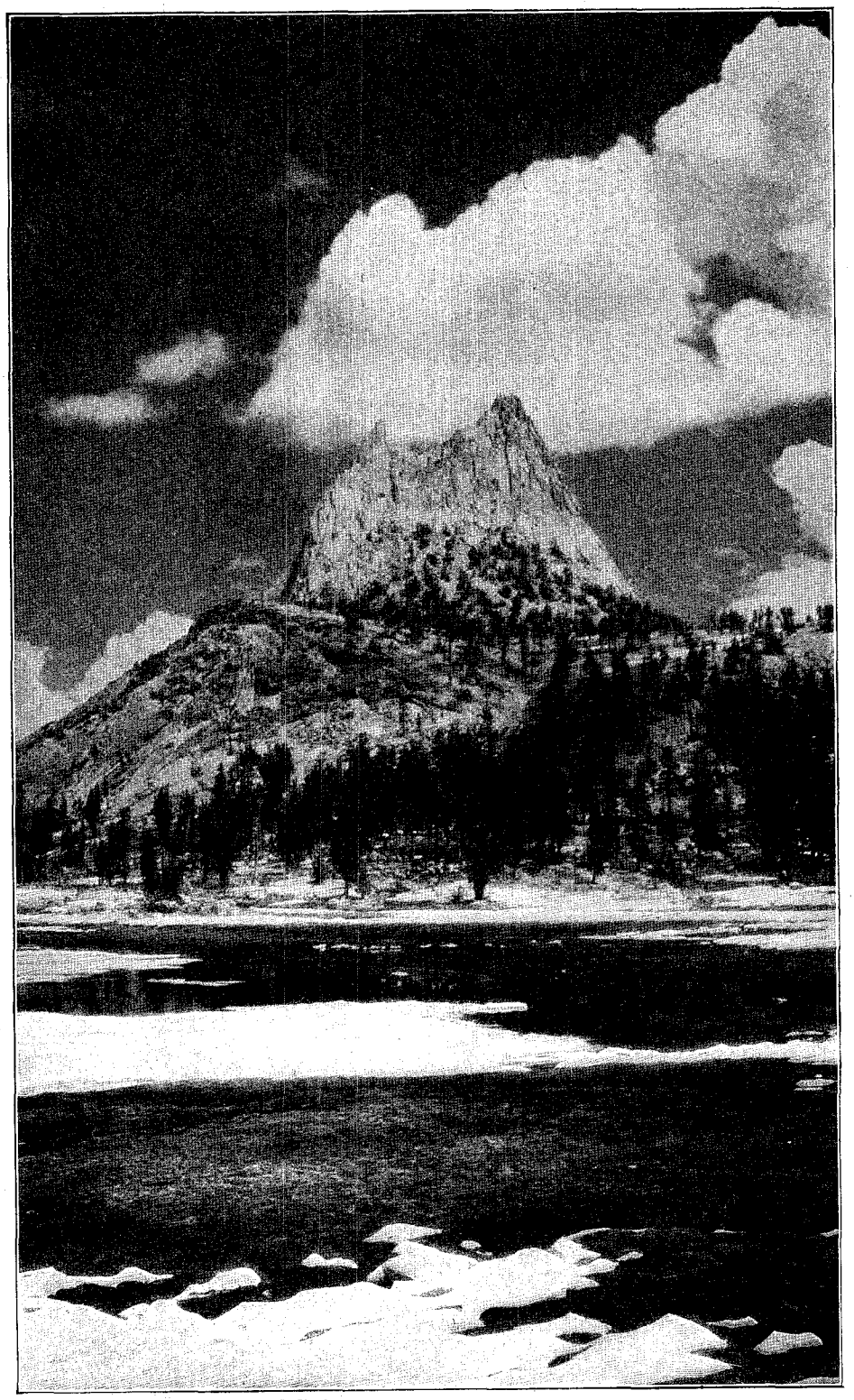

Reproduced from a photograph by C. C. Clark.

Cathedral Peak, 10,933 feet, Yosemite National Park.

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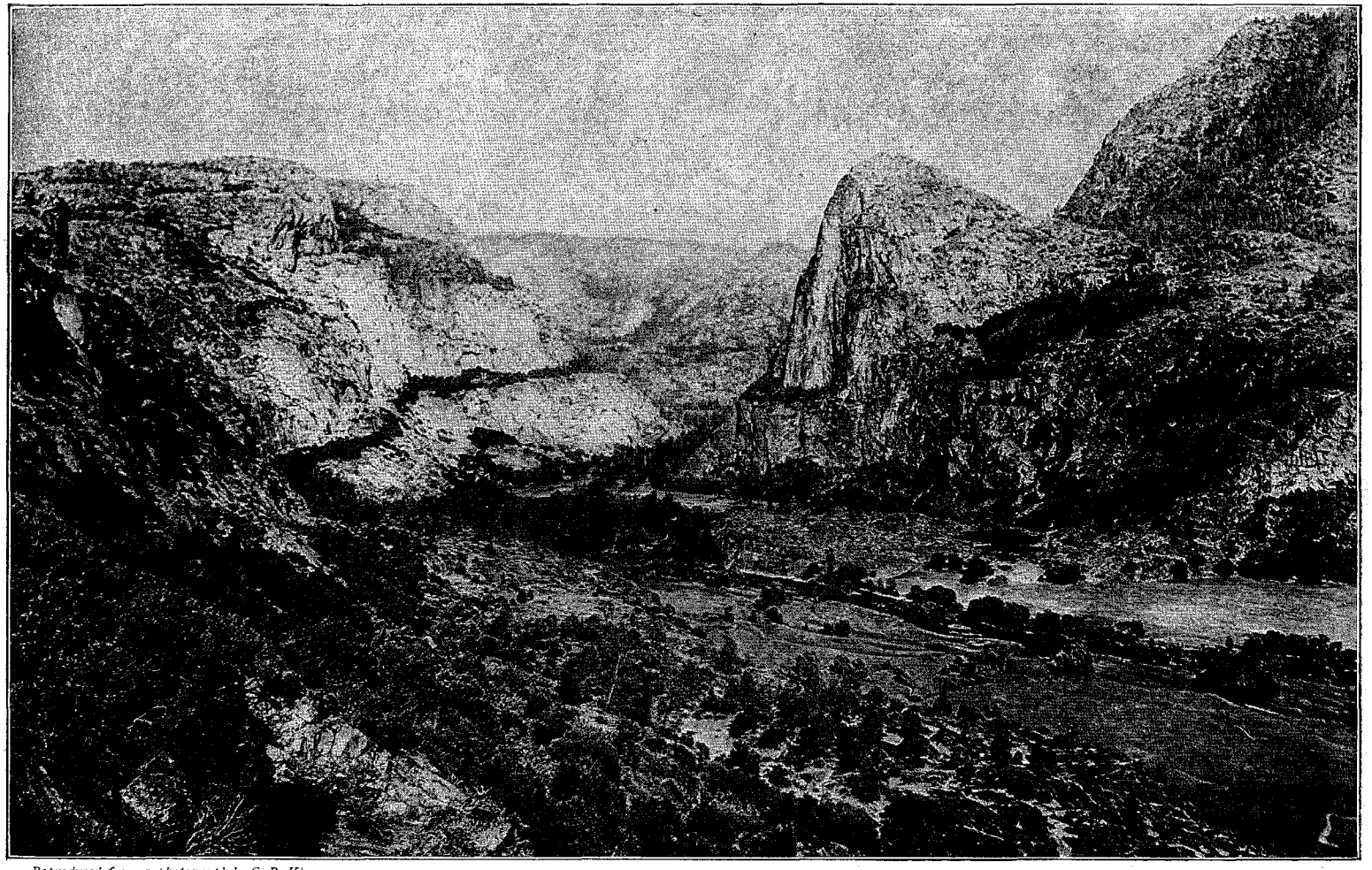

Reproduced from a photograph by G. R. King.

Hetch Hetchy Valley, Yosemite National Park.

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who would become a celestial mountaineer. To the west the Half Dome rises in magnificent guardianship over Yosemite Valley, while to the east the white-robed sentinels of the High Sierra fling aloft their snowy banners. At this elevation electrical conditions are often interesting, and, while enjoying the view, I have listened to the singing of the rocks about me to the soothing music of the wind as it plays upon the needles of the stunted pines.

No one should omit a visit to the Mariposa Grove of Sequoia; but if you would have your thoughts undisturbed, journey afoot, pausing at the wonderful viewpoints on the ascent from the valley and communing with tree and flower on the

Reproduced from a photograph by J. F. Place.

Waterwheel Falls, Tuolumne Canyon.

and to the crackling sparks from my slightly uplifted fingers.

Another excursion which no fair walker should find too strenuous is by way of the Vernal and Nevada Falls to the trail leading past the rushing Illilouette Fall, and reaching a commanding view from Glacier Point. Thousands of feet directly beneath one the valley purples in the softening sun, while across its silent gulf is borne the solemn music of the falls. Better still is the glorious view of the surrounding mountains from above on Sentinel Dome, 8,205 feet. If one climb directly upward, battling with the tangled growth, he reaches the glacier-polished rocks of the dome, quite ready to listen way. Never approach this oldest and grandest of trees with the noisy, unthinking tourist who comes but to desecrate the sacred temple. Sequoia towers far above his neighbors, majestic in the silence of unnumbered centuries. For ages his companions have been the storms and the stars, while only the birds and the squirrels are in his confidence.

Leaving Yosemite on a more distant excursion, we follow up the Merced, with its amazing rock walls, enter the Little Yosemite, and skirt the shore of Lake Merced. Coming to Lake Washburne, we find it bordered by an interesting slope of polished granite, across which a tiny, wandering crack offers the only alterna-

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tive to a rapid slide into the silent depths below. At last we reach the upper basin of the Merced, enclosed by magnificent walls, over which the various forks of the river foam in lacelike drapery. We follow up the McClure Fork, toil through the deep snows of Vogelsang Pass at 10,500 feet, travel at top speed down Rafferty Creek to the Tuolumne Meadows, and make camp opposite Fairview Dome and the Soda Springs.

Reproduced from a photograph by J. F. Place.

Waterwheels of the Tuolumne.

Rising above the meadows are glorious peaks that call us to their summits day after day. To the east are Mount Dana and Mount Gibbs, commanding wonderful views of the desert, which is clothed in richest browns and purples, threaded here and there with the verdant pathway of a mountain torrent. About us glistens the lingering snow, while more than a mile beneath our feet lies the burnished surface of Mono Lake and a weird company of volcanic cones, into whose desolate craters we peer in wonder. Beyond the shimmering heat-waves of the desert purple and opalescent mountains mystically mingle with the sky. Silently we follow the wandering shadow of a sunlit cloud as softly, with invisible brush, it deepens the distant color, bringing little islands of the landscape as minutely to our vision as if we saw them through a glass. Down the steep snow slopes of Mount Gibbs, 12,700 feet, we glissade to Mono Pass, where Bloody Canyon, with its deep red walls, its sapphire lakes, and its unpaintable flower fields offers an enchanting pathway to the desert.

After a restless night amid the rocks and snow by the rushing headwaters of the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne, we are off by moonlight for the climb of Mount Lyell, 13,090 feet. Across its mile of glacier we work our way, coming finally to the bergschrund, where the steep summit snows open in yawning, icy depths of green and blue before continuing their journey toward the valley. Soon we reach the tumbled granite of the summit, where our toil is repaid by the splendid view, and our thirst is quenched with delicious orange juice and snow. Just be-

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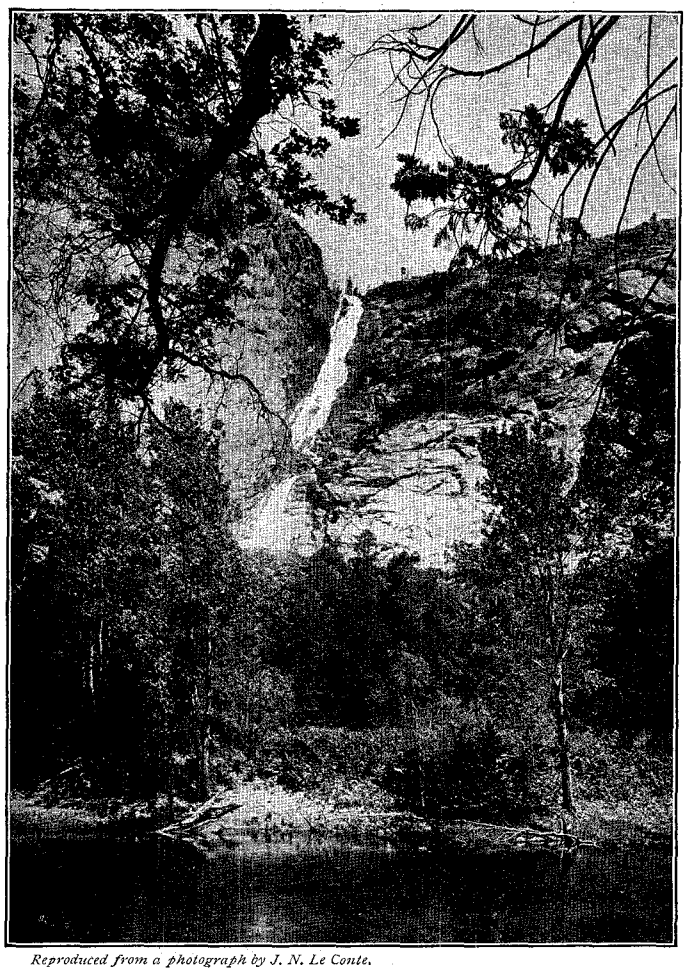
yond us rises the jagged peak of Mount Ritter, 13,156 feet, so difficult of ascent from some directions that even John Muir found it nearly impossible on his conquest of the mountain in the early 70's.

Above the Tuolumne meadows on the south the gray spires of Cathedral Peak, 10,933 feet, irresistibly appeal to the mountaineer. One July afternoon I followed the Sunrise Trail past tiny ice-filled lakes to the far side of the peak. Here is a thrilling vista down the rounded, glacier-polished canyon walls of Tenaya Creek to the distant Yosemite. Having no one to delay my progress, I was soon working my way through the chaparral up the steep slopes and granite slabs of the peak. As I reached its topmost pinnacle a thunder-storm, which had been playing upon the deep-toned organ-pipes of the surrounding mountains, centred upon my peak. The great rocks about me voiced themselves in a continuous musical humming that often precedes the visible discharge of electricity. Crouching to escape the rain, my hair stood on end while I faced the situation for an hour, and then hastened back to camp amid the glow of a glorious sierra sunset.



Reproduced from a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.

Wapama Fall, Hetch Hetchy Valley.

To descend the Tuolumne Canyon with the river in spring is a new and wonderful experience. Down snowy cascades and over polished granite aprons too glassy to stand upon, the water tumbles and foams

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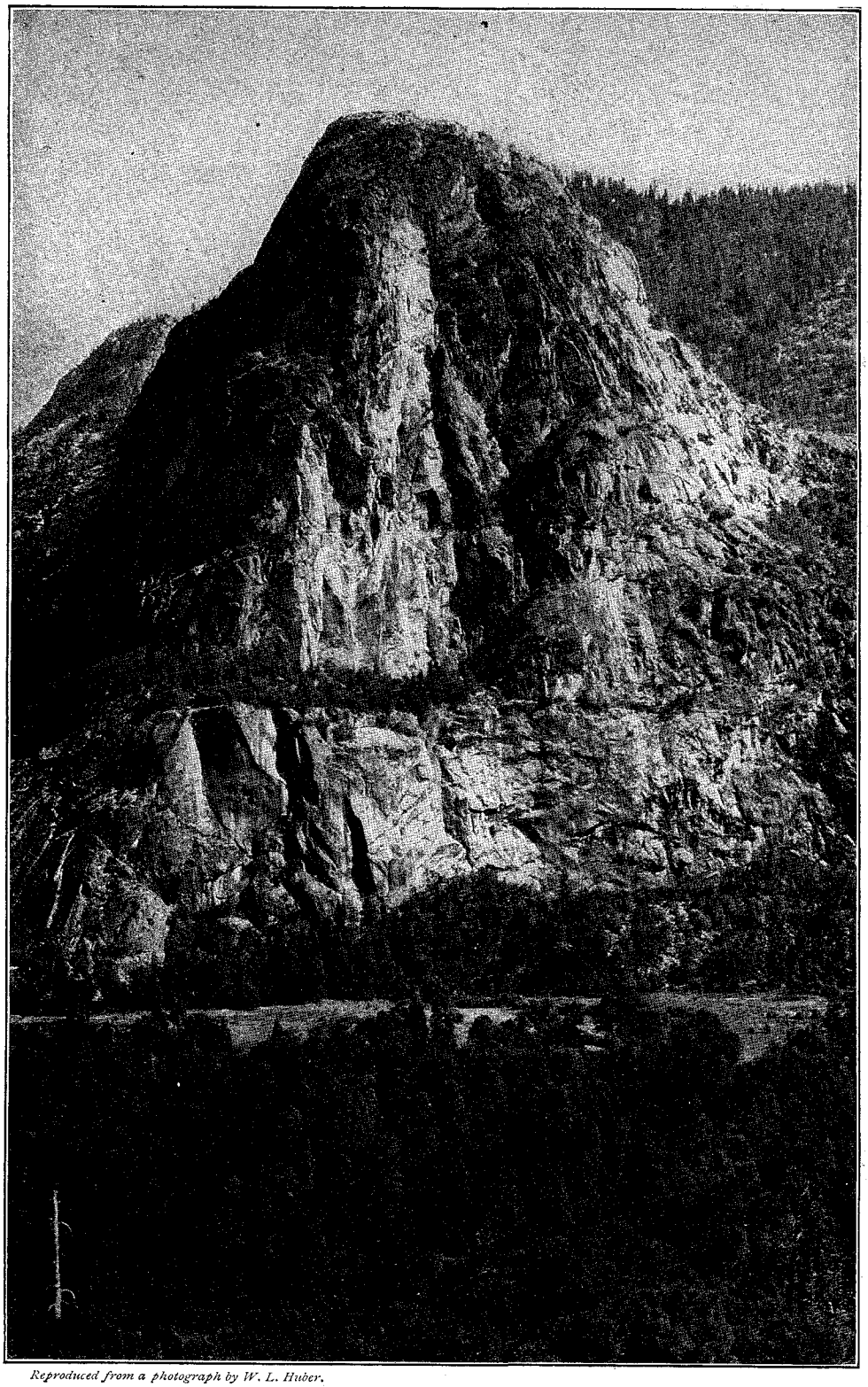

Reproduced from a photograph by W. L. Huber.

Kolana Rock, Hetch Hetchy Valley.

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From a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.

The park-like floor of Hetch Hetchy Valley.

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so swiftly the eye refuses to follow. Leaping and bounding over talus, and madly whirling itself thirty or forty feet in air as it encounters the rocky pockets and ridges of its pathway, this mountain torrent surpasses all others of the Sierra in interest and wonder. Here, by sunlit pools that mirror the shyest of mountain flowers, is the hidden abode of the ousel, fairy-bird of the irised spray.

Precipitously the canyon walls tower 5,000 feet on either hand, and, while I have scaled its cliffs alone, by far the easiest route is down its eighteen fascinating miles to the Hetch Hetchy. Until recently no trail dared to enter the canyon, and one had to force his way in continuous battle with thickest chaparral and talus blocks as large as houses, which crowd the river in utter confusion. Sometimes the only route down the cliffs seemed to be in grasping the boughs of a tree and descending its trunk; again one had to place his feet against the trunk and work horizontally through the otherwise impenetrable undergrowth. Such slow but well-earned progress delights the heart of a mountaineer, for he finds problems to solve at every step. High water at Muir Gorge compelled our ascent for 1,200 feet over dome-like granite, on which the lizards and rattlesnakes are sunning themselves in harmless content. John Muir preferred never to disturb the peace of a snake, according it the same privilege of life that he himself desired.

If one remains with the main body of the Sierra Club he may travel northward from the Tuolumne Meadows, visiting the little-known regions of the park. In this land of the sky, at 9,000 feet, are many beautiful lakes dotted with tiny islets and surrounded by mountain walls. One of the finest of these is Rodgers Lake, on whose rocky shore we camp for several days, reluctantly leaving it of an early morning for a memorable day's stroll into the Hetch Hetchy Valley. After the long descent into Pleasant Valley comes mile after mile through the forest on Rancheria Mountain, in company with the vast Tuolumne Canyon far below, and finally the incomparable view of Hetch Hetchy from Le Conte Point.

Partaking of the beauty and majesty of Yosemite itself, the Hetch Hetchy Valley is familiar to comparatively few, for formerly one might enter its portals only by trail. Through it flows the peaceful Tuolumne, into which comes tumbling the wild Wapama Fall, 1,700 feet in height and of greater volume than the Yosemite. Up among the live-oaks and azaleas of its talus slopes you may bathe with the birds in its spray. Whether you saunter joyfully amid the wild roses, lilies, and lupines of the meadows, or lie contentedly beneath the spruces, pines, and libocedruses of the slopes, heavenly glimpses await you of the sublime pyramid of Kolana, rising nearly 2,000 feet above the valley. Delicate ferns and flowers embroider its precipices and giant trees have clung to its face for centuries. Divinely radiant, the whole valley rejoices with life. Recently, however, its noble trees have been destroyed, and man is turning it into a beautiful reservoir! If you have gazed in awe upon its mighty walls of living gray, wandered through its deep carpet of ferns and flowers, enjoyed the cooling shade of its giant oaks, or drunk from its life-giving fountains, while your heart grew young amid its air and its sunshine, you have priceless memories that can never be wholly effaced.

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THE DAY OF LIBERATION

STRASBOURG, DECEMBER 9, 1918

By Frederick W. Beekman

Rector of the American Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris, and Chaplain-Director of the American Soldiers' and Sailors' Club

WISHING to see the American Ambassador, I went to the Paris Embassy Saturday morning, December 7, sent in my card, and was soon received. During our conversation the Ambassador was called to the telephone, and spoke of leaving that evening for Alsace-Lorraine. Putting down the receiver, he said: "I am leaving at six o'clock on a government special with President Poincaré, Clemenceau, statesmen, diplomats, and military officers for Metz, where to-morrow France will deliver her formal message of liberation through her President, and be received by the people of Lorraine. The next day we will go to Strasbourg, thence to Colmar and Mulhouse for a similar purpose, and return to Paris on Wednesday."

While the Ambassador was talking the deep significance of his words came over me. This was to be the first official recognition of the liberation of the two provinces, "lost to the mother country," after forty-seven years' alienation. An overwhelming desire to witness scenes which forever will be recorded in history surged through my heart. I at once said: "Mr. Ambassador, were you yourself not a guest of the French Government, I would dare ask you to assist me to go too. I would rather be in Alsace-Lorraine during the next two or three days, and particularly in Strasbourg on Monday than any place in the world." To this he replied: "I am only the guest of the French Government and I am afraid it is too late for you to make the necessary military arrangements to leave Paris to-day in time for the Metz celebration, but if you can get to Strasbourg by Monday morning and will find me, I will assist you to see everything, once you get there." Knowing that it was almost impossible to secure a military pass beyond Nancy and that there was practically no railway service east of that city, I, however, instantly determined to try for it and said: "If your Excellency will give me some sort of a letter which will help me to get from Nancy to Strasbourg by train or over the road, I will be grateful." He replied: "I think perhaps I can do that." Then, ringing a bell for a secretary, he dictated a letter to Monsieur Mirman, Préfet de Meurthe-et-Moselle, Nancy, in which he begged the préfet's good offices in the matter. Thanking him, I went at once to the headquarters of the American commander of the Paris district, and secured the following orders: "Chaplain Frederick W. Beekman has permission to proceed to Strasbourg and return. By command of Brigadier-General Harts. L. S. Edwards, Adjutant-General." As I left the adjutant-general's office with my precious pass, I was keenly aware that this officer felt quite certain that I would get no nearer Strasbourg than Nancy unless I walked, an impossible feat within the time.

A ticket for Nancy and a place réservée having been secured, Sunday morning found me a half-hour ahead of time at the Gare de l'Est and seated in my compartment by the window. The ride itself was interesting, vividly so, from Château-Thierry to Epernay, where the marks of desperate struggle and Hun atrocity were everywhere in evidence. Just outside the ticket-office in the Château-Thierry station hung the sign which told the inquirer that Paris was a little more than forty miles away. It required but little imagination to see the crowd of German soldiers in early June who, having broken the French lines, confidently stood there pointing to that very sign, as they boasted to each other that soon, yes, within the month, they would either enter Paris or get twenty miles nearer, from which distance their thousands of heavy guns would batter Paris into ruin or submission. As events, however, proved,

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this same army was driven backward faster than it came on until, broken and spent, it begged for armistice.

Leaving Château-Thierry, there was scarcely a town or village with house standing, and the countryside was scarred and torn. From Epernay to Bar-le-Duc and beyond there was lesser evidence of the Boche's handiwork, and as the day darkened to its close our train entered Nancy—Nancy, the beautiful, the brave, Nancy, which had suffered so much from hundreds of air raids, but which had always kept the invader at an arm's length of ten miles.

It was but a few minutes before that I learned that two coaches of our train were specials and contained senators, deputies, and diplomats who had not been able to arrange their affairs in time to go with the main party to Metz, but were to join it at Strasbourg. I also was disturbed to learn that Monsieur Mirman, préfet at Nancy, to whom I carried the Ambassador's letter, had lately been made préfet of Metz, and had gone there some days before. However, leaping from the train as it came to a stop, I rushed to the commissaire militaire français to see what could be done, was at once referred to the American R. T. O., who, after examining my orders, smilingly said: "You can go to Strasbourg if you can get there, but there are no regular trains as yet, you know." I then went hastily to the ticket office and demanding a ticket for Strasbourg was told that none would be on sale until late at night, and perhaps not then. After this the ticket window was closed, but at once the door opened and a man whom I took to be the agent hurried out. I hailed him and in French asked if he really thought there were no trains going east, when with a perfect London accent he replied: "For heaven's sakes speak English and I'll answer you"—which he did not do satisfactorily, however, as he knew no more of train schedules than I. Having thus exhausted every means but one, I walked back to where the two special coaches were standing and climbed on board. It was a beautiful Pullman coach, one lately taken from the German Government under the armistice terms. Stepping into the first compartment, I asked the only occupant, a French officer of the tank service (the rest were walking about the station) if this compartment was filled. He answered that there was one unoccupied seat and urged me to take it. This I was not slow to accept, and I had scarcely done so when the whistle blew, senators, deputies, and officers entered the train hurriedly, and in a moment it made its way out of the station which so often during the past four years had been a target for the enemy's bombing-machines out toward Lunéville, the old frontier, and Alsace.

It was slow riding, but at length we came to Avricourt, the frontier station. We were held here under orders for a half-hour, while French soldiers on guard gathered around here and there. As the train pulled into the station there were several sky-rockets sent up, and when I asked a French officer the reason he smilingly answered: "On s'amuse." The station itself looked like a battle-field. Windows were gone, doors were torn off, and it was unoccupied. Finally, we went on slowly and came to town after town. Every station with its German name was decorated as for a fête. Christmas trees and greens, French flags and colors were seen everywhere. German railway officials in German uniform, not as yet relieved, and who may not be until peace is actually signed, German women in uniform, acting as station-hands and carrying lanterns, crowds of Alsatians, most of them showing French colors, but others with gloomy faces crowded the station. The Germans kept together and seemed to have little to say. As the station-masters exchanged orders with the train conductor there was evident embarrassment. The larger part of the crowd at every station had come, hoping to get to Strasbourg by train for the morrow. So it was until finally Strasbourg was reached, at a quarter to eleven.

It was in 1912 that I last stepped from a Paris train onto the platform of this same station. But how changed! The same German signs directed the traveller, but then there were crowds of people moving here and there, and always the German soldier. French uniforms were unknown and unseen, except in books or papers. Now, however, French poilus with bayonets fixed stood guard. There was no civilian to be seen, and as the less

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than a hundred French dignitaries and the single American left the train, a group of French officers approached and presented each in turn with a carte d'invitation, which on its face bore these words: "République Française, Haut-Commissariat de la République à Strasbourg, Visite Présidentielle du 9 Dec. 1918," etc. On the back of the card was our hotel assignment.

As we left the station we passed through lines of soldiers, and on and out into the crowd which had gathered in the Place de la Gare. There was no excitement, but deep and quiet interest. The stars were in the sky, the lights in the square were burning brightly and revealed the decorations in place for the morrow. Everywhere was the tricolor of France, and close by was the welcoming arch for the President. Despite the hour and the long journey, sleep had no attraction for me, so I strolled about the streets, the German-named streets, looked in the shop-windows, the German-named shops, but most of them displayed the welcoming colors of the mother country, and lettered signs with "Vive la France!" "Vivent les Libérateurs!" "Aux Vainqueurs!" and on one building could be read, in English, "God Bless our American Liberators." Frequently an avis on the window-pane announced: "This firm has been reorganized and is now entirely French." I finally came to the Place Kléber and stood looking up at the statue of Napoleon's great general. Then I realized that my hotel of six years before was only a few yards away. It was then the Rotes Haus, but now the electric sign announced "La Maison Rouge." As it were but yesterday, I recalled an answer given me on the very spot by an Alsatian who said: "Yes, our heart is French, deeply French, but the German, despite his harshness, is giving us an efficient civil government." The square was quite dark, but the lights of a neighboring café attracted me and I entered. Scarcely had I done so when several French aviators followed me and took seats. As they were covered with decorations and gave evidence of a rare camaraderie, I inquired who they were, and was told that the two nearest me were Fonck and Nungesser, the leading aces of the French air service and their comrades. Again I thought of a night in August, 1912, when I sat in this same café and called to mind that in the seats now occupied by Frenchmen whose names are household words in Europe there sat several young German officers and almost all with sword-cuts on their faces, the result of university or corps duels.

Where are they now? Where, I wonder! For they were German officers and young. But the café proprietor and his waiters were quite as polite to the French ace of aces and his comrades, who paid him in francs, as he was six years before to the duel-marked German officers who paid him in marks.

But it was now after midnight. So after stopping to read the programme of the morrow's events posted at a street corner and in French, which for such had long been "verboten," I wandered back to my hyphenated Hotel Diebold-Bristol, bade "bon soir" to the night clerk, who promised with Alsatian accent to call me at "zed heures," and went to my room and to bed, so thoughtfully provided by the République Française.

The morning was gray and soon turned to a fine drizzle. The Place de la Gare was filled with French cavalry. The crowds began to gather early. By eight, officers placed their guards across the Place and along the curbs, as far as the eye could see in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville, where the President at half-past nine was to deliver the message of the French nation to the people of the lost province. As I wore the uniform of an American officer, I broke the lines and walked along the street to the Place Kléber, where on the steps of my old hotel, La Maison Rouge, I met ten or twelve military attachés and other officers. We were immediately taken in charge by a French general, detailed for the purpose, who, breaking the cordon, took us through the vast crowds, gathered to witness the President place a wreath at the base of the statue of Kléber, while en route from the station. We crossed the Place and on down the street through still denser crowds to the Hôtel de Ville. As we passed the statue of Kléber, where stood in line three hundred French veterans of '70, gray-bearded but erect with the pride of the Revanche, we exchanged salutes. The crowd cried: "Vivent les

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Alliés!" "Vivent les Libérateurs!" and more frequently, "Vive l'Amérique!" Arriving at the Hôtel de Ville, we were placed directly in front of and only ten feet from the spot from which President Poincaré was to speak. Such suppressed emotion! The air was surcharged with it. Every window of the Hôtel de Ville was filled with women fortunate enough to be placed there. Senators, deputies, diplomats, soldiers, movie-men, photographers, student corps, women in Alsatian dress were everywhere. Then cheering was heard in the distance. It grew louder until in a moment the first carriage, which contained President Poincaré and Clemenceau, drove up. They alighted, and were followed immediately by the presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, Marshals Joffre, Foch, and Pétain, General Gouraud, the one-armed commander of the district, Marshal Haig, Generals Pershing and Plumer, Lord Derby (the British Ambassador), Mr. Sharp (the American Ambassador), Mr. Vesnitch, the Serbian Minister, and many others. While the applause was at its height, President Poincaré, looking out over the cheering crowd, raised his hand for silence, and began to speak. His first sentence brought a tumult of cheers: "Alsaciens," he said, referring to the German demand that the Alsace-Lorraine question be left to a plebiscite, "le plébiscite est fait." Cheers punctuated every sentence, and always with the accustomed "Bravo!" and "Très bien!" In less than half an hour the address ended. Then for a short space friend spoke to friend here and there, when the honor guests drove or walked to the Strasbourg Cathedral, where they were received by the ecclesiastical dignitaries and Swiss Guards, in white satin, and carrying maces. I found myself walking toward the cathedral beside General Plumer, the famous British general, but as the crowd, quite unfamiliar with either the British or American uniform, persisted in crying "Vive l'Amérique!" I said: "General, they only know the British uniform from pictures in German papers, and they take you for an American." Once within the cathedral, and after a brief but impressive service, the guests were escorted to that seventh wonder of the world, the Strasbourg clock. As the clock struck the hour the cock crew, the apostles walked just as they had for these many years, but it seemed to some of us as if the cock crew with more vigor, and the apostles walked with more elation than they had for forty-seven years.

Luncheon-hour had now come, and in Alsace, as in Paris, everything stopped for two hours. Following, however, the schedule, the presidential party visited the largest Protestant church, and immediately afterward the synagogue, for Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews are more equally represented in Alsace than elsewhere in France. After luncheon we were again in motion toward the scene of the Grand Défilé of the afternoon. My ticket said Tribune B, and soon we were in our places in the Central Reviewing Stand, and only twenty feet behind the President's chair. Place de la République the beautiful square was called which only yesterday bore the name of the Kaiser Platz. When we arrived at the Tribune du Président, a full half-hour before the arrival of the presidential party, there was much time to observe. We looked directly out, not half a mile away, to the cathedral, with its glorious façade, whose lace-like tower and highest flagstaff in the region bore the tricolor of France, lately replacing a German Red Cross flag, which had protected a wireless apparatus and signal-station just below. The university buildings flanked the great square, and one could read "Universitäts- u. Landes-Bibliothek," and not far away stood what was left of a Hohenzollern monument, destroyed by the students. I was told that at the time the students tore the Prussian helmet from the head of the equestrian figure, they bore it to their favorite club, where, having fixed it firmly in the floor by means of the helmet spike, they used it in the same manner as American experts of the weed would have done in certain American hotels of a primitive type.

I wish that I could adequately describe the events of the next two hours, but they are indescribable as they are unforgettable. An elderly Alsatian who stood near me, and who had lived in Strasbourg for over sixty years, said, as tears glistened in his eyes: "Il faut voir pour savoir."

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But that the reader may the more fully see the scene of the Grand Défilé, let him picture a great square of state and university buildings, within which is a circular half-mile track, not of cinders for athletic sports, but of clay and gravel for military parade, and within the track rich turf, cultivated trees and shrubbery. At the central point of the northern end was the Tribune du Président or Reviewing Stand. Within a few moments after the filling of this stand by the guests of the republic, soldiers cleared the track and were posted closely along its edges.

The Défilé began with the approach of a French general with staff, followed by a cavalry band. Saluting the President and reviewing officers, the general wheeled outward and took position facing the stand and at the head of the long turfed aisle, which stretched away between trees as the diameter of a circle. Then there passed for an hour French soldiers and sailors of every branch of the service, mostly members of Gouraud's army, the poilus in horizon-blue, the Moroccans with yellow uniform and red fezzes, resembling a moving field of poppies; artillery, the heavies and the seventy-fives, and the smaller types, mortars and machine-guns, like big insects ready to crawl, cavalry-men and marines, with the pompons rouges of Brittany, many of them of the immortal nine thousand, which for seven days held at bay forty-five thousand Germans on the retreat on Paris, in 1914. Last of all came the tanks, which moved along the parade-ground like huge turtles. As every branch of service, led by its band, went by, its officers coming to the salute as only Frenchmen can—picked units from fighting divisions of the line—our admiration rose; but Alsace herself was still to come, and for this we waited.

After the last tank a moment passed. Then a few hundred yards away could be seen approaching the Alsatian column, and at its head the French veterans of '70. Admiration and cheers for the young, the vigorous, the victorious gave way to indescribable emotion. Cheers and tears, tears and cheers, and as the head of the column came abreast the presidential stand, from these gray-haired soldiers of France of the last war, from these prisoners of hope, their heads uncovered, their right arms lifted high, involuntarily, and without command there burst forth the pent-up cry of long years: "Vive la Patrie, Vive la France!" How often during the past had the "Marseillaise" made vibrant heart chords, but played as it was at this moment, in the city of Rouget de Lisle, and of its birth, and for the veterans of a lost cause now redeemed, words cannot describe.

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

Ah, yes, for Alsace, "le jour de gloire est arrivé."

Every village in all Alsace marched. Led by the local band, the mayor followed in his long black coat with tricolor sash. Then came scores of leading citizens in frock coats and silk hats, and always in front of the reviewing stand faces were turned inward, hats were raised high, and France was cheered and always followed the women and girls, yes and with them boys in their early teens. With their Alsatian bows for a head-dress, their short full skirts of corresponding hue, marching twenty abreast, often quickstepping to the music and throwing flowers toward the stand, what a riot of color and movement, what grace, what joy! As a scene at a carnival it would have been superb, but to-day it was more. When the present century draws to its last quarter, there will be living in France old women whose eyes will glisten as they tell their grandchildren of the day in Strasbourg long ago when they marched and danced before the President, the Premier, and Marshals of France on the day of the Great Liberation.

Next in moving and dramatic appeal to the review of the veterans of '70 was that of the conscripts, the next class of Alsatian youth to be called to the German colors. There were hundreds of them, these boys of seventeen. Close beside the standard marked "Conscrits" was born by a stalwart youth a new flag of France, and after it had been lowered in salute it became instinct with life and was waved and waved by tireless because happy arms. As the student corps marched by a neighbor said: "Ah! les pauvres jeunes, they have not been permitted to speak or read a word of French, and now their unfinished university courses will be under a French faculty."

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Another neighbor said of them: "Ah, their New Year vows were not in vain." And then he told how on every New Year's Eve at midnight, ever since Alsace-Lorraine had been torn from France, the loyal student corps marched in file to the Place Kléber and, passing without a word the statue Kléber, returned to corps headquarters. Watched by the German police, not a word was uttered, nor a song sung, but as each student passed the statue of Napoleon's Alsatian general, he looked upward into Kléber's face and then beyond to Him who sitteth on His throne beyond the stars, and vowed in his heart eternal loyalty to France.

If one were asked who was the popular hero of the day the answer is quickly given. President Poincaré was cheered to the echo. Joffre and Foch came in for equal and tumultuous applause. Pétain's cheers were hardly less. Gouraud, the commander of the district, he of the shattered arm and limp, but with a face and heart to command, was beloved by all. General Pershing, as the commander of our own army, which did so much at St.-Mihiel and in the sector nearest Alsace-Lorraine was constantly acknowledging the cries, "Vive l'Amérique!" and "Vive Général Pershing!" Marshal Haig was by no means slighted, but above all cries could be heard the cheer for a plain civilian, he who in his youth in the Chambre des députés had refused to vote for the separation forced by the Treaty of Frankfort, he who suffered political exile and taught French for a living in a little town in Connecticut, he who at the age of seventy-six seized the reins of government, which were slipping from the hands of a tottering ministry and threatening to drag France and the cause of the Allies with it, the Man of 1918 and of the War, Georges Clemenceau. As a ten-year-old Alsacienne was borne on shoulders through the crowd to the front of the reviewing stand and placed in the Premier's hands her flowers, and as the old hero, taking them with a smile, kissed her excited cheeks, some one in the crowd shouted: "Vive le Tigre!" The Premier smiled. Then every one cheered, while a woman, with flashing eye and toss of head and with an inimitable gesture, said: "Il l'aime."

After the last choral and gymnastic societies, so long suppressed, had marched by, the Défilé ended and the vast crowd slowly made its way back to the centre of the city.

An old friend and college mate, one of a handful of Americans in Strasbourg that day, proposed that we dine together at the popular Café Sorg. As I glanced at the carte des vins I was aware that the upper half had been pasted over, and as I held it to the light I could plainly see the coats of arms of the several German states which made the German Empire. Every table held French and Allied officers. On the walls were French flags and cards which read, "Vive la patrie, vive Poincaré, vive Clemenceau!" although a few days before German officers dined at the same tables and had ordered Moselle and Rhine wines from the same card, but as it had first come from the printers. In the change brought by the waiter was a five-mark note, which was returned as a pourboire, as was evidently intended. Our train left at 9.10, so we walked through the streets of this French town, which next to Paris is the most attractive. Allied flags were as frequent as on the Paris boulevards. The Alsatian girls were already arm in arm with the French soldiers. There was to be a Grand Ball later in the evening. I went to the station and inquired which was the special train for Paris. In a few moments, in a most comfortable compartment and on a Pullman lately taken by the victors from the vanquished, where the porter spoke only Alsatian-German and where the printed directions were all in German, I fell asleep. The last thing I can remember was trying to repeat the formal protest of the deputies of Alsace-Lorraine in the Chambre des députés in Bordeaux, (where it had been removed from Paris) and following the acceptance of Bismarck's terms of '71:

"Handed over to the Dominion of the foreigner in contempt of all justice and by an odious abuse of force, we once more declare null and void a compact which disposes of us without our consent. Your brothers of Alsace-Lorraine, separated at this moment from the common family, will preserve for the France banished from their hearths, a faithful love until the day when she will come again to take her place there."

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"SWEET ARGOS"

By Stacia Crowley

A WIND from the West!
How it blows into the heart of me.
A wind from the West!
Why the West is a part of me,
There, I was born.
There, where the prairies are broad,
When the wild things were growing;
There, when the wild birds were singing
And wild herds were lowing.
Now it is fields of corn.

But the wind is not tamed,
And oh, the wild tunes that it whistles to me;
Tunes that it piped on the prairies
That billow and roll like the sea;
Tunes that it caught from the hearts of things there,
Tumultuous and free.
The rhythm of beating hoofs
Drumming the earth in their race;
The half-tamed stallion's neigh,
And the rain in your face.
Oh, the wind gathers all of it,
All, as it goes rushing by;
Even the whir of the wild hawk's wings
As he swoops like a bomb from the sky;
Even the meadow-lark's call,
And a sweeter one never was heard.
'Tis the voice of the prairie sunset
But you can't put it into a word.

And the white nights of winter,
When the air is so cold and so clear
That it glints like the blade of a sword.
I know I can hear the voice of that silence.
And I hear, too, the rush and swirl of the storm,
When the blizzard has marshalled its hosts,
Sweeping resistlessly forward
Its columns of sheeted ghosts,
Who lashed into bitter fury
By the speed of their fierce advance,
Leap and whirl and mingle
In a frantic Dervish dance.

It harps too the primal prairies,
Where the strong dark rivers run;
Where all things live, as all things should,
In the broad clear light of the sun;
Where a friend is indeed a friend,
And a foe is indeed a foe,
And you feel you can almost love him
Because he hates you so.

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Sometimes it is full of voices,
  Sometimes it is full of tears,
The stab of a wrong or the sob of a song
  Passed with the passing years.

Sometimes 'tis a child who listens,
  In the wonderful long ago,
Filled with such blissful terror
  As only a child can know.
Cuddled safe in the home nest
  And thrilling to every cry,
While the wind and the wolves together
  Howl the prairie-born's lullaby.

And then—but I hear the prelude
  Of a song known only to me.
Even the wind may not sing it
  For its chords are mystery.
Back my feet to your furrow,
    Bend to your tasks my will.
No, I must not remember.
  Oh, wind from the West, be still.

THE HOLE IN THE FENCE

By H. S. Hall
Author of "The Open Hearth"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON

THE lower half of the twenty-foot fence back of the rod mill was built of concrete and served as a retaining wall, the level of the mill yard, at that point, being ten feet above the road-bed of the Midline Railroad, which ran just outside. The upper half of the fence was constructed of pine boards two inches thick, fastened to stringers which were bolted to iron posts sunk into the concrete. And above the tops of the boards, carried on uprights that were secured to the iron posts, were six strands of barbed wire. It was a good fence.

It was a superior fence, warranted by Davidson, the boss carpenter, who built it, to be man-tight. Yet in the ten years of its existence as a fence it had never turned back Slim Joe, the gas-poker, once he had set his ambition on a cooling draft of lager. He had gone over the top of the six strands of barbed wire; he had gone between them; he had gone beneath them; he had knocked boards loose from the stringers and gone through the openings thus made. He was now going beneath the upper half of the fence, between the boards and the concrete.

With infinite patience and great labor he had surreptitiously chiselled out a depression in the top of the concrete wall; he had cut and hacked through and removed two of the two-inch boards, and had so made a hole, a small hole, indeed, through which he could wriggle his slim self, his exit being made feet first, his entrance head first.

A small, battered piece of corrugated

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roofing iron, placed carelessly over the hole, concealed the opening so effectually that no one had discovered it. Tom Whitehead, the roundsman, whose duty it was to see that no outsiders sneaked into the mill-yard and no insiders sneaked out, knew that Slim Joe had an exit somewhere. He knew that Slim Joe was going out every day for beer, and he knew he was fetching beer into the yard for Eddie Welper, familiarly known about the rod-mill as the Tanner. But he could not locate that hole.

"I casn' find it," he said to Sligo, the boss roller, as they sat on the concrete wall, their backs against the corrugated piece of roofing iron. "I know th' slim eel is goin' out steady fer his drink, but I casn' find that 'ole. I've looked 'nd I've looked 'nd I've looked fer that 'ole, but I casn' find it. I'm puzzled."

"Tom, you've got to find that hole!" declared Sligo. "Spring is coming on, and Slim's thirst and the Tanner's thirst will grow like weeds from now on. I've got enough hurry-up orders to keep us going like blazes for the next six months, and the chief gaffir will be after me all the time. I can't get along without Slim and the Tanner—they're my two best men—but I can't get along with them if they're going to be soused with beer half the time, as they both will be if there's a hole for Slim Joe to slip through. Confound him, he doesn't need a hole—he's so thin he could slip through a crack between the boards!"

"If it was me I'd can th' both of 'em," said Tom Whitehead.

"Can nothing! You know I canned Slim a half-dozen times last summer for running beer into the mill, and what good did it do? Didn't I have to hire him back every time? He's the only man in Steelburg that can make gas on that dilapidated, antiquated set of producers. As for the Tanner—he never goes out; you know that. He's too big to make use of any kind of an exit smaller than a wagon-gate. And I'd make a lot of rods, wouldn't I, if I discharged the Tanner? He's the only bulldogger I ever had that was worth a nickel an hour!"

"No, th' Tanner don't go out fer no beer, true enough, but he has Slim pack it in to him by th' barrel. Yes, sir, I'd can th' both of 'em," said Tom again.

"You find that hole and close it up!" ordered Sligo, rising and starting away. "Never mind telling me what you'd do—find the hole!" The roundsman gazed after the retreating figure of the boss roller until it had disappeared behind a corner of the mill building.

"Find th' 'ole!" he muttered. He threw his arms back and thrust his thumbs into the pockets of his vest, the action causing his elbows to strike sharply against the piece of corrugated iron. "Find th' 'ole! I casn' find no 'ole!" He sat in that comfortable position for a few minutes, then rose and walked off.

Hardly had he passed from sight among the cars and stacks of steel billets near the furnaces when the Tanner came slowly out from behind a gas-producer, looked up and down the yard, and walked over to the fence and sat down by the piece of corrugated iron. He sighed noisily.

The Tanner was huge and heavy. He tipped the scale beam at two hundred and eight in the summer months, at two hundred and forty-five in the winter months. He was bald-headed, pouch-eyed, smooth-shaven, bull-necked, and, from his shoulders to his hips, exceedingly vast. He spoke softly and breathed hard. He was always good-natured, always willing to do a favor, always hungry, and always dry. He was not a vegetarian, but vegetating was his conception of a well-spent life. Any kind of thinking was unpopular with the Tanner.

To-day he was very hot, very sweaty, and very thirsty. He crooked the index-finger of his right hand and raked it across half his brow and the right side of his face, flipping away the perspiration it gathered in its downward sweep. Then the crooked index-finger of his left hand raked the other half of his brow and the left side of his face. He mopped his face and neck vigorously with his little cloth cap and exhaled a blast from his mighty chest. Then he started to sing, in a remarkably small voice:

"Good-by, maw! Good-by, paw!
Good-by, mule with the big hee-haw!"

"Pss-st!"

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The Tanner checked his singing and turned his head to listen.

"Pss-st! Hey, Tanner!" The voice came to him from outside the fence. He pushed the piece of corrugated iron to one side, uncovering a hole of irregular shape. He stooped and put his face at the opening.

"All set, Slim?" he asked.

"All set. Take 'em in," returned a voice.

The Tanner thrust his arm into the hole as far as he could reach. When he drew it back there was a tin dinner-pail in his hand. Again the arm went into the hole, and another tin dinner-pail was brought in. Again the arm disappeared, and this time when it was drawn back the hand held another hand. A red head, a red face, and a red mustache followed the hand. A man's body, a very thin body, followed the face and, with much squirming and twisting and wriggling, worked its way through the opening. The Tanner set up the piece of corrugated iron in its former place.

"Is th' coast clear?" asked the newcomer.

"Sligo 'nd Tom Whitehead are nosin' round," replied the Tanner. "Better get a sandwich ready for 'em." He drew a newspaper package from a cavernous pocket and unwrapped it. It contained two meat sandwiches. One of them he handed to the slim man.

"Guess I'll take a snort," said the Tanner. "Keep your eye peeled, Slim."

He was removing the lid from one of the pails when Slim Joe spoke sharply. Both men fell to devouring their sandwiches. The boss roller had come out of the mill and was walking over to them.

"Eating a little lunch, boys?" he asked carelessly.

"Yep, takin' a bite," replied Slim Joe.

"Hot to-day, isn't it? Glad we're not on the big sizes. I never saw it so hot at this time of year. D'ye mind if I take a sip of your tea? I'm thirsty, though I've been drinking water all day."

Consternation showed on the faces of the two men.

"Th' tea ain't no good to-day, boss," said the Tanner. "Th' boardin'-house missus must've spilled some soap in it, th' way it looks 'nd tastes."

"Anything's better than water in weather like this. I'll just taste it, anyhow," said Sligo.

He removed the lid from one of the pails.

"Yes, I should say she did put soap into your tea!" he exclaimed angrily. "Look at the suds!"

He jerked the lid from the other pail. "More soap-suds, eh! Where did you fellows get this beer?" he demanded.

Slim Joe looked up in surprise. "Beer!" he cried. "Is that beer? Well, say, what do you know about that, Tanner? Th' boardin'-house missus put beer in our pails! 'Nd we was thinkin' all th' time she'd dropped some soap in th' tea! Say, ain't she th' limit, to do a thing like that?"

Sligo boiled with wrath. "Now, look here, you two lushers," he roared, shaking an angry fist in their faces, "there's going to be a stop to this! This can't go on! I won't stand for it! You fellows know what I'm up against, that I've got to keep this mill pushed to the limit all the time, and I can't do it if my workmen are drinking booze. You've got to quit or I'll fire you! Where do you get out, Slim? Where's your hole?"

"Me? Why, I don't go out!" replied Slim Joe in a hurt voice. "No man can get over or through a fence like this! This beer here in these pails is a big surprise to me, boss, believe me. Th' boardin'-house missus——"

"Shut up!" yelled the boss roller. "If I could find that hole I'd put a man by it with a shotgun and tell him to shoot you if you came near it! Where is it, Slim? Tell me or I will fire you!"

Slim Joe turned the palms of both hands up, shrugged his shoulders, and twitched his red mustache. With a snort of anger Sligo walked away a few steps, then turned.

"This is the last time!" he cried. "The very last time! You go out again and fetch in beer and both of you quit for keeps! Understand?"

"Yes, sir, 'nd thank you kindly, boss, for giving us another show," said the Tanner.

Sligo stamped away into the mill.

Slim Joe looked at the Tanner and winked. The Tanner looked at Slim Joe

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and grinned. Then they each lifted up a pail and drank long and deep.

"Beats all, doesn't it, how grouchy Sligo's got to be since them rush orders for rods hit him," said the Tanner as he lowered his pail and reached for his sandwich.

"I reckon th' big gaffir's worritin' him a lot these days about not gettin' out rods enough," returned Slim Joe, wiping his foam-flecked lips with the back of his hand. "It's thunder when th' main gaffir gets to proddin' you up on work, they tell me."

General Manager Stevens, the "big gaffir," was indeed worrying the boss roller. He was not satisfied with the daily output of the rod-mill—he had not been satisfied, for that matter, for nearly three years, since the European War had caused unprecedented orders for rods to flow in to the Steelburg mills. In 1914 he considered one hundred and seventy-five tons of No. 5 rods a very creditable day's performance. Under his urging Sligo had raised that figure to two hundred. Then two hundred and twenty-five were demanded; and when the boss roller had succeeded in forcing his figure to that height there came a request for two hundred and fifty.

"We must get them out, get them out, Sligo!" Stevens kept telling the boss roller. "I wouldn't be pushing you so hard now, after you've accomplished so much, but these orders we are getting nowadays are Uncle Sam's. These rods are to go into barbed wire, and you know where that barbed wire goes—straight to France, to fence out the Huns and other wild animals. Speed up, Sligo, speed up! Hitch your rod-mill to a comet!"

Sligo had the twelve-hour day turn, Jack Robinson the night shift. Robinson was a younger and less experienced rod roller than Sligo, and his production figures had never equalled those of the day turn. When Sligo was averaging two hundred tons Robinson was running out one hundred and eighty tons. But with the general manager's putting pressure upon him, urging and pleading for more rods, the young roller had been doing better, and when Sligo's figure stood at two hundred and twenty-five his was two hundred.

Both rollers were on the job every minute of their time. Both of them had spurred on their respective crews to greater efforts, and the men were responding. A number of young fellows from the mills had gone to the colors; some of them were already in France, and the thought that they were working for the safety of the boys whom they knew, who would soon be lying behind wire entanglements made from the rods they were rolling, struck fire into the souls of the workers there, and they toiled over the red bars, amid the whirring rolls and about the hot furnaces as they had never toiled before.

Sligo's crew was a better crew than Robinson's—it was composed of older men, men of greater skill and longer experience. But there were two weak links in his chain, if a mill crew may be called a chain—Eddie Welper, his bulldogger, and Joe Smoots, his head gas-poker. These two men had a penchant for alcoholic drink, and they got it, not only when they were off duty but while they were at work; got it in spite of the company's twenty-foot fence, in spite of all rules and regulations, in spite of Sligo's threats, in spite of the fine detective work and guard duty of Tom Whitehead, the roundsman. Had the Tanner been more godlike in his make-up, this would be the place to refer to Slim Joe as Ganymede.

For ten years they had been working for Sligo. He had in them his two best workmen. He appreciated them; he showed his appreciation; but he could not induce them to conform to the rules of the plant, that liquor should not be brought into the mill-yard. For ten years he had been threatening them; for ten years he had been pleading with them; a dozen times he had discharged them; but they continued to work for him, and Slim Joe continued to slip out for beer.

Slim Joe's job, it was admitted by all, was the toughest and dirtiest job about the mill, and nobody denied that the Tanner's was the hardest. Poking gas tries a man's soul, bulldogging tests his muscles. Making gas on producers that should have been scrapped in the '90's was a trick not many men could turn; bulldogging on a roughing train that was set so close to the heating furnace that a

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thermometer hung there would register never below a hundred, was work few could do.

"How does he stand it?" Sligo had said a hundred times as he watched the Tanner heaving up the white-hot, one-hundred-and-seventy-pound bars from the lower to the upper passes, with the hot blasts from the mouths of the heating-furnaces pouring out upon him and the dripping billets racing past him on the feed-roll trains. And more than once he had told himself that he did not wonder that Slim Joe's throat cried out for a cooling draft, when he would see him barring and poking and sledging at the worn-out producers, with the thick, yellow clouds of soggy, sulphurous smoke rolling up about him.

One day there came a letter to Sligo from the general manager's office, calling attention to the fact that his average tonnage for the week past had gone above two hundred and twenty-five tons, and expressing the pleasure this fact had given to the management. "Now, if you can force that figure on up," the letter went on to say, "up to two hundred and fifty tons, you will never be asked to exceed it by another pound, be assured of that. We are very proud of the records you and Robinson have established for this mill. Can you do better? Can you make your top figure two hundred and fifty? We are going to ask Robinson to try for two hundred and twenty-five, and we believe he will reach it."

Sligo read the letter through and groaned. "It can't be done!" he muttered. "I am just about at the peak now! With some new equipment—but I'll try for it!"

And he set himself to work harder than ever. He looked over and restudied every gear, every pulley, every reel, every roll, seeking for a place to make an improvement. He carried stacks of blue-prints home with him and studied far into the night. He stayed at the mill over hours and talked with Robinson and the master mechanic and the chief engineer, and together they schemed and planned for increasing the mill's production. Changes, not great ones, were made in the mechanics of the mill here and there, extra men were added to the crews, one in this place, another in that, and in a short while they were gratified to see the daily output begin slowly to increase. The workmen, noticing the growing figures chalked up at the weigher's shanty each turn, put forth greater efforts. As though to aid them, a cool spell of weather set in, and the great coils of red rods rolled away from the reels to the cooling yards in an unbroken line.

Sligo, keeping a wary eye on the two weak links of his chain, the Tanner and Slim Joe, chuckled as he saw them working with a zeal such as they had never before manifested. Since the day when he had discovered them with the "soapy tea" they had given him no trouble.

"If those two will only lay off their beer I'll be all right," he said to the general manager as they stood together one day watching the mill at its mighty work.

"They have always given you more or less trouble, haven't they?" asked the general manager.

"Yes, and they have given me a lot of valuable service, too."

"Why don't you get rid of them and break in some new hands? Some day they will fail you at a critical moment."

"I've tried it, but so far I have never found anybody who could measure up to them. Actually, with all the worry they cause me, I can get out more work with them at their worst than I can with any other men I have tried. They are two simple souls. If they had ever given a hint that they considered themselves indispensable to the running of this mill I should have fired them long ago. But if Slim Joe goes out again for beer or brings it in to the Tanner, I shall discharge both of them. I've told them so, and they know I will do it!"

The cool weather continued. The weigher's figures continued to grow greater. It was two hundred and twenty-eight; it was two hundred and thirty; it went to two hundred and thirty-five, to two hundred and forty. And Robinson's figure had moved up to two hundred and seventeen.

"Another week at this rate and we'll hit the high mark," laughed Sligo as he saw the clerk chalking up two hundred and forty-two.

That same night a warm April rain be-

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gan falling, a hot, muggy wind rolled up from the south, and the next day the output dropped to two hundred and thirty-six tons, so quickly was the evil effect of a warm wave made noticeable in the efficiency of the men. Sligo became nervous. He watched the Tanner and Slim Joe closely. Both were showing signs of distress.

He kept himself in sight of Slim Joe, determined that he would offer the man no opportunity to slip out of the yard. Then a broken reel called him away to the far end of the mill building. When he returned he knew at a glance that the gas-poker had been outside—both he and the Tanner were unusually blithe.

"They've started!" he groaned.

He was called away again, this time to the roll-shop in another part of the yard. He was absent more than an hour. Coming back he was startled to see the mill running half empty. The finisher was blowing the whistle madly for steel. He looked across the rolls toward the Tanner. The big giant was smiling in a pleased manner and "fumbling" every other bar that came through to him. Sligo hurried over to him. As he neared the roughing-train he saw a bar with a split end shoot between the rolls. The bulldogger's long tongs reached down and picked it up. But instead of tossing it aside for a laborer to drag away, the Tanner calmly returned it to the rolls.

"Stop that! Stop it!" yelled Sligo. But it was too late—the rolls seized the bar. It separated at the split; one-half of it curled upward and was carried over and welded to the other part of the bar. The roll was "collared."

Sligo screamed with rage. A whistle shrilled a warning and the roughing-train began slowing down. There would be no more rods made that day until the "collar" had been removed—cut away with the oxygen flame.

The Tanner leaned comfortably on his tongs, surveyed the damage he had wrought, and began singing in his small voice:

"Good-by, maw! Good-by, paw!
Good-by, mule with the big hee-haw!"

The boss roller interrupted his singing with a roar.

"Go to my office, Tanner, and wait for me there! Hurry up!"

The Tanner touched his cap, bowed and smiled, dropped his tongs, and moved ponderously away.

Sligo went running into the gas-house. There he beheld Slim Joe delivering a fiery oration to an assembly of Poles who were gathered about him, their faces wreathed in smiles. Gas-making had stopped.

"Get over to my office, Slim! You're fired! I want to give you your time!"

Slim Joe started at the sound of Sligo's voice. He gazed at him a moment, then his eyes were flooded with tears. Shaking his head sadly, he turned and left the building.

Putting one of the Poles in charge of the gas-house, and telling him to get the men to work, Sligo hastened through the mill to his little, dingy office that stood just outside the main building. He found the Tanner and Slim Joe awaiting him there.

"You're fired, both of you!" he announced as he entered the office and seated himself at his desk and picked up a book of blank forms. "You're fired for keeps this time! I gave you warning!" He hurriedly wrote out two discharge slips. "Here," he said, thrusting the slips into their hands, "here are your discharge slips. Take them to the time office and get your money, and don't let me see your faces again, ever!"

Slim Joe started to weep. "Boss, you're right, you're dead right!" he sobbed. "We done wrong; we ought to be canned; but if you ever get in a tight squeeze, boss, 'nd ever need us, we'll be ready to help you out. Good-by, boss!"

Sligo was amused. In spite of his anger he could not keep from laughing. "Ha, ha, ha!" he roared. "All right, Slim, I'll not forget your offer!"

The Tanner took off his little, greasy cap, touched his left breast with the finger-tips of his left hand, crooked a fat leg till an elephantine foot was standing on tiptoe, and sang lugubriously:

"Good-by, maw! Good-by, paw!
Good-by, mule with the big hee-haw!"

Arm in arm the two dischargees went away. Sligo went back into the mill.

That day his tonnage figure dropped to

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two hundred and five—because of the "collar" on the roughing-roll the mill lost more than an hour's time. The next day it was up to two twenty-eight; the next it dropped to two twenty-three. Robinson's figure had touched two hundred and twenty-one.

In the days that followed Sligo watched things go from bad to worse. The heaters were continuously calling for gas; the finishers were continuously whistling for steel. Of the men he tried out at the gas-house none could keep the flues filled; of those he set to work at the roughing-rolls none could do the job as it should be done. The mill's steady improvement was no longer in evidence; his crew had lost its swing, its grip on things; the men were showing their dissatisfaction in a score of ways. Robinson's production figure was nearing the two-hundred-and-twenty-five mark. If something didn't happen, if something wasn't done soon, his average would be below Robinson's, something he could not think of without trembling.

Then came the letter from the general manager's office. It called Sligo's attention to the production records for the past three weeks. "We understand you attribute your losses in tonnage to some defections in your crew," it went on, "but, of course, you cannot offer that explanation with any hope that it may be an excuse that will protect you. It is up to you to build your crew of men upon whom you can absolutely rely at all times. When your tonnage for any week falls below the night crew's tonnage for the same week, we shall be compelled to shift you and your crew to the night turn and give Robinson and his crew the day turn."

The boss roller received the letter on a Monday morning. It stunned him. To transfer his crew to the night turn! He would not stand for such a humiliation—he would quit. Landley, his finisher, could have his job. He didn't want to quit—not for ten years yet—but, of course, they wouldn't expect him to accept such a demotion.

He went out into the mill and looked at the weigher's record-board. Robinson had started the evening before, Sunday, at six o'clock. He had made two hundred and twenty-four tons. Sligo told two or three of the workmen about the ultimatum he had received. In a very few minutes every man on his crew knew about it. There was loud and angry talk; there were threats made; there were bitter accusations made, some of them directed at the boss roller because of his having foolishly discharged two good men at such a critical time, some of them at the company for not installing up-to-date equipment, some of them at the inefficient gas-makers and roughers upon whom most of the blame was cast. Then a grim determination showed itself in the men's faces, and they set to work to save themselves from the shame that was threatening them.

That day the tonnage figure was two hundred and twenty-eight, only four tons more than Robinson had made the previous night.

"Well, it's better than I thought we'd do the first day of the week," Sligo said cheerfully as the men left the mill that evening. "Keep it up at that rate and we'll win out. To-morrow we'll make two hundred and thirty-five."

But on Tuesday the heater could not get the billets hot enough to roll—there was a shortage of gas all day, and no one could be found who could force the antiquated producers to produce gas. The production fell to two hundred and eighteen tons. On Monday night Robinson made two hundred and twenty-three tons, on Tuesday night two hundred and twenty-five tons. On Wednesday Sligo's figure went down to two hundred and eleven. On Wednesday night Robinson made two hundred and twenty-three.

"We're already beaten!" groaned Sligo when he came to work Thursday morning. "We're losing every day! We're lost; there's no use trying now, but I'll not quit yet."

He went into the mill and plunged into the midst of the work himself. He was on the inclines with the hookers guarding against any tangle; he was over the rolls helping to set up refractory guides, cutting away scrap and cobbles; he was at the furnaces assisting the heaters to straighten the billets before the pushers; he was in the cooling-yards getting the coils properly piled; he was in the gas-house poking and barring and sledging

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at the clinkered masses in the producers. He was working harder than any other man about the mill.

It was in the producer, along in the middle of the afternoon, that a Polish laborer, sledging in a fog of black, greasy smoke, and blinded by the acrid fumes that poured up about him, missed the bar and brought the heavy sledge down upon the boss roller's foot. The shoe was burst asunder and a flood of blood rushed out and mingled with the coal-dust and soot on the floor.

They carried the injured man to the emergency hospital. The surgeon dressed the wound and sent him home in an ambulance, saying: "You're good for a two weeks' vacation, Sligo."

Home and in bed, Sligo sighed: "That settles it. I'm through rolling rods. Robinson wins. Well, I guess I'll go now and buy that little farm I've been dreaming about these many years."

Over in the mill that evening at six o'clock the weigher chalked up for the day one hundred and ninety-six tons. Robinson's output that same night was two hundred and twenty-six tons.

In one of the cars of steel billets which a switching-engine shoved into the mill-yard, long after midnight that night, two figures were hidden, two men in working-men's clothes. One of them was very stout, the other was very thin. They crouched low among the billets, making not a sound as the car was pushed through the gate where a watchman stood. Between them they guarded a large and heavy basket. When the car was placed on the stock track back of the rod-mill and the train crew had gone away, the two climbed out and sneaked down the stairs leading to the ash-pits below an abandoned gas-producer.

"Well, Slim!" said the stout man when they had come to their destination.

"Well, Tanner!" said the slim man.

"Looks like we're here."

"Looks like it."

"Think we've got enough grub in that basket for two days?"

"Plenty."

"Let's take a snooze."

"Got ye, Steve."

They lay down and slept soundly until a whistle began to bellow. Then they arose, ate heartily from the basket of food they had brought, and went above. Sligo's crew was entering the mill to take their places at the rolls. The men saw the Tanner walking toward the roughing-train and they saw Slim Joe climbing the stairs to the producer building. A yell went up, a cry of astonishment and pleasure. Landley, the finisher, who had been designated to fill Sligo's place, when the report of the injury to the boss roller had gone in, came running out to learn what was the cause of the cheering.

"The Tanner! Slim Joe!" he heard the workers crying.

He went over to the Tanner. "Say, you fellows can't work here!" he said. "Sligo told me you were fired for keeps, that you were never to be allowed in the mill again."

"Run away, little boy," chuckled the Tanner, picking up the tongs. "I've got something on my mind."

"You'll not get paid!" warned Landley.

"Now, don't bother me!" growled the giant amiably, heaving a glowing bar into the whirling rolls.

Landley went away. He looked over toward the producers and beheld Slim Joe busy with a bar, heaving and lifting. "Let the fools work, then, if they're that crazy!" he muttered.

All that day the heaters rejoiced in a superabundance of gas, and all day long the roughing-train was filled with the writhing and twisting bars of red steel. Slim Joe made gas as he had never before made gas, and the Tanner fairly played with the roughing-train. He would hardly permit the spell hands to relieve him, lingering near by, and at the least sign of a false move rushing in upon them and straightening out the tangle.

"There's a chance!" was the word whispered about the mill that afternoon when it became evident that the day's output was to be an enormous one. "There's a chance!" And from hooker boy to heater every employee did his level best.

The weigher chalked up two hundred and forty-two tons when the turn had been completed and the last coil weighed. A hundred tired and dirty men who had lingered to see that figure, cheered in frantic glee and forgot their weariness. They

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Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"Now, look here, you two lushers."—Page 603.

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gathered about the Tanner and Slim Joe and became so ardent in their expression of admiration for those two heroes that the Tanner seized a sledge and threatened to brain a dozen or so if they didn't clear out.

That night Robinson made two hundred and twenty-seven tons. His six turns were completed, and he had for his week's credit one thousand three hundred and forty-eight tons of rods.

Down among the ash-pits, where the Tanner and Slim Joe had retired to spend the night—they did not dare to leave the yard, knowing the gate watchman would not admit them the next morning unless they could show a workman's brass check—Slim Joe was doing some arithmetical work.

"It means, Tanner," he said, after a lengthy and elaborate calculation, "that we'll have to run out more than two-fifty to-morrow, with Robinson keeping up his lick to-night, if we're goin' to save Sligo's skin. Th' question now is, can we do it?"

"Like a top!" replied the Tanner. "Do it dead easy! Say, this grub goes down dry 'nd dusty. Couldn't you slip out through our private exit, Slim, 'nd fetch in a few scuttles?"

"Tanner, I'm surprised at you!" shouted Slim Joe. "If there was a brewery right outside th' fence by th' hole, with a free tap runnin', I wouldn't fetch in nary a drop at such a crissis like this! Dang me, Tanner, I wouldn't!"

"I reckon you're right, too, Slim," murmured the Tanner. "Well, I'll just squeeze th' vinegar outen these here pickles 'nd make that do. We've got to save Sligo's hide, that's one thing certain!"

Next morning the night crew left the mill in high good humor. "Day turn for us next week, you mud-turtles!" they jeered at Sligo's men. "You'll have to go over two hundred and fifty-three to beat us, and you can't do it! Day turn next week!"

Angry growls and bitter words were thrown at the departing crew, and the day's run began.

Sligo at home, sitting in a huge Morris chair, with a sore and swollen foot propped up on a stool, was ignorant of what was going on at the mill. No word had been brought to him from there since he had left on Thursday afternoon. He was not thinking of rod-rolling any longer—he had thrown up his hands and quit. He was absolutely certain that Robinson would win the week's run. Already he had written to a farm agency asking about a small farm down State which he might wish to purchase in the near future.

It was about four o'clock Saturday afternoon when a boy from the mill came to his house.

"Landley says can you come down to the mill?" said the boy. "Big doin's goin' on over there!"

"What kind?" asked Sligo.

"We're goin' to beat the night gang all holler!"

"What's that?" snapped Sligo, sitting up in his chair. "Beat Robinson?"

"You bet! We're makin' rods to-day, believe me, boss! The Tanner and Slim, they got things to goin' good, believe me!"

"Who?"

"Slim Joe and the Tanner. They come out and pitched in yesterday mornin', and we didn't do a thing but grind out two hundred and forty-two old tons of rods, oh, no, I guess not! Say, you oughter see everybody diggin' in to-day! I tell you what, boss, things is hummin' over there! Yeow-ow!" The boy let out a screech of joy.

Sligo reached for a pair of crutches that stood near his chair. "Bill, you hiper down to Sam Dill's plumbing-shop on the corner and tell Sam I want him to bring his truck up here and haul me over to the steel plant! Hurry up, Bill, and tell Sam to hurry!" The boy dashed away with another yell of happiness.

Twenty minutes later the boss roller hobbled into the rod-mill. What he saw made him laugh with delight. The iron floors were covered with a swishing, swirling, twisting mass of rods, every rod in its right place; eight streams of red that rippled and quivered were pouring through the guides at the finishing-rolls; the giant six-thousand-horse-power engine was performing its mighty task with a dull, steady roar; he could hear the billets dropping with monotonous regularity from the furnace mouth to the feed-roll

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trains, and over by the roughing-train he saw the Tanner at work, his fat face grim with determination. Some of the workmen bending over the rolls saw him and saluted him with jaunty waves of their tongs, then dropped their eyes to their work again.

"Heavens! Look at them making rods!" he muttered.

"When did the Tanner and Slim Joe come back? And how did you come to take them on?" asked Sligo.

"Yesterday morning; but I didn't hire them. I told them they wouldn't get paid if they did work. They laughed at me," replied Landley.

"They're hired now. See that the time office gets their names entered on the books. How much will you run out to-day, do you think?"

"It will go over two-fifty."

"How much do you need?"

"Robinson finished with thirteen hundred and forty-eight tons. We had ten hundred and ninety-five last evening. Two hundred and fifty-three will bring us up with him. We'll make it, if nothing happens."

Sligo hobbled over toward the gas-producers. He saw a black, sooty figure emerge from a fog of sulphurous smoke that enveloped the building and lean out of a window, gasping for breath.

"Hey! That you, Slim?" he yelled.

"That's me, boss!" was the reply, and the figure at once disappeared in the fog of smoke.

The Tanner caught sight of him and lifted a big hand in salute, scarcely taking his eyes away from the red bars of steel about his feet.

"Good boys!" murmured Sligo.

The last billet fell from the furnace's mouth on the stroke of six. Five minutes later the billet was a coiled rod lying on a buggy that was being pushed onto the scales. A hundred black and greasy, weary-eyed men were gathered in front of the scale house. The weigher came out and wrote upon a blackboard with a piece of chalk:

Day.....	255 tons.
Week.....	1,350 tons.

A roar went up from the assembled workmen. They whooped, they yelled, they whistled, they sang, they beat one another with their fists. The Tanner started singing his favorite war-song, but got no further than "Good-by, maw!" when some one dealt him such a blow on the back that he strangled on the words. Slim Joe, black as a Cyclops, twitched his red mustache, now no longer red, and scowled affably. Sligo, forgetting his injury, threw his crutches into the air, did a clog on one foot, and fell over a wheelbarrow, the bandaged foot striking with a thud against the sharp corner of a steel column. He howled in agony. Two men picked him up and carried him to the mill-yard gate, and Sam Dill and his truck were 'phoned for. The doctor came an hour after he had been carried into his house, dressed his fresh injury, and told him he could stay there now for three weeks.

It was May before the boss roller went back to the rod-mill, hobbling along with the help of a cane. Only the best of reports had come to him during his absence. The daily average of the mill was keeping up to the two-hundred-and-fifty mark. There was no danger now that Robinson's crew might supplant his crew. The Tanner and Slim Joe were models of teetotalism, Landley told him.

"I must look those two up and give them a jolly," he said as he entered the mill. He looked over toward the roughing-train. The Tanner was not there—a spell hand was working.

"Pretty warm to-day. I suppose the Tanner is out in the yard for a breath of air," he said to himself.

He passed beyond the heating-furnaces and had paused to look into the stock-yard when he saw the Tanner saunter out of the mill building, cross to the fence back of the mill, and sit down on the concrete near a battered piece of roofing-iron.

"Wonder what that big tub is sitting out there in the sun for," muttered the boss roller. He leaned on his cane and waited, watching the bulldogger. In a minute or two he saw him straighten up and look up and down the yard. Then the piece of roofing-iron was pushed to one side, uncovering a hole. An arm was thrust into the hole and a dinner-pail

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drawn out. A second pail was brought in. Then through the hole came a hand followed by a red head, a red mustache, and a red face.

Sligo gazed at the proceedings with astonishment. "By Harry!" he chuckled. "So that's where Slim's got the hole, eh?"

The Tanner and Slim Joe were sitting on the concrete now, looking at each other and smiling. Suddenly they each seized a pail and went hurrying away, crossed to the gas-producers' building, and dived down a pair of steps into underground regions. As they started to run from the fence the piece of corrugated roofing-iron toppled over and the hole was uncovered. They cast despairing glances at it over their shoulders; Slim Joe hesitated, as though he intended to return, but the iron was not replaced by them.

Sligo went hobbling out to the hole, picked up the piece of iron, put it in place, and sat down with his back against it. He had seen Tom Whitehead, the roundsman, coming in that direction.

"Say, Sligo," panted the roundsman as he came up a minute later, "I think that 'ole that Slim's got must be right around here sommers. I'm purty sure I seen th' Tanner 'nd Slim beatin' it away from around here with pails of beer."

"Oh, no, you didn't, Tom," said Sligo. "I saw them. They had been to the well over by the power-house to get some cooler water. That hole isn't near here. I know where it is—it's down yonder back of the condenser plant. Go down there and you'll see it—a couple of planks knocked off. Nail them on, Tom, and keep your eye on it. Hot weather is coming, and Slim may get gay again."

"Sure he will," said Tom Whitehead. "By golly, Sligo, I'm glad you found that 'ole—it'll save me comin' up here all th' time, lookin' for it. I'll watch it down there, Sligo, but you mind my word, that Slim 'nd th' Tanner are goin' to have beer. I'd can th' both of 'em, if it was me! Yes, sir, I'd a swore that there 'ole was right around here sommers." He turned and walked off.

Sligo waited until the roundsman was out of sight. Then he took a note-book from his pocket, tore out a leaf, and scribbled something on it. He pulled back the piece of roofing-iron and laid the piece of paper by the side of the hole, weighting it down with a brick-bat. He carefully replaced the piece of iron and hobbled away. There were but seven words on the piece of paper:

Slim and Tanner:—Don't kill it.
SLIGO.

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PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS BY ELECTRICITY

By J. Alden Loring

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

SOME years ago I devised an electrical attachment for a camera-shutter by means of which I could take a photograph from a position as far away from the camera as two hundred feet, the distance depending entirely upon the number of batteries and the length of wire used.

The camera is first focussed on the nest or perch upon which the bird is expected to light, the wires are carried back some distance—to a place of concealment, if the subject proves to be a timid one—and when the bird is in position the photograph is taken by simply pressing the electric button.

Besides the camera, batteries, wires, and push-button, the rest of my outfit consists of "dummy" cameras, one of which is placed near a nest or a perch and from day to day is moved nearer and nearer, until the birds have lost their fear; then the real camera is substituted.

Meal-worms, suet, grain and seeds of various kinds, cherries and strawberries, serve as food to decoy other species within photographing distance.

To photograph a bird the size of an English sparrow, my camera—a 3¼ x 4¼ Premo film-pack—is seldom more than two and a half feet from the subject. At so short a distance the depth of focus is not more than half an inch. The subject therefore must light within that half-inch; otherwise it will be out of focus and the photograph will be indistinct and will lack detail.

During the nesting season, from the first of May to the first of July, at Owego, Tioga County, N. Y., my home, the bird photographer's time is fully occupied. In favorable weather, from ten o'clock in the morning until four-thirty in the afternoon he is busy photographing. Before and after those hours and in rainy weather he is searching for new nests, moving his dummy cameras nearer to others upon which he expects soon to work, building platforms in trees, or borrowing ladders from farmers and carrying them uphill and down-dale, through woods and swamps, sometimes for more than a mile.

One of the most difficult tasks of bird photography is in selecting or making artistic perches and settings and compelling your subjects to light on or near them. Unless you are photographing at a nest and must accept the conditions as they are, in nine cases out of ten food of some kind is the decoy that lures the birds within range. Often you are compelled to clear away the brush, weeds, sticks and other objects upon which a bird might light, leaving only the tempting perch that you have made and upon which your camera is focussed.

For instance, the photograph of the bronze grackle was taken at the edge of a river-bank which the birds frequented in search of food for their nestlings. I first placed the stone in position, and then put a tuft of grass behind it to serve the double purpose of a background and to block the bird's approach from that direction. By scooping out the mud bottom around the stone, the water was deepened so that the grackles were unable to reach the bait—a water-soaked bun—in any other way than by flying to the stone on which the camera had been focussed.

I once cut down a twelve-foot stub in the natural cavity of which a pair of Eastern bluebirds had built a nest, shortened the trunk to four feet, and moved it fifty feet out of the woods to the edge of the clearing where the light was favorable. I should never have attempted such a rash act had it not been that the young birds were ready to fly and I knew that their parents would not desert them.

The change was made while both birds were away, and I was curious to see what would happen when they returned. The female was the first to appear, her beak full of food. She lit on a telephone-wire within sight of the stub and, after a few seconds' rest, flew to the nest and fed the young birds. The same thing happened when her mate came back.

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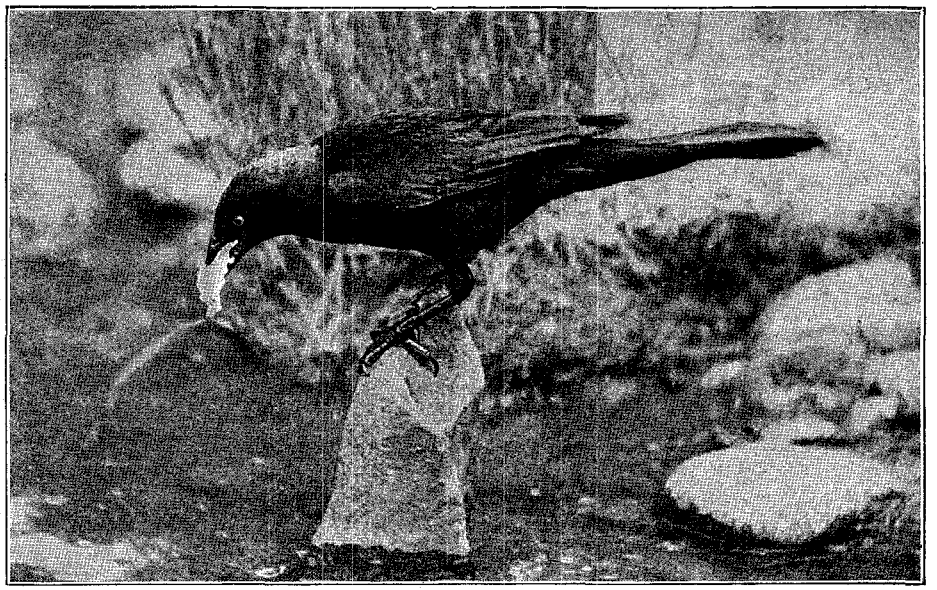

Bronze grackle.

This photograph was taken at the edge of a river-bank which the birds frequented in search of food for their nestlings.—Page 613.

After making several exposures on a pair of great-crested fly-catchers at their nesting cavity, I placed a perch near by, but they refused to occupy it. Waiting until they had gone for food, I put my hat over the top of the stub, thinking that upon their return curiosity might cause one of them to take advantage of the perch from which to scrutinize the hat. But not a bit of it. She hovered before the entrance and then entered. Again she took flight; so I hung my coat over the stub, completely blocking the cavity as I supposed; but the first bird to return found an opening I had overlooked and again eluded me. The next time they departed I arranged the coat more carefully and they were compelled to light on the perch.

I have harbored several pairs of house-wrens in bird boxes and houses, and have found that the male always arrived from the South about a week in advance of his mate. By the time Jenny appears he has packed his nesting-box so full of twigs that they almost block the entrance. That he blunders there is no doubt, for she chases him about until they both gasp for breath. Finally she enters the house and actually begins demolishing the nest. Stick after stick she drags through the doorway and drops to the ground, pausing between times to look up and berate him.

"You old fool you!" she seems to say, "have you no sense? What do you mean by stuffing that house so full of rubbish that no respectable wren family would live in it? Why didn't you wait until I came to show you how it should be furnished?"

Perched on a stick just above her, he takes his medicine like a man; head and neck outstretched, tail and slightly quivering wings half-spread, while in a low, squeaky voice he vainly begs her to desist. All day long she keeps at work, and whenever he braves her wrath by attempting to bring back the twigs, she flies at him like a catamount. Finally they make up their differences and rear two broods a season.

A pair of catbirds that owned a nest in a neighbor's syringa-bush spent much of their time about our premises. My sister threw strawberries to them through an open window, and in a short time one learned to fly to a bush by the window, and attract her attention by "mewing" and gently quivering its wings.

Ten days after the young birds had left the nest the old ones had built a second nest in the same bush, and the female was incubating four fresh eggs. This gives

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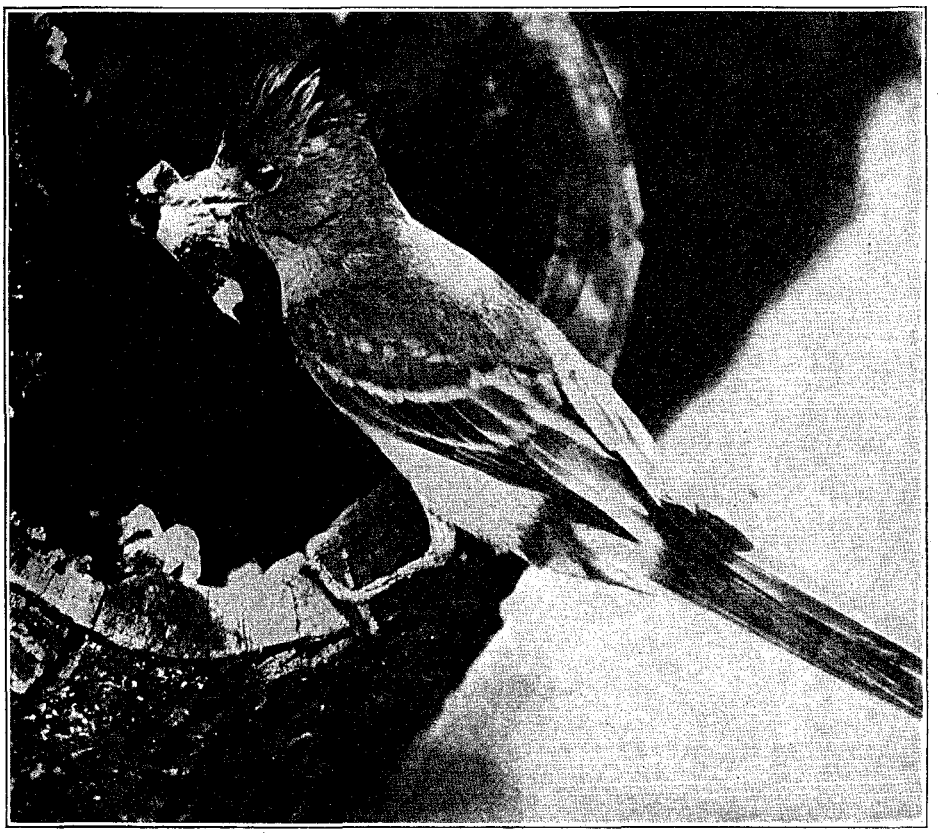
some idea of what an energetic pair of birds can accomplish. Although they still had four husky young birds dependent upon them for food, in ten days they found time to take care of the young ones, build a new nest, and lay four eggs.

There are many species of birds that build in dense bramble-thickets where prospecting for nests is anything but enjoyable work. In connection with this, I might say that it is really astonishing how much the bird photographer is taught about barbed-wire fences, poison-ivy, nettles, thorn-bushes, mosquitoes, bees, hornets, and "yellow-jackets."

The thicket in which a yellow-breasted chat built was of the character described above, but I finally found the nest after a three days' search. From behind a tree thirty feet away I worked the button until I had secured several photographs of the old bird at or on the nest. Then I erected a perch near by and to a twig, just beyond the camera's field of vision, fastened a meal-worm. The male came to the nest first, fed the young birds, and spying the meal-worm squirming in the air flew to the perch and I pressed the button.

By climbing cautiously I was able to ascend the trunk of a giant oak to the nest of a yellow-throated vireo without alarming the brooding female. Taking a meal-worm from a box, I offered it to her and, to my astonishment, she accepted it from my fingers, hopped to the side of the nest, beat the worm on a limb to kill it, then swallowed it and resumed her position. At that moment her mate appeared on the scene and, ruffling his feathers, snapped his bill savagely and swooped back and forth at my head. Whenever he passed over her she "ducked" and watched him intently, as though shocked at the inhospitable reception he was giving me.

The harmony between these vireos was



Great-crested flycatcher.
Dragon-fly in beak.

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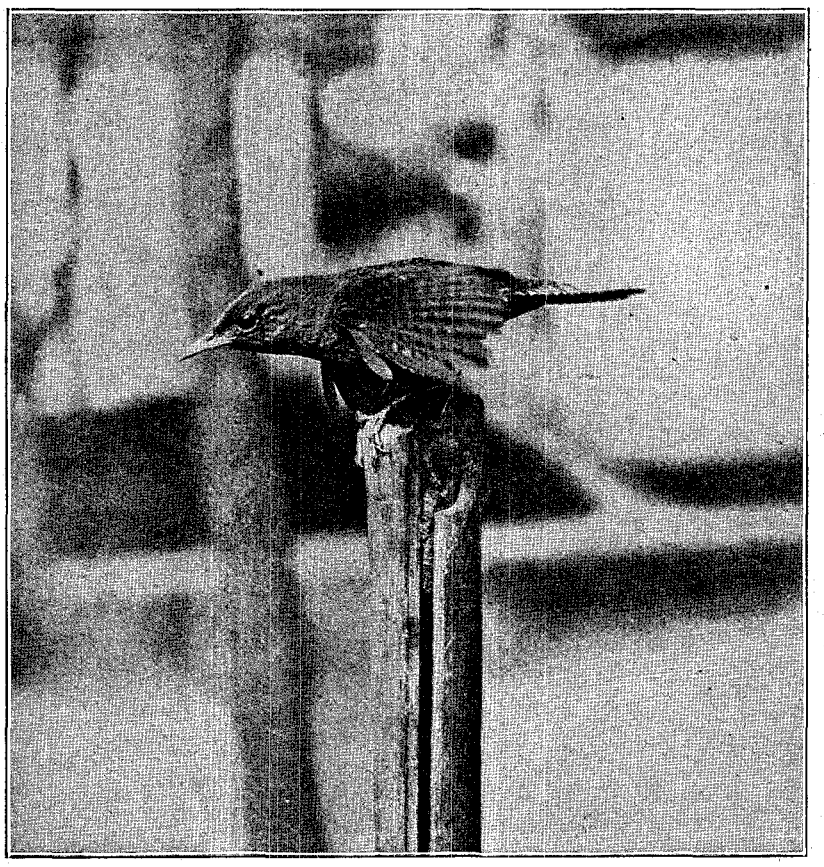
perfect. Both birds assisted in incubating the eggs and the male frequently brought food to his mate. When not on duty himself he spent his time searching for worms, and his whereabouts was always made known by his clear, liquid song. When the time came for him to relieve her in incubating, he came near, gave a low, distinct, hissing note, she flew off, and he immediately took her place. Not once during the week that I had them under observation did they leave the nest unguarded. To break the monotony while brooding, he frequently toyed with a tiny leaf just within his reach and often burst into song.



House-wren pleading to his mate.
The male arrives from the South a week in advance of his mate.

One scorching hot morning the female slowly rose from the eggs, hopped to the side of the nest, and intently peeped in. I too leaned forward just in time to see a tiny mite of bird life tumble from an egg-shell that had cracked open around the centre. Instantly I grasped the bulb—the birds were so tame that I did not use the electrical attachment—for experience had taught me what was about to happen. When the little fellow was entirely free from the shell his mother picked up one of the halves and, as she paused for a second before taking flight, I pressed the bulb. This, perhaps, is the only photograph ever taken of a bird in the act of carrying off an egg-shell.

In a huge meadow, a sea of white-topped daisies, I worked for ten days with a colony of bobolinks. You never hear of bobolinks nesting in colonies, but I mention it as such because within an area not more than two hundred feet square I found six nests.

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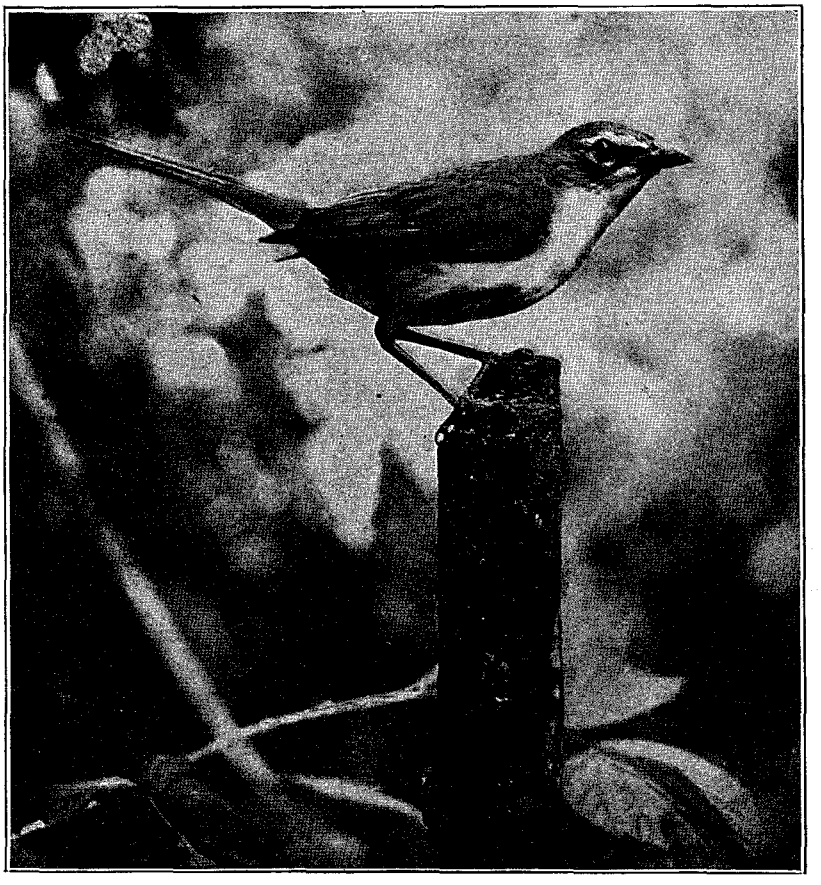
The study of the individuality of birds is the most interesting by-product of bird photography, and with the bobolinks I found it unusually so. The female of the first pair I photographed showed no fear of the camera and rarely failed to take advantage of the perch before flying down to the nest on the ground four feet away.



Yellow-breasted chat.
This species of birds builds in dense bramble-thickets.

Her mate, however, proved just the opposite. Time and again, from various parts of the field where he had been gambolling about in the air with other bobolinks of his sex, he would make a bee-line for the perch, but when within a few yards of it his nerve failed him, so he settled on a yarrow or a daisy-top near by. Just once did he light on the perch, and with the click of the shutter he bounded into the air never to return.

With the second pair the conditions were reversed. Although there were young birds in the nest, the female refused to come to it so long as the camera was near; consequently the task of feeding the nestlings devolved on her mate and he assumed it with alacrity. He was, by the way, the only male bobolink of the many in that field that I saw feeding the young.

Just as people sometimes sob from joy, so some birds sing from nervousness when their homes are in danger. This trait is common with catbirds and I have noticed it in other species—this male bobolink in particular. When he was perched above the nest with his beak full of crickets and "soft-shelled" grasshoppers, and I stepped up to change a film, he would begin singing without even taking time to swallow the food, yet it did not in the least interfere with his articulation. Then, as I

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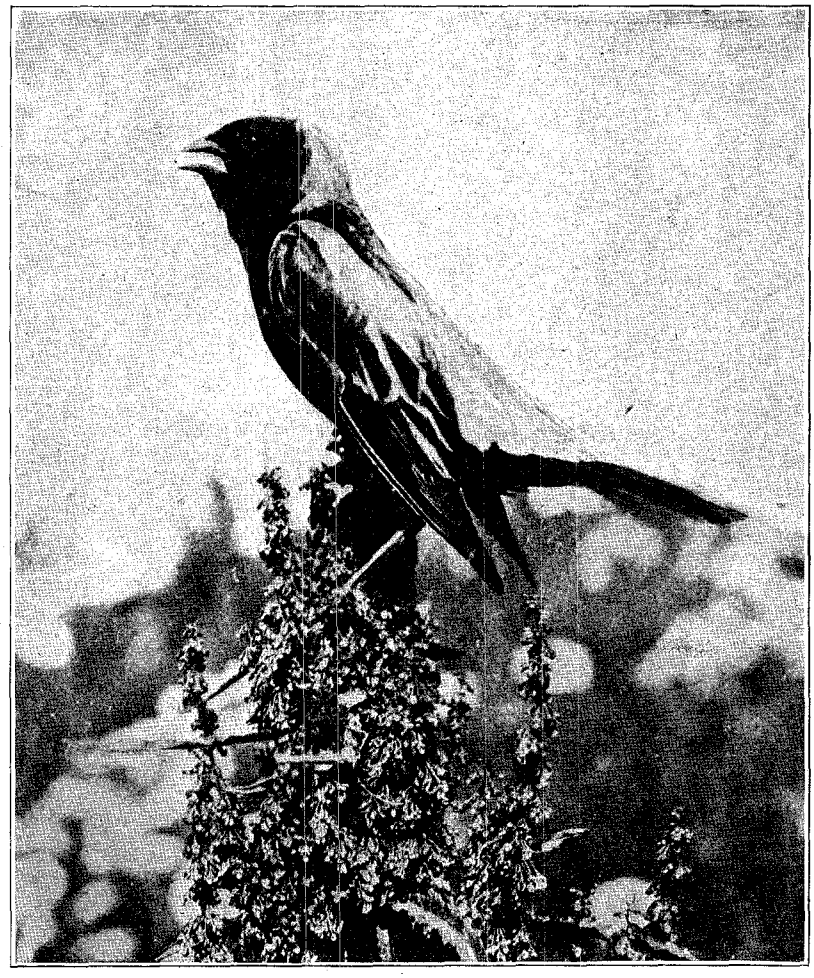
drew nearer, off he went, but before I had time to return to the button, fifty feet away, he was back again in position.

While the weed on which this bobolink is perched appears natural, I not only transported and transplanted it, but, tied to the under side of the dock-weed stalk with grass blades, is a stick strong enough to prevent the bird from swaying out of focus. There are many little tricks of this character in bird photography that might be passed unnoticed.

A perfect nuisance, while I was at work on bobolinks, was a pesky little grasshopper-sparrow, who probably was part-owner in a nest in the grass near by. He constantly appropriated the perch intended for the bobolinks. I threw stones at him until I almost struck my camera and was afraid to continue. Although I wanted his picture and did get several fine ones, he seemed to think that I cared for no other subject. Several times when he saw a bobolink making for the perch, he deliberately left his daisy or yarrow top and pre-empted the stick before the other bird could reach it.

One of my dummy cameras had been in position before a redstart's nest for several days before I substituted the real camera and found time to begin work. The birds had shown no fear of either the dummy or



Bobolink, male, singing.

Some birds sing from nervousness when their homes are in danger.—Page 617.

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Redstart, female.
She was kept so well provided with food that she rarely left the nest.

the real camera, but whenever I came near the nest they raised a great outcry and darted back and forth at me. Gradually these periods of agitation subsided as we became better acquainted, until during the latter part of our intimacy they came and fed the young birds while I stood three feet away, and then flew off and left me in full charge.

To work on birds that on first acquaintance risk their lives in defense of their home and loved ones, and then finally to win their confidence to the extent that they will deliberately fly away and leave you in complete charge is sure to touch the sentimental spot in a man's heart if it contains a drop of red blood. Never under such circumstances have I taken down my camera for the last time and commenced work on a new subject, without feeling that I had parted with a dear friend.

A more devoted little father than this male redstart it would be difficult to find. Up to the time that the young birds were ready to leave the nest he kept them and their mother so well provided with food that she rarely left the nest. If a gnat or a small fly—which seemed to form their principal food—passed, she might flit after it, but she seldom ventured far and returned immediately. When he arrived with food and she refused to rise and let him feed the young ones, he would wait a reasonable length of time and then circle the nest from limb to limb looking for a tiny head that might be protruding from her side. Failing to find one and as though to say, "Here, I have no time to wait for you to rise; take it and feed them yourself," he passed the food to her and flew off in search of more. She might sit there five minutes before swallowing it herself or offering it to her little ones.

Occupying three small marshes, the largest not more than fifty feet across, and all of them under my observation for ten days, were only two male red-shouldered

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Scarlet tanager, male and female.
The nest was about twenty feet from the ground in an apple-tree.

blackbirds, yet each swamp contained from two to four nesting females. For a week I tried to get a snap-shot of one of the males in the act of singing his song, "Konk-a-a-r-reee," but each time he moved. Finally I noticed that with the last syllable, "reee," he held his position for a fraction of a second.

One afternoon one flew over from one of his harems and lit on the perch that I had erected for him. There he sat for a few minutes; then, slowly spreading his wings, he began to sing, and as he reached the last note I pressed the button. The lack of contour on the top of his head is due, I think, to his having lost some of his feathers in a "scrap." The two males fought desperately, and several times I saw them clinch in mid-air and fall into the tall grass where they remained for several minutes before breaking apart and flying away.

The highest ambition of every bird photographer is for an opportunity to work on a pair of scarlet tanagers—that bright red fellow with black wings and tail, and a mate of almost uniform leaf-green color. The nest that I found was about twenty feet from the ground, in an apple-tree.

From day to day as I returned to move the dummy camera nearer, I held my breath as I peeped into the nest for fear that, during my absence, as often happens, a crow, a cat, or possibly a small boy might have robbed me of the long-sought opportunity. In time four young birds broke through their shell prisons and the dummy camera had done its work. There was still danger, however, that the click of the shutter might alarm the old birds, so I decided to put them through a course of training that would insure complete success.

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In addition to the camera and its regular electrical attachment, I ran a second pair of wires to the nest and connected them with an instrument that made a much louder clicking sound than the attachment itself.

The female became reconciled in a short time and in three days I had finished with her, but her mate proved an obstinate subject. Whenever he came near the nest I worked the dummy clicker and off he went. Day after day we kept up this little game, but each day he gained confidence and came nearer. Finally, I saw by his actions that he could not resist much longer and was about to surrender. For some time he had been manœuvring about in the tree-top, edging closer and closer to the nest and pausing to look and listen when the clicker was worked.

Fearing that one of the wires might have become detached from a battery, I bent over to examine them. When I looked up, there stood the tanager on the edge of the nest, a dash of black and flaming red. Then for the first time in my life I was attacked with "buck fever." My hands shook and I feared to press the button lest, at the critical moment, he might move. At last I did, and away he flew, but I *had him*. After that we both calmed considerably and I secured a wonderful series of photographs, one of which shows both birds at the nest.

"Watchful waiting" is the motto of the bird photographer. After you have arranged your camera, success may be yours within five minutes or you may have to wait as many days. The only way to succeed is to make your exposures, develop the films that evening, and, should the negatives prove failures, return the next day and persevere until you win out.

Red-wing blackbird, male.
In the act of singing.

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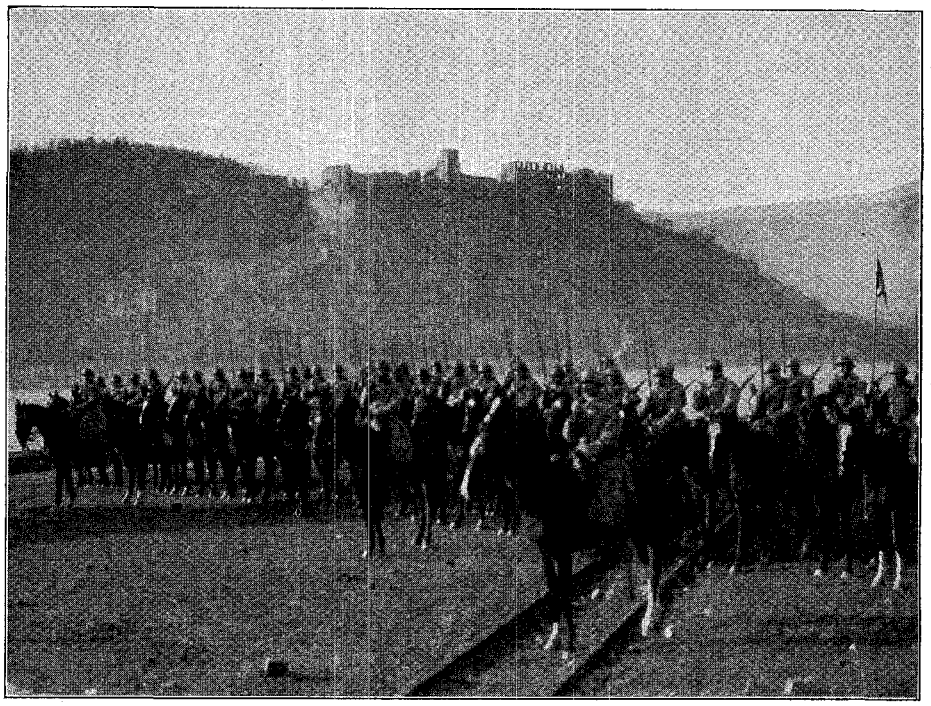

French Cuirassiers on the Rhine.

WITH THE ARMIES OF OCCUPATION IN GERMANY

By Frederic C. Howe

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Germany of yesterday, armed, arrogant, imperialistic, is gone; gone, I believe, never to return. The Germany of to-day is broken, faced with bankruptcy, and if work is not found for her vast industrial population, she may, and very probably will, drift quickly into revolution.

Repentant? That is a difficult question. I think it must be answered in the negative. That she believes her ruling caste, Kaiser, Junker, and big industrialists caused the war there seems no doubt. That the Kaiser was the tool, possibly the unwilling tool, of Ludendorff, von Tirpitz, and the Crown Prince is widely held. That Germany will have to pay is accepted as inevitable. That she will come back for the recapture of Alsace-Lorraine and her indemnity is generally assumed by the French high military command. But these admissions do not spell repentance. They merely concede failure.

I have just returned from a fourteen days' motor trip through the occupied territories of South Germany. The tour was organized by the French Government immediately following the armistice. Its purpose was to witness the festivities in connection with the French occupation of Alsace-Lorraine, and to study the economic and industrial conditions of the occupied territory, which is held by the Allied armies as the main gage of the terms of the armistice. The route was from Nancy to Metz, then

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French soldiers pontooning the Rhine at St. Goar. Dropping the last pontoons into place.

General Mangin and staff received by burgomaster and town council of St. Goar after crossing the Rhine.

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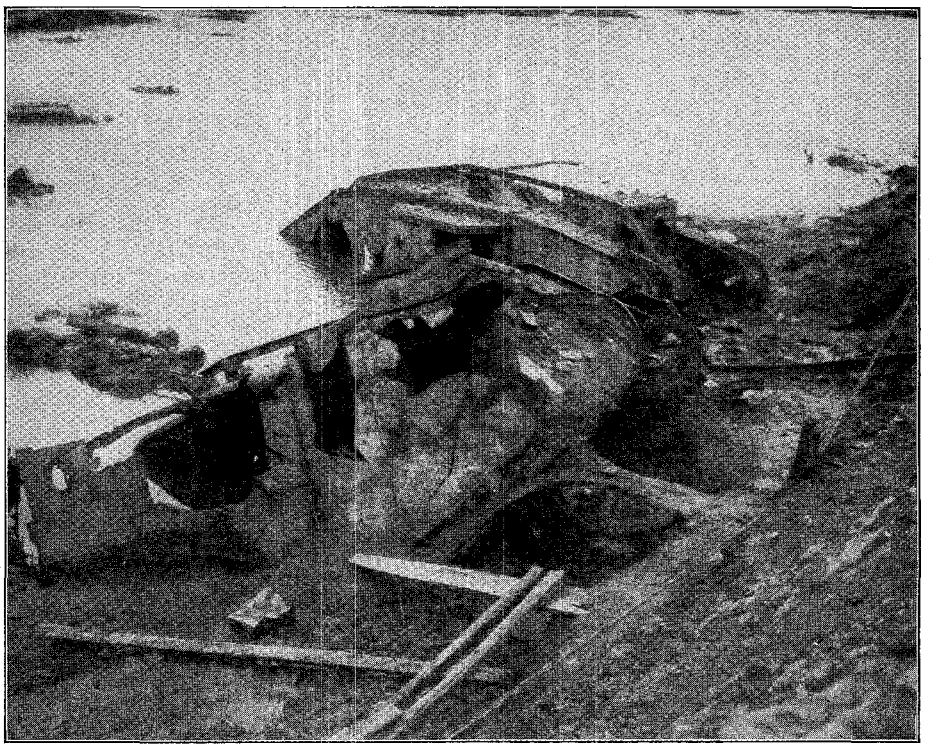
along the Rhine to Mayence, thence to Coblentz, where the American army is in occupation, then on to Cologne with the British Expeditionary Force, and then through the whole of Belgium and the devastated regions of Northern France, from Ypres to Paris. It included visits to General Pétain, who had just been made a Marshal of France; to General Fayolle, the great French strategist, and, finally, to General Mangin, "the wildcat of the French Army," beloved by all the soldiers and called in for impossible offensives on critical occasions. He is in command of the French advance forces at Mayence on the Rhine.



Tanks which were shot to pieces in the Ypres salient.

Along the national road which skirts the Moselle and the borders of France from Nancy to Metz, villages and farmhouses greeted us with French flags, while the people smiled contentedly from their doorways as the caravan of French army motors flashed by. Metz, the capital city of Lorraine, for nearly fifty years under German occupation, was in gala attire, for Madame Poincaré was holding a Christmas festivity for four thousand school children, who gathered in the town-hall, clad in brilliant red and green Alsatian costumes, with short skirts, gay-colored silk shawls, and little white caps ornamented with the rosette of France. From the hands of the wife of the president these children received souvenirs of the reunion of Lorraine to France.

Throughout the town of Metz were many signs of French occupation. German names had been stripped from the streets and German signs had been painted from store windows. Stores of questionable loyalty bore notices suggesting that the soldiers should not trade there. On the façade of the cathedral above the market-place we observed a statue of William II, representing David. His hands had been manacled and below was the inscription: "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."

We were followed from the reception by troops of children. Chattering in French, they told us how one thirteen-year-old

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child had been imprisoned for speaking French on the streets. The girls, who quite naturally repeated the gossip of their parents, complained that American soldiers were fraternizing with German girls; they told us that one officer had eloped with a German girl and that the soldiers accepted wine and food from the German residents. This story we heard continually in the occupied territory. But the fraternizing was not confined to Americans. French officers also danced with German girls in the cafés. So did the soldiers. Stringent rules have been laid down by the American commanding authorities, but, as one of them said sympathetically, "You can't prevent American boys from playing with children," and this they were doing wherever we went. The boys had come from the penetrating cold of northern France, they had been living for months without comforts, without a bath, without a home or home surroundings of any kind, and Metz, Mayence, and Coblentz, with their restaurants, theatres, concert-halls, and (most important of all) comfortable billets in well-heated houses, were a joyous relief from the misery of the trenches.

It was almost unbelievable to see French guns planted on the upper Rhine, commanding German cities in the distance. It was even stranger to listen to a French military band in the plaza before the Rathaus in Wiesbaden, the most exclusive of the German watering-places. But the dramatic incident of the trip was at St. Goar on the Rhine, where the French spanned the rapidly-running river with pontoon bridges, a feat which the Germans insisted could not be done. This was followed by a review by Generals Fayolle, Mangin, and Marchand, of the French Army, on the east bank of the river. In order to witness this achievement we embarked at Mayence in the early morning in three American-built submarine chasers, which had been brought from the Atlantic through the rivers and canals of France to the headquarters of navigation on the Rhine. We steamed down the river at a rapid rate, past historic castles which from mediæval times had known no invading force, under the towering statue, "Germania," which stands high on the mountain-tops at Bingen, facing toward France, through the vine-covered hillsides, from which come the most celebrated wines of Germany. About noon we came to St. Goar, where French engineers and soldiers were rapidly throwing the pontoon bridge into position. There remained but a few yards to be spanned, and soon above us on the river there appeared pontoons lashed together and drifting at a rapid rate toward the opening. When a short distance away kedge-anchors were dropped, cables were let out with the utmost precision, and in a few minutes' time the pontoons drifted into position and were lashed into place for the passage of the army. The soldiers in their boats stood at attention with long, flashing oars in the air; the French regiments also came to attention, bands played the "Marseillaise," and General Mangin and his staff crossed the bridge, to be greeted on the opposite shore by General Marchand, of Fashoda fame.

There was no arrogance, no humiliation. Nor was there any pomp in a ceremony which to France might have had a significance parallel to the occupation of Paris by the German army in 1871. It was all done quietly and unobtrusively. It might have been merely a military manœuvre. Yet it was an historic incident and must have so impressed the French poilus, although they seemed more interested in watching their commander, to whom they are devoted, than in the event itself.

There was in the spirit of the occasion something typical of the attitude of the French, British, and American armies. They were not there to humiliate the people or to emphasize the fact of victory. Rather they were on German soil to see that the war was at an end, that the people were fed, and that the life of the country should flow as freely as was consistent with the terms of the armistice.

One's feeling about war and about the hatreds of peoples was somewhat shaken, it is true, by the relations of the soldiers of all the armies and of the people as well. There were no disturbances of any kind, no clash between the military and civil authorities, no conflicts with the people. One might, in fact, have been in Germany in peace times, so far as the rela-

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tions of people were concerned. The soldiers were happy that the war was over. The German people accepted the presence of the armies without protest, although there was an almost complete absence of well-to-do persons on the street when the troops went by. The people had a detachment from the whole business of war and peace. Their daily life went on much as it always had. Theatres and opera-houses presented productions of the same high order as before the war. The programme of the symphony concerts at Mayence and in the Kursaal at Wiesbaden contained selections from French composers, while Mayence produced the opera, "If I Were King," frankly admitting that it was from the French. There were crowds of French soldiers in the theatres and at the concerts, as well as in the shops and cafés, and they were treated with courtesy. They in turn were comporting themselves in a way to make friends for France, for there is a strong demand in the latter country that the frontiers shall be extended to the Rhine, to prevent the possibility of another surprise attack by Germany, and that the territory on the left bank of the Rhine shall be a neutral zone in which no military operations or preparations for war shall be made by either country.

The territory occupied by the invading armies extends from Alsace-Lorraine, which is already treated as French territory, to Aix-la-Chapelle. The bridgeheads on the east bank of the Rhine, within a radius of thirty miles, are also occupied as a military precaution. The territories of occupation are divided between the French, with headquarters at Mayence, the British at Cologne, the Americans at Coblentz, and the Belgians farther north. The territory is administered on a military basis, with three objectives in view:

1. For military policing.
2. To maintain the economic life of the countries.
3. To supervise local administration through existing German authorities.

All of the agencies of local administration are maintained intact, while the recent elections were held without interference on the part of the military authorities. Political gatherings are permitted, as is the publication of newspapers. But all this is under censorship, as are the telephone, the telegraph, and the post. Free communication between the left and the right banks of the Rhine is suspended, and Allied officials, aided by experts, determine all appeals for the export or import of materials from the two sides of the Rhine.

It seems to be the motive of the French occupation to contrast its rule with the severe "verboten" methods of Germany. The French occupation is easy and natural. The soldiers are considerate. They play with the children and mingle rather freely with the population. There is little interference with the life of the people, except that the cafés and restaurants are closed early. The French have brought with them experts in every line of industry and economic activity. And they have organized, with a suggestion of permanence, for the administrative control of the Palatinate and the Prussian provinces occupied by them.

Outside of Alsace-Lorraine the attitude of people seemed despondent. Hotelkeepers and business men said their country had little to look forward to but debt and indemnities. There were few people in the shops. The formerly busy factories in the Saarbrücken coal districts, as well as along the upper Rhine and at Mayence and Cologne, were empty of workers, although the fields along the highways were cultivated as intensively as they had been before the war. Credit was unorganized, for the banks of Germany radiate out from Berlin, Dresden, and Frankfort, and there is little business communication between the two sides of the Rhine. The great iron deposits of Lorraine which were the source of much of Germany's wealth are now in the possession of France. The life-cord of Germany has been severed by the armistice, as it was by her blockade of the outside world.

Not that Germany seems industrially exhausted. The shops in the cities are filled with all kinds of merchandise, especially such merchandise as Germany can manufacture from iron and steel, from lumber and from those raw materials of which she has an abundance. But there is absolute exhaustion of many raw ma-

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terials. I did not see a single German automobile in ten days' travel. There is no rubber in the country. It had been stripped for military purposes. Even the bicycles are on steel tires. Copper, too, is gone. To such an extent is this true that manufacturing plants, street-car lines, and other non-essential industries had been stripped of copper for military purposes.

There are none of the products of South Africa and the tropics, such as cocoa and cocoa-oil, coffee and tea. Worst of all, there is no wool or cotton or silk in the country, and the price of clothing has gone up to prohibitive figures. Women's suits, which before the war sold for $18 and $20, are marked up to $100 and $150. Men's cheap suits sell from $80 to $150. Trousers are $20. Hosiery, hats, underwear, and shirts bring extravagant prices; linen collars sell for from 60 to 90 cents each. Shoes are of the crudest sort. The children wear wooden shoes. Men's shoes have wooden soles, or are spiked with steel nails. "It is a common saying in the country," said a tradesman, "that you cannot buy anything, from a shoe-nail to a hair-brush." Shirts and aprons are made of paper and cannot be laundered.

Such things as Germany produces within her own borders, however, are abundant, and the prices are but little, if any, higher than before the war.

The industrial interdependence of the world is seen in the breakdown of German industry. Mills and factories cannot operate without copper, rubber, cotton, wool, silk, and other raw materials which come only from America, Africa, and Asia. And Germany has none of these. In consequence her industrial life is at a standstill. It can only come to life again when the embargo is lifted and raw materials are permitted to come in. In the meantime German workmen are out of work. They are walking the streets. This is the human material from which the Spartacus movement recruits itself.

Notwithstanding these conditions, Germany may reorganize her life more quickly than the other Powers for the simple reason that she is defeated. This is a spur to action. Moreover, the elections are over, a moderate Socialist party has come into power, working in co-operation with the peasants and the lesser bourgeoisie. And their interests are not in conflict. The political power of the privileged groups of great landowners and the banking and industrial classes has passed away. German territory has not been invaded, hundreds of millions of dollars of machinery and factory equipment have been stolen from France and placed in German factories. There is coal, iron ore, and lumber in abundance. Trade connections may be made with Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and possibly with Russia on the east, and a certain amount of raw materials may be obtained from these sources. Everything depends, it is true, on the policy adopted by the Peace Conference, but the problems of indemnity are so complicated, even the carrying out of the terms of the armistice involves so much co-operation from Germany, that it seems inevitable that German industry will be permitted to come back to life, if merely as a means of payment of the indemnity.

The mark is badly depreciated. It has fallen in value from twenty-four to fourteen cents. But, strange to say, the great inflation of paper money, which is issued by every province and even by the cities, in denominations as low as two cents, has not increased the price of those commodities which Germany herself produces, such as iron and steel and cutlery products. Prices at the hotels are what they were before the war, except that many articles of food, such as butter, eggs, fats, and wines have risen to high prices. But table d'hôte dinners at good hotels, consisting of soup, meat, vegetable, and dessert, with sugar in abundance, are still served at four-and-a-half marks, which is equivalent to sixty-five cents. This is one-third the price of similar meals in France. Sugar and bread are served freely. Meat is secured "behind the backs of the government," a hotel proprietor frankly stated. Those who have money live comfortably enough in this part of Germany at least. And we were told that conditions are worse than before the armistice.

The people on the streets seemed healthy and strong. They were well-clothed, although they maintained that

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the clothes they wore had been bought before the war. Milk is rationed carefully, as it is all over Europe, but the price at the milk stations was lower than in France and seemed adequate for rationing needs.

The market-places, which are the centre of every German town, were filled with vegetables of great variety from the rich bottom lands on the left bank of the Rhine, which are still cultivated like a garden. The prices were very low.

The stories of food exhaustion in Germany seem to have been false, at least they have been exaggerated. And if the appearance of the people and the displays in the shops and market-places can be accepted as proof of anything, there is food in abundance for those who can buy. The trouble is not in an absence of food, but in an inability to buy food. The poor are out of work. The answer to the question, "What do people eat?" was always the same—"Potatoes." Potatoes three times a day. There is very little fat. In addition to potatoes, the poor get a little bread and occasionally some meat.

This was the condition in January and on the left bank of the Rhine. Food conditions in Prussia were worse, and German officials asserted that what food there was would be exhausted before spring, and the country would be in a starving condition before the next harvest could be gathered.

Industrial collapse from the embargo on wool, cotton, silk, rubber, copper, and food products, closed the mills and factories. This created destitution and suffering. For Germany, it is to be remembered, is primarily industrial. The supplies in the shops and the industries that were in operation were in those lines in which Germany was self-sufficient, such as iron and steel, machines, cutlery, lumber, and art products.

And this explains, in part at least, the military collapse of Germany. It was not only military, it was civil as well. While Marshal Foch was penetrating the German line and severing its connections the first week in October, the German soldiers in the reserve army and the people were being disrupted by disaffection, and by the activities of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils, which everywhere came into existence as a result of hunger and the continued disillusion of the people. And in the days preceding the armistice the soldiers back home refused to fight; they assembled in their barracks and demanded that the officers choose whether they would stand by the people or go with the army. And many of the officers chose the former alternative. Those who did not were permitted to go to the front. The soldiers stacked arms. They laid aside their military uniforms. The people decided that they would fight no longer. This was frankly admitted by people on the left bank of the Rhine.

Every suggestion of militarism in the territories visited was gone. In ten days' time I saw but one officer and not a single soldier in uniform. Even the caps had disappeared. Not a single Iron Cross or other military distinction was to be seen. The people, apparently by common consent, had shed themselves of military trappings and settled down in a kind of despair, waiting for the terms of the armistice to be announced.

Despair is not peculiar to Germany. Despair is universal among the common people. This is true of France, of Italy, of Belgium, and Great Britain. Europe is sitting as at a wake, waiting for politicians to quit talking and set the world to work. But little, if anything, is being done. This is the story that comes from all the countries. The promised indemnities are like a great fund that has poured in upon a community after some devastating flood. The people will not go to work until the fund is exhausted.

There have been ambitious investigations and reports. Plans have been made for placing the returning soldier on the land, for state undertakings on a large scale, for the building of workmen's homes; but the reports are already forgotten. Statesmen in these countries are discussing the terms of peace, when they should first have done their best to set their states in order. The rebuilding of homes, the organization of agriculture, the development of credit to aid the farmer and the shopkeeper, and, most important of all, the demobilization of the army—all these problems are drifting aimlessly. The big problem in Europe is

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the thirty million men who have to be gotten to work. If they are not demobilized and placed in employment within the next few weeks, crops will be short, and the foundations of the industrial as well as the political life of Europe may collapse. For revolution is a stomach disease. One needs only to inquire of a policeman, a street-car conductor, a street-cleaner, to hear the same tale in substantially the same terms. It is a story of potatoes for food, speculative prices, crushing taxes, and a distrust of governments.

Reconstruction is the big problem of Europe. Hunger will not wait. It cannot. While the peace commissioners are discussing the problems of peace and geographical boundaries millions of people are waiting for employment. To hold back revolution until the next harvest is gathered and work is found for the demobilized soldier is the real problem that faces the governments of Europe. And there were intelligent observers who feared that hunger might terminate the parleys at the Quai d'Orsay before the Treaty of Peace was signed.

IMPRESSIONS OF ALSACE UNDER THE ARMISTICE

By General Emile Adolphe Taufflieb
Commander of the 37th French Army Corps

FORTY-EIGHT years ago Alsatians left their native land as exiles, almost, indeed, as though they were criminals, since all who wished to retain their French citizenship had to be out of the country by the first of October, 1873. It was upon this condition alone that the choice of remaining French—a choice recorded and attested by the petitioner—was valid. Even at that time such documents were mere "scraps of paper" to the Germans. The black eagle kept a relentless hold upon its prey, the two provinces stolen from France. During all these forty-eight years I have never seen my people, who remained in Alsace, except secretly, for the German Government forbade the presence of French officers there lest too much French sentiment be aroused. But in spite of this inhibition—perhaps because of it—the love of France has endured in Alsace, and if it was impossible for me to go to my friends and relatives, they were only too glad to come to me in France, there to breathe the air of liberty and to gain new courage for the ceaseless warfare against German ideas. And now the tricolor waves once more over the towers of the old cathedral! Our soldiers who fought at Wissembourg, at Reichshoffen, must have stirred in their graves when the first bugle-calls floated across the Vosges! France has returned in triumph, the Gallic cock has vanquished the German eagle.

What unforgettable days were those which marked the entry of our army into Saverne, Strasbourg, Colmar, Mulhouse! I, with other Alsatian officers, was not permitted to enter Strasbourg with the first French army of occupation. The military authorities decided that there were too many of us for all to be allowed to march at the head of our troops. It is perhaps true, for at this moment there are in the French army more than a hundred generals or colonels originally from Alsace-Lorraine. I do not speak of officers of lesser rank—they are legion. And do you know how many Alsatian officers there were in the German army at the outbreak of the war? Only *three*—General Scheuch, Major Charpentier du Morier, and the younger Zorn de Bulach, and when we examine into the history of these three renegades we find that if the father of General Scheuch was an Alsatian and a former French magistrate, his mother was a German. Charpentier du Morier entered the German army almost

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twenty years ago, and was welcomed enthusiastically into the "*Cavalerie de la Garde.*" By order of the Emperor every attention was shown him, so that one is led to think that it was vanity and self-aggrandizement which caused him to become a German officer. As for the young Zorn de Bulach, his mother was a German and his father, assistant to the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, renounced his allegiance to France to become the friend of the Kaiser. The son of a renegade found it only natural to serve his lord and master, the Emperor William.

It was not until the 26th of last December that I arrived in Alsace, and I shall therefore write only of what I saw and heard, of my own impressions and of the feeling among Alsatians, a month after the entry of the French into their country. I left Nancy at five in the afternoon and arrived at Avricourt, on the old frontier, about eight. This station, where formerly one first encountered the rigid German red-tapism, a searching interrogation by a Boche gendarme and examination by the customs officer, was now plunged in absolute darkness and silence. The German had departed—a first happy impression! All the stations through which we passed later were elaborately decorated with great garlands of green leaves entwined with the tricolor ribbon, and on every side French flags and pennants inscribed with a welcome to our soldiers and the words "*Vive la France!*" repeated over and over.

Our first stop was at Saverne—no longer Zabern, we noticed with pride and satisfaction. The village where, a few years before the war, the German lieutenant, Forstner, had made himself famous by his brutal treatment of the young Alsatians, had recovered its French name. Saverne had its first little revenge!

We reached Strasbourg about midnight and when I found myself in the open square, still so brightly lighted that I could make out the French flags in the windows, my heart gave a great bound—I felt that at last I was in French Alsace! A moment later I found myself face to face with my cousin who had come to the station to look for me. I had not known what had become of him during the war. Obliged to serve in the German army, I had only learned indirectly, that he had been sent to the Russian front with his two brothers. Of their fate I knew nothing until now. We could only look at each other—speech was impossible for emotion. We embraced, the tears of joy running down our cheeks, and it was not for some moments that I could gain sufficient control of myself to ask him of news of himself and of my people. Fortunately, in spite of all their privations, every one was well.

Not finding a cab, we walked to the Hôtel de la Ville de Paris, where I had engaged a room. In traversing even so short a distance we noted with satisfaction that the city was normal and calm. The streets and shops were well lighted, the trams were still running, people were walking about, laughing and talking, and poilus, the green and white brassard on their coat-sleeves, regulated traffic at the street-crossings. Nowhere was there a policeman to be seen. It was almost impossible to believe that a state of war existed.

Ever since the beginning of German domination in 1870, the Alsatian has had to be on his guard; the German spy system existed everywhere in Alsace; conversations were reported, in garbled versions, to the local authorities and many Alsatians were condemned on the most trivial complaints. During the war this inquisitorial system was carried to the extreme limit, and, the use of French in public being forbidden, it happened not infrequently that persons were sentenced to four days of prison merely for having said "*Bonjour*" to an acquaintance on the street.

One of my friends, Mr. Fritz-Kieffer, of Strasbourg, was deported to a village in Wurtemberg at the beginning of the war, and was put in solitary confinement for three years. When at length he was brought before the war council, he was acquitted as absolutely nothing could be proved against him. Many Alsatian families were interned in Germany solely on account of their French predilections. Mademoiselle W——, of Grandfontaine, near Schirmek, sixty-two years of age, was condemned to ten years of prison for

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having written to a friend in Switzerland that "the Boches had dug trenches before Grandfontaine to stop the French." This old lady was imprisoned at Rastadt, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, when the armistice was signed, and refused to be liberated by the Red Guards sent by the German Soviets to set free the prisoners. When they opened the door of her cell she refused to leave, saying she would accept liberty only at the hands of French soldiers!

In order to have a clear idea of the prevailing sentiment in Alsace it is necessary to talk with the inhabitants of all ages and all classes—with farmers, business men, laborers, capitalists. And you must talk with them in their own language, in the Alsatian patois, to have them really open their hearts to you. I went from one end of Alsace to the other, from Strasbourg to Mulhouse. I talked with people of every social condition and I found everywhere the same feeling, in the cities as in the rural districts—joy at being rid of the German, the Prussian, the "Schwobe," as they say in Alsace. But this satisfaction will not be complete until every Boche shall have been driven out of Alsace. There can be no compromise, no forgetting, no pity. For forty-eight years Germans have caused untold suffering to this people, and the net result is that the Alsatian has for the Boche a profound and unalterable detestation. No principle of humanitarianism, no sentiment of brotherly love, can ever change that hatred. Germany has been at the throat of Alsace for forty-eight years, and Alsace will never forget it.

From the moment the armistice was signed and Alsatians knew that the Germans would have to get out of the country—even before the entry of the French troops—they began to decorate their houses with the tricolor. Flags were made as quickly as possible and as there was no blue cloth to be had, paper was used. When the French divisions finally made their entry into the city it went wild with joy. For Alsatians the army symbolized France bringing to them liberty and the right to live and breathe as free men.

For the older people, for those who, like myself, had known Alsace before 1870, it was but the reunion with France, the return of the child to its mother. The bonds which had been broken by the Treaty of Frankfort were re-established.

For the younger Alsatians, for those who only knew France through hearing it talked of by their fathers and mothers, by their friends who had been there, and by their comrades who, to escape German military service, had enlisted in the Foreign Legion—for them also it was a great joy to become citizens of France, that great nation which in their eyes stood for Right and Justice, and which has unfalteringly held up to the world the torch of civilization.

And lastly for those young people who never even heard France spoken of, who never in school or in the army, heard anything but the glorification of Germany—"*Deutschland über Alles*"—though there were but few such in Alsace, yet for them too there was the happiness of being free of German domination, a veritable emancipation from slavery.

On the 31st of last December I attended a ball in Strasbourg, given for the benefit of the Red Cross. It was under the auspices of the mayor, who invited me to sit in his box from which I had a view of the entire ballroom. All the younger married women and young girls were in native Alsatian costume with the tricolor cockade fastened in the big Alsatian bows in their hair or pinned upon their breasts. On the last stroke of the old year, the French flag was unfurled in the centre of the room by an escort of poilus. With one accord everybody present rose and saluted the flag with cries of "*Vive la France! Vive l'armée française!*" It was profoundly moving. But when the orchestra struck the first notes of the "Marseillaise," that triumphal battle-song, composed at Strasbourg, and played for the first time one hundred and thirty years ago before the mayor, Dietrich, then indeed emotion and patriotic enthusiasm knew no bounds. Every one, men and women, stood up and sang the national anthem, their hearts stirred with the deepest feeling. It was Alsace's welcome to her deliverer, France.

A few days afterward I went to the chief town of the canton de Barr, where my family came from. The villagers,

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hearing of my arrival, hastened to greet me. They wanted news of France and of the war. Those who had seen service in the German army told me of all that they had had to endure, all the brutalities committed by the Boche. The inhabitants were principally farmers, wine-growers, workmen, and shopkeepers. It was, of course, a much less cosmopolitan place than Strasbourg, and I was anxious to know what these people thought of the French successes and of the return of Alsace to France. I discovered, on calling them together and talking with them one evening, that all were happy to become once more French in open allegiance as in spirit. The war had only increased their love for France and their hatred for Germany. From the beginning of the occupation of Alsace by our soldiers, their kindliness and willingness to help in the cultivation of fields and vineyards had won the inhabitants, and furnished a strong contrast to the Germans who had always taken the attitude of conquerors. Even the Germans acknowledge that the French occupation of Alsace in no wise resembles that of the Germans. To-day Alsace is more French than it was fifty years ago, and whoever dares to doubt it will incur the deep displeasure of the Alsatians.

Just before leaving Alsace I held a small reunion in the outskirts of Mulhouse. The character of this crowd was quite different from the one in Barr. Here were only workmen, few of whom knew any French. I began speaking in German but was stopped by "No more German! Speak Alsatian! We don't want to hear any more of that language that reminds us of the Schwobe. We are no longer Germans—we are French and wish to remain French!" At the same time they began to sing the "Marseillaise," half in French, half in Alsatian. They had already made a translation of it completing the refrain in Alsatian by "Adieu, les Boches, we will see you no more!" When the Marseillaise was finished a great shout of "*Vive la France!*" went up.

I was very much touched by the welcome they gave me. Everybody sang, everybody wanted to shake my hand, to tell me how glad they were to see our soldiers, to thank me for my share in the liberation of Alsace. Their eyes sparkled with happiness, but the moment the "Schwobes" were mentioned their expression changed; there were cries and threats of vengeance against the Germans and shouts of "*Vive la France!*" followed by "*Vive la République!*" for they were proud of belonging to the French *republic* —of being citizens of a great democracy and of feeling that at last they were free men.

This meeting at Mulhouse was tremendously enthusiastic. Perhaps the native wine of Alsace, the *kitterlé*, as it is called, helped to enliven things! But it must be remembered also that the Upper Rhineland has always been more turbulent and reactionary than the Lower Rhine provinces. Mulhouse has never had a visit from the Emperor, who took this method of punishing them for their opposition to Germany. He little knew how pleased the inhabitants were not to see him! Forty-five years after the war when a German regiment marched through the streets of Mulhouse, shutters were still closed, and German officers still excluded from the best society. Everywhere French was spoken, and on the 14th of July there were never enough trains leaving for Belfort to carry all the Alsatians who wished to see the review of French troops.

I have tried to sum up in these few pages my impressions of Alsace received during a fifteen days' sojourn there. The forty-eight years under the German yoke have not changed the hearts of the Alsatians. They have only become more devoted to France. How could it be otherwise? The German knows nothing of psychology. He thinks that everything yields to brute force. He does not know how to win hearts. All their liberties had been taken away from the Alsatians, little by little. Never was Alsace more oppressed than just previous to the war.

First there was the suppression of the special Territorial Commission (Landes-Ausschuss), and of the Alsatian parliament; the country was placed under a Prussian protectorate, and Alsatians excluded from any share in the government; they were not allowed in the postal or tel-

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egraph service, nor in the railroads; instructors were Germans and the Alsatians were deported into Germany. The clergy alone remained Alsatian.

French was forbidden to be spoken; all sign-boards in houses had to be in German. Alsace was to be Germanized by force—a great mistake, for the Alsatian is independent and obstinate. He refused to be treated as a citizen of the second class; he wished to have the same rights as the Germans.

Alsace waited calmly for her deliverance. From the beginning of the war she confidently expected a French victory; she felt sure that "the day of glory" would arrive. Since the signing of the armistice the Germans have tried, by means of a tremendous propaganda, to incite Alsatians to form an independent republic, but the attempt failed completely. Alsace has not forgotten that during the two hundred years of her union with France she lived free and happy. She was not conquered. She gave herself freely to that union. She was the first to acclaim the great principles of the French Revolution. In 1792 the "Rights of Man" was posted up in every commune of Alsace. In 1871 Alsace was torn from France without being consulted, and she has protested from that time up to the present, before the entire world, against the tyrannical act which disposed of her people as though they were a herd of cattle.

But Alsace willed to remain French, and a large proportion of Alsatians stayed on in their country after 1870, although forced to speak German. It is to these Alsatians and their children—many of whom were sent to France to complete their education and brought back French ideals—that we owe a continuation of the French spirit and an unchanged loyalty and devotion to France. Alsatian mothers whose children were educated at home neutralized the effects of German instruction by teaching them French and Alsatian songs, and by recounting to them the stirring stories of their forebears in the days when they fought for France.

German officials married to Alsatian women, were insensibly led to modify their Teutonic point of view, to adopt liberal ideas. Their children are true Alsatians, and rallied to the cause of France. There is, in fact, but one element of discord in Alsace—the German immigrant class, officials or business men, unmarried or with wives who are also German. These people will carry on an anti-French propaganda, and should be driven out of the country.

The Alsace situation is entirely up to France. It is not an international problem nor one to be solved by a plebiscite. It is simply a question of restitution to France of a population forcibly separated from the mother country without a chance of self-determination. It is the annulment of the Treaty of Frankfort, the consummation of the pact of Bordeaux, that testament willed to the National Assembly by the protesting deputies on the 16th of February, 1871.

LONG LIVE ALSACE! LONG LIVE FRANCE ONE AND INDIVISIBLE!

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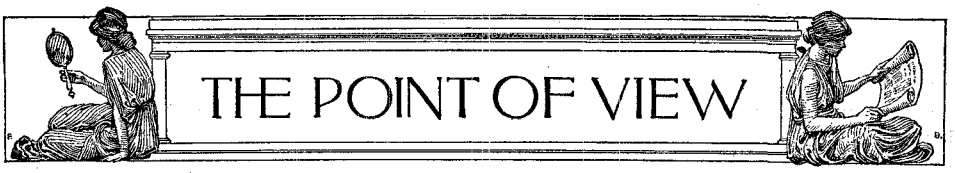

MORE than a score of nations were at war with the German Empire and its vassal states; and the alliance between the various and disparate countries banded together in defense of civilization grew closer as they severally discovered the absolute necessity of unity of purpose. It has been proved that they can act together in war-time; and, therefore, the question is being raised on all sides as to whether they cannot retain a friendly understanding now that peace has been won. The advantages of their association to repel the ruthless aggressor have been so obvious, that there is a strong desire to preserve these advantages when the military struggle shall be succeeded by an economic rivalry likely to be almost as fierce.

The Pressing Demand for an International Language

Whether the alliance continues in some loose form or not, the parties to it have come to know one another better than they ever did before; and they have come to feel the need of a more sympathetic international understanding. It is not surprising, therefore, that a cry has arisen on both sides of the Atlantic for the adoption of a universal language by means of which the peoples of all the scattered Allied states could communicate freely and spontaneously. If the inhabitants of France and Italy, of Rumania and Portugal, of Servia and Cuba, of the British Commonwealth, and the United States are to be knit together by a more intimate friendliness, they would profit by the possession of a common speech in which to hold converse with one another.

This has led enthusiasts in London and in New York to urge that steps be taken at once to adopt as a universal speech either one of the existing racial tongues or one of the artificial languages of which half a dozen have been made to order in the past half-century. One American advocate of immediate action asserted that "the need is here and now—real, positive, pressing"; and he was insistent that the Allied governments in conjunction with the few neutral Powers shall "select some one existing language, to be made a part of the regular tuition in the schools of all countries—side by side, of course, with the existing language of each country." He quoted aptly from Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth"—"For what are all your barbarous jargons but barriers between men's hearts?"

This American correspondent concluded by expressing his natural belief that the chosen language should be English. But at almost the same time that his appeal appeared in a New York newspaper, a British correspondent of a London newspaper, admitting the necessity of adopting an existing language as a medium for international communication, opposed the choice of any racial tongue as likely to arouse national rivalry, and suggested that if the living languages had to be excluded from the selection, it would be well to revive one of the dead languages; and he gave his own vote for Latin. At first sight, this would seem to be an impossible proposal, and yet on examination it is discovered to have a certain plausibility.

We all know that for a thousand years and more Latin was employed as a world language. It was the one tongue familiar to all men of education. Throughout the far-flung battle-line of the Roman Empire, it served in the forum, in the market-place, and on the tented field. The Romans might admire the nobility and the flexibility of Greek, and they might even admit its superiority over Latin, but they insisted on conducting the business of their empire in their own tongue. Gibbon tells us that the Emperor Claudius "disfranchised an eminent Grecian for not understanding Latin"; and the Roman speech long survived the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Latin lingered as the sole medium for the intercommunication of scholars until long after the Renascence had spent its force. Dante and Bacon and Milton wrote in Latin, even if their fame rests wholly upon their works in their native idioms.

We must also remember that, although Latin is often carelessly classed as a dead language, it is still a living tongue in the Roman Catholic Church. The liturgy of this church is read and sung in Latin; the Pope's state papers are written in Latin;

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and in many of the Jesuit colleges a large part of the instruction is in Latin. The language has been kept alive for the use of theology and of philosophy, and even of literature. But its vocabulary would be found painfully inadequate even to name a host of modern things that the Romans could not foresee. To be of use in the finance, the manufacturing, and the commerce of to-morrow, Latin would need to be expanded immeasurably; and even then the result would not be very satisfactory. A large body of the most learned literary experts might toil long and laboriously before they could devise Latin equivalents for the specific terms of the electrician and the biologist, the devotee of golf and the baseball fan, the art critic and the dressmaker.

IF no dead tongue can be recalled to life and galvanized into impossible activity, we must adopt one of the living languages and impose the study of this upon the citizens of all the lands where it is not already the native speech, or we must fall back on one of the artificial tongues. The American correspondent, from whom quotation has already been made, ruled out German, of course, as a barbarous jargon; it is the most uncouth, the most awkward, the least advanced of all the modern tongues; and it is therefore the least fit to be a medium of international communication—even if there were not other and more obvious reasons for refusing to consider it. The choice would lie between French and English, of course.

he Case for and ;ainst an Arti- :al Language

English is now the native speech of the inhabitants of a very large part of the earth's surface, and its expansion in the nineteenth century is one of the most striking phenomena of that phenomenal epoch. French is still the language of diplomacy; it is still the second language most likely to be acquired by the educated men of all countries. The literatures of the two languages have grown side by side for nearly a thousand years, until each of them is richer than the literature of any other tongue, even if those other tongues have been made illustrious by sporadic men of genius. Each has its merits and its weaknesses; but each is fit for service throughout the world. There would be immense advantage if one or the other could be imposed on the peoples who do not possess it.

But this advantage will never accrue to the human race by international agreement. An adoption by joint action of either English or French is beyond the range of the possible; it is an iridescent dream. It is inconceivable that the inhabitants of the British Isles, of the scattered dominions which are proud to be included in the British Commonwealth, and of the United States, should ever agree to impose upon all its youth the acquisition of French. And it is equally impossible that the Latin races, the French, Belgians and Swiss, the Spanish-speaking peoples, the Portuguese and the Rumanians, should require their children to master a Teutonic tongue entirely foreign to their speech habits.

And this would seem to leave the field open for an artificial tongue, Volapük, Esperanto, or Ido, each of which has now or has had its enthusiastic advocates. Volapük may be disregarded, as it was cumbered with grammatical complexities long since discarded in English; and the vogue of Esperanto was waning even before the World War. But Ido is far less unsatisfactory than its two predecessors; it is euphonious, flexible, and easy to learn. One of its American admirers has asserted that it comes very near to perfection, and that its lack of patriotic associations will be no bar to its utility for international purposes. Possibly its undeniable merits may win for Ido the approval of those who are so unfamiliar with the history and the growth of language as to believe in the permanent utility of a speech deliberately manufactured.

One of the most obvious advantages of a living speech is that whenever a new thing comes into existence, needing an immediate name, this name is instantly supplied by one of those who is using the new thing. Every living language is developing spontaneously, and without control; and the various crafts and professions are forever enlarging their vocabularies. Now an international language must renounce spontaneity and the free creation of new words; it must submit to some central authority which will impose the obligatory international uniformity. But even if this insuperable difficulty could be overcome, any artificial language would be under another disadvantage as a medium for international communication. In conversation or correspondence between two persons of different nationality, the artificial language would

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not be the native speech of either party. They would both of them be grappling with the difficulties of an idiom which was not their own.

There is, however, a third reason why no artificial language will ever be imposed on school children by the common consent of the civilized nations, or will ever be able to spread itself widely without governmental compulsion. This final reason is simply that the sturdy common sense of mankind will forever refuse to undergo the long labor of acquiring a language without a literature, and without a historic past, a language to be spoken only by those willing to take the trouble to master it, a language which is not the native speech of millions of people, making it in their own image and impressing upon it their racial characteristics.

IF then there is no likelihood that an association of friendly allies will formally adopt any one language, living or dead or still-born (as all the artificial tongues must be), and impose its acquisition upon all the children, are we therefore to be deprived of all the obvious advantages of a world-language? Are we to continue to dwell unresisting in the shadow of the Tower of Babel? Must we suffer forever from the evil consequence of the Confusion of Tongues? Well, if we are discouraged by the fact that international action is impossible, we may find encouragement in the facts which go to show that international action may not be as necessary as its advocates have asserted. In other words, perfectly natural causes may be at work now to ameliorate our existing linguistic chaos.

Why Not Two World-Languages?

In a lecture before the armistice on "Some Gains of the War," Professor Walter Raleigh asserted that "after the war the English language will have such a position as it never had before: it will be established in world-wide security." No doubt, the position of English is now more secure; but there was no danger to its security before the invasion of Belgium. It was the native tongue of more than a hundred and fifty millions of men, women, and children; and it was the official language of many millions more in India, in Egypt, and in the Philippines. It was spreading more rapidly than any other idiom.

Professor Raleigh was eloquent in praise of our sturdy language; and he did not feel called upon to say anything in behalf of French. But it is obvious enough that the French language now has such a position as it never held before, and that it also will be established in world-wide security. The French are the foremost of the Latin peoples, and the other Latin peoples accept their leadership.

There is no probability that any international action will impose the study of English upon the Latin peoples, or the study of French upon the Teutonic peoples; but there is every probability that the supremacy of French among the Latin tongues and the supremacy of English among the Teutonic tongues will be more and more widely recognized, so that the voluntary acquisition of one or the other of these supreme languages will become more and more customary among the peoples to whom neither tongue is native. It is certain, moreover, that the prolonged stay of millions of English-speaking soldiers in France will enormously increase the number of the French who speak English and of the Americans, the Australians, the Canadians, and the English who speak French. There will be an accelerated desire on the part of the soldiers of every nation to become bilingual.

This tendency will be fostered by the closer friendships created between the Allies by the war. There will be no need of an international agreement to compel the educational authorities of the United States and of the British Commonwealth to foster the study of French—the more especially as French will be freed from the former rivalry of German. And in like manner the educational authorities of France and of Belgium are certain to encourage in every way the study of English. The inevitable result will be that we shall have made an unexpected approach to the international world-language which is so greatly to be desired. We shall not have a single world-language, but we shall have two world-languages, friendly rivals, and dreading no rivalry with any other tongue. The competition of German is no longer to be feared, as it will be an abhorred idiom for many years to come, and we may even venture to suggest that in the immediate future the students of Spanish will far outnumber the students of German, and the Germans themselves will be forced to continue their useful habit of acquiring both French and English.

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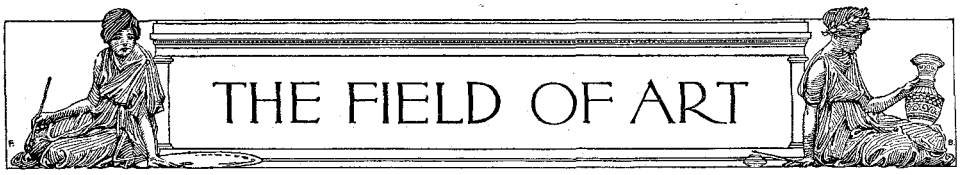

WHAT AILS OUR INDUSTRIAL ARTS?

By James Parton Haney
Director of Art in High Schools, New York City

AMERICA, in matters artistic, is still a little short of breath. Public understanding, public appreciation, that vital oxygen the craftsman needs for his work, exists, but there is not enough of it. Everywhere one sees what doctors call "slight signs of cyanosis"—a little blueness of artistic lips, a slight coldness of artistic finger-tips. Art, in the public sense, is alive, but not live enough, not filled with strength equal to vigorous performance.

A few days since, in one of our greatest cities, a high school unveiled two large mural paintings done by a good painter and purchased through the aid and with the good-will of many hundreds of students. It was a little triumph of co-operation and altruistic effort. Everybody was invited to the unveiling. Mothers and fathers came, of course, but not a baker's dozen of officialdom, not half a dozen, not a corporal's guard. Not that officialdom was antagonistic. No! just indifferent. Where in France there would have been a great public function—the mayor, congratulatory speeches, the art spirit invoked, the students thrilled with public appreciation—there was instead acquiescence and apathy. The case is typical. Every art society throughout the country can cite a similar one.

Again, one can illustrate our public slant toward art in the attitude of the government toward the poster campaign in the great war. Here was a huge effort at public advertising, a hundred million of people to be educated through pictures, miles of hoardings to be covered; thousands upon thousands to be expended. And who was first called upon to do the work? Why, the hack draftsman of the commercial lithographer. And what horrors he perpetrated! to be pasted fifty in a row anywhere—everywhere—on monuments, on the façades of libraries, on barrels and on door-posts, till the eye was affronted at the broomstick soldiers, the chorus-girl Columbias and the candy-box sisterhood in all stages of dishabille.

These early atrocities would have continued with official approval had not the artists of the country intervened. Led by a well-known illustrator, a devoted band of painters threw themselves into the breach. They met every week for months, developed voluntary competitions galore, produced and had accepted, after many Washington pilgrimages, a showing the country could afford to acknowledge in the face of the drawings which France, England, and Italy had secured from foremost designers and mural painters.

All this is not to say that there has been no progress in what may be called "national consciousness of art" in the last thirty years. There has, and it is soon to be put to the test. We are now to have, and most properly, memorials to those gallant lads who went overseas to fight the good fight, and who will not come back. Will these monuments be as ugly and banal as many of the lead and iron monstrosities of the late sixties? No, surely, they will not! Dozens of organizations are already taking steps to prevent such a calamity. But these very organizations are to meet with difficulties in getting their lessons over to the public. The stately shaft, the simple fountain, the bronze gate, the well-planned community house—these, as memorials designed by master craftsmen, are to be fought for, in a hundred communities where patriotic alderman or vote-seeking councillor is going to plead for a man on horseback, or a doughboy on foot, done by local talent.

Our memorials to our soldier and sailor dead are to be an index of the development of public taste. Undoubtedly this taste is growing keener and better, year by year, but the progress is slow. As an industrial people we have yet to realize that we have very little in the way of an industrial art.

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Europe forged ahead mightily in her industrial art schools from 1890 to 1914, while we all but stood still. Some of our art trades indeed have not even held their own. Fine lithography, for example, has fallen from its high estate until plants that once boasted of many presses now see their machines reduced to few, while the choicest work has to go abroad for reproduction. What a commentary upon American initiative, ability, and artistic prowess.

This is not, however, to be a pessimistic review, but rather an attempt at what the medical fraternity would call "a diagnosis," with a suggestion regarding a cure. What's the matter with our industrial arts? Why are they as they are and how can they be bettered?

In the first place we've been busy, busy for a hundred years in setting our house in order, in making our fortunes out of agriculture and mining, in exploiting natural resources, in doing what our practical people like to call "practical things." We've gone timidly, and a little shamefacedly, into what our manufacturers call the "art side." We've borrowed talent from abroad when we've needed it, and scarcely given a thought to its production in our own schools.

Art in this country was born of the painter's studio rather than of the craftsman's atelier. This has led to many untoward results. Put briefly, it has given us, as a nation, a wrong approach. If painter and craftsman were still one, as once they were, the outcome would have been far different, but with our studio teaching, reaching down through studio-trained teachers even into our primary schools, we have come to think art primarily a matter of paint or clay, and not a thing which, through color and design, touches us at every hour of the day, in our dress, our homes, our business products, our advertising, and our countless civic ventures in parks and boulevards, in public buildings and in private dwellings. Our teaching in the public schools is better now, but the change has come late and the adult of to-day reflects the teaching of a generation ago.

To think aright on the subject of our artistic shortcomings, it is necessary to see clearly this twist in our mental attitude as a people. Art for the public, primarily, means pictures, particularly easel pictures; and after pictures, sculpture. Architecture is regarded as a kind of cousin, so that in conversation we familiarly speak of "Art and Architecture." This is no criticism, but a statement of fact. The lay mind has been led by the painter's mind and the sculptor's mind until it has very definitely the studio point of view. It scarcely dreams that each one of us is in his own right an artist, and that, while he may not design textiles, he must use them, must decorate his home, set out his shop-window, plan his manufactured product, lay out his advertising and conduct every one of a thousand activities in the light of the principles of color and pattern. Each is a designer, albeit he may not, and generally does not, know it; but design he must, in some fashion, every day of his life, if it is only to pick out the tie and pin which go to make his morning's toilet.

Born of the idea that art is something over against us, something done by artists to be put up for us to admire, and not something which we must, ourselves, continually create, there has come to be the attitude noted in our civic authorities. It is what we may term, "a lack of responsibility." Art for our mayors, art for our commissioners of education, art for our boards of trade, is something for artists to look after, not something with which each city officer is concerned in the development of zoning systems, of bill-board laws, of school courses of study and the hundred other art questions—for they are real questions—which touch civic art and the training of citizens in its appreciation. At best, our city fathers in boards and councils appoint a municipal art commission and let it go at last. To realize how far we are to seek, one has only to propose that a board of aldermen debate one of these art interests and a gale of laughter sweeps the community. One mayor of a huge city referred slightingly to "art-artists," but how much more slightingly would we have scorned "aldermen-artists." Certes, we have as yet but little feeling of art responsibility. There are a hundred good citizens who would jump in to aid civic morals to one who would volunteer to aid civic art. Yet civic art and morals are closely tied, and the pride which makes for the latter is born of the city made beautiful by the united wish and will of its citizens.

What we have termed "lack of responsibility" goes further afield than mayors, councillors, and commissioners of education. It touches the press, great manufacturing

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industries and wide-spread social organizations. All of these must aid if art is to be a practical thing, known of the people and supported by them. Read the art criticisms of the daily press. They're written by editors steeped in the studio tradition—pictures, and still more pictures, are reviewed, with now and again a bit of sculpture; but rarely, oh, so rarely, a reference which shows any consciousness on the part of the critics that art touches the people's life at any other angle, that our industrial art needs their aid and that our ideas of civic art are dependent in divers ways upon their teaching.

And the manufacturer, the man who must employ the artist to design for him—to put into his products the subtle touch which is to sell them when they are in competition with the work of other manufacturers. Is there any evidence that he senses his responsibility, and sees his relation to the artist as one in which he, the manufacturer, must seek out talent, help to train it in school, stimulate it with prizes and recognition, and open for it opportunity when trained? No, it cannot be averred that there is any wide-spread evidence of this. Great manufacturing associations there are by the score, but how many of them now give substantial support to the art schools which train the designers and artist-artisans they must use?

There is another weight, too, on the wrong side of the balance, and it bears heavily against us. It is the censure of the strabismic, the pleas of those who cannot see straight. More of this exists than is realized; some of it conscious, some, unconscious. It takes the form of criticism of our own people. It subtly undermines our confidence and faith in ourselves. It belittles our native talent, decries our native performance, makes wholesale charges of incompetence and in the words of one critic announces that our art teachers are grafting on the public to the extent of $12,000,000 a year, while, as a people, we are "on the verge of artistic extinction."

All of this is nonsense, of course, but it is a bad kind of nonsense. When pronounced, as in the last case, by some one of standing in the art world, it reaches a wide-spread audience which has no way of gauging how far it is true and how far false. Other minor prophets sound the note of our incompetence, and, destructive criticism being far easier than constructive, so sickly o'er our native hue of resolution, that many doubt whether after all we can rise to the heights of artistic excellence achieved in foreign fields.

To these native bad councillors, there are added those who have a more sinister reason for deriding our ability. These are they who have an interest in fostering the work of the foreign designer and manufacturer at the cost of our own industries. Some are of the whispering type, while others come out boldly to proclaim the product "made abroad" as something infinitely better than anything we can ever hope to make at home. One finds them everywhere, not merely in picture-shops with their endless canvases of foreign subject and title, but in the familiar marts of trade—dressmakers' establishments, furniture-shops, jewelry-stores, and haberdasheries. They argue vehemently that the "imported article" is superior to the native product. At times this is true, but the implication is that we have not the talent or the power to produce the finer thing, and this is false. We have the talent, but it has not the training, and here is the crux of the matter.

The whole question, be it said again, is primarily one of education. If we are to realize art as a moving, a moral, an essential force in the community, then all the agents which serve to educate the community must aid to teach this lesson. If also, we are, as an industrial country, to have an industrial art, then all the forces which can enmesh talent, discover in the elementary classroom, foster in the high school, hold it in the industrial-art school and further it in the trade studio, must aid in this task of practical conservation. We need a determined co-operative effort in both directions. We have never as a people realized our shortcomings; we have never sensed our capacity for advancement; we have never pooled our resources. We must mobilize our art forces for our own betterment.

Mobilization is a large and colorful term. It goes with a large and masterful gesture. But what does it mean in practice? We have gotten used to it, as we have gotten used to many another military phrase, and see in it some of its compelling military significance. We think of imperative messages, of systematic assemblings, of specific assignments of authority, of high command and implicit obedience—in short, of the

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bringing together of many individual forces to perform as a united body a given task.

But mobilization of our art forces can have little of authority behind it. It will have to be a voluntary, not an obligatory co-operation. And all of those we have named will have to aid. First the schools. From primary school to college, we shall have to have teachers to teach art as a practical subject, not as a technic, not as something which is going to make artists of the multitude, but as something which is going to give an insight into color, design, and pattern, as things which play a part in the life of every individual every week and every day, things which concern us when we dress ourselves, furnish our homes, set forth the windows of our shops, or in larger ways, beautify our cities, erase our slums, plan our parks and build our monuments.

And then our secondary teaching forces—press and pulpit, public lecture courses and civic clubs, municipal art societies and women's associations; a mighty power resides in these to help the lesson along—editorial aid and wide publicity. Thought alone will not add a cubit to our stature, but thought put into trenchant phrase, thought illustrated with picture and lantern-slides—such thought can help greatly to bring home to our people the fact that art concerns them, not only in their homes, but in their shops; that it concerns them in the cleanliness and beauty of their towns; and that it mightily concerns them in the prosperity of their country, which must seek in the markets of the world to sell its manufactured products in competition with countries which have long since learned the lesson that a national art is a national asset, and that the training of the talented is an important business of the state.

Back of the entire industrial art movement stands the manufacturer. Until he realizes his responsibility, there can be no great industrial art system in this country, for it is only through the studio of dressmaker and weaver, of bronze-caster and silk-printer, of lithographer and jeweller, that the industrial artist can make his talent tell in the market. Every design bought abroad means one less made at home; every imported yard of cloth, set of china, roll of wall-paper, bolt of silk, means profit in the pocket of the foreign maker and designer and loss to our own industries.

The key of the question, so far as it touches our own production, stands thus in the training of our gifted youth. We surely have the talent. Any high school will show this. But we lack the means of schooling it. Industrial art schools dot Europe in every portion of the map. One ceramic centre in England has in a small circle of pottery towns seven ceramic schools of art, each with its own museum. How far we are behind, not only our public does not know, but our manufacturers do not know and hence do not care.

But the World War with its mighty lessons has taught many unpalatable facts. We have borrowed our industrial artists from abroad, but our source of supply is largely cut off. Europe is going to need its own trained talent—every ounce of it—in the mighty work of reconstruction to be done. If we are to compete fairly in the markets of the world, we must turn to our talent and train it in schools as well equipped and with courses as intensive as any known abroad. This we can do if we see the question fairly and attack it as intelligently as we did the mobilization of our forces in the contest of arms. But the training of a people in taste and the training of artist-artisans to produce goods to meet that taste is a task of no mean proportions. Industrial art schools are not cheap schools. The talented are limited in number; their training must be thorough, which means that it must be long. The wherewithal to support the schools cannot be forthcoming until there is public understanding of their need and adequate support from National and State funds and from private initiative. And the great manufacturing associations must aid. Their support is essential in council, in co-operative committees, in scholarships and in demonstrations of what public profit lies in this training of the talented.

Art in America is still a little short of breath. But the oxygen our air needs for its sustenance is available. The artist must draw this sustaining element from that which the public distils into the atmosphere by virtue of its appreciation, its understanding and approval of his effort. The means to this alchemy are plain, though they are not simple, nor are they single. Many must aid, for the profit is for the many.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 23.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THAT the world is now entering on a period peculiarly interesting, and perhaps peculiarly trying, all the signs of the day indicate. Situations which now confront us or which will soon confront us are the outgrowth of the war, but they are assuming shapes which could not be foreseen in war-time. This is as true in the economic as in the political field.

New Incidents of the Day

Nothing has happened exactly in line with the expectations of 1916 or 1917, or even with those of November, 1918. The perplexities and delays of the Peace Conference at Paris only reflect the change in attitude and policy which events in the past few weeks have forced on the various governments, and the shifting which they have occasioned in the view-point of the general public. Hungary's surrender to a Soviet government; Ireland's demands; the bewildering phases of the Russian situation—these were visible political facts. But we were also on the verge of other problems.

How far the conflicting aspirations of the victorious Allied powers and the conflicting judgment of the delegates at Paris would be harmonized in the eventual settlement was one of them. How and in what mood Germany would accept the actual terms of peace, was another. What would be the course of events in the legislatures of the various nations after those terms had been announced—in our own Congress as well as elsewhere—was yet another. It is probably true that the public mind in general adopted a hopeful view of these considerations. The financial markets certainly gave no sign of grave apprehension. But along with these political perplexities came some economic movements which equally compelled at least a partial revision of previous ideas.

Foreshadowings of Three Years Ago

IN 1915 the world learned, for almost the first time since the great Napoleonic struggle, to what extent the rates of international exchange are bound to be deranged by a great war. On that occasion of a century ago, although England retained her financial supremacy and her control of the seas, exchange on London at certain continental markets went to 20 per cent discount—a result both of Napoleon's continental embargo against England and of the restriction of free gold payments on the British currency. Before this present European war had lasted a year, it was found that, in addition to those influences, England and her European allies were confronted with an appallingly heavy adverse balance in their foreign trade—something which, with Great Britain at any rate, did not exist in the Napoleonic war. With the mills of England and France turning their machinery to war material their export trade to neutral states was nearly cut in half. With their all but unlimited purchases of such material abroad a few months later—notably from the United States—their import trade increased with equal rapidity. In England alone the total imports of merchandise of 1915 were $750,000,000 greater than those of 1914, and in 1918 they were actually $3,100,000,000 larger than in the first year of war.

What happened then to the foreign exchanges, as a result of this, is a familiar story. In the early part of the war, neutral exchange rates on London and Paris as well as on Berlin and Vienna plunged down to unheard-of figures. At one time in that period, London exchange was depreciated 8 per cent at New York; French exchange 15 per cent; Italian exchange 43 per cent; while the neutral rate on Germany got nearly down to 50 per cent dis-

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count. Naturally, this heavy depreciation was a costly matter to governments which were buying such quantities of goods on those neutral markets. When a draft for a pound sterling would bring only $4.48 in Wall Street as compared with a normal $4.86⅝, and when 6 francs had to be paid for a New York dollar credit as against 5⅛ francs in ordinary times, the cost to France and England of all their necessary purchases in America was correspondingly enhanced.

The problem was met, as every one remembers, through heavy borrowings in America by these European belligerents; the proceeds of such loans being used to buy American merchandise without drawing on Europe for payment, and the rates of exchange being thereby restored to something nearer the normal level. But these borrowings were expensive; severe financial pressure was inevitable when the loans should fall due; and, furthermore, payment of interest on them, as the amount steadily grew larger, added to the payments which the European markets had to make in America on foreign exchange account. Europe, however, continued its borrowings throughout the war, in the hope of easier conditions on return of peace.

But the armistice of November, with the resultant cancellation of orders for war material in America, did not relieve the situation. Europe still had to buy food in unusual quantity abroad. Its stock of many materials of industry had run very short, and its own producing plants were in no condition to resume the export trade on the old-time scale. Toward the end of last March, therefore, the European governments began to consider whether it was worth while longer to continue these costly borrowing operations in the United States merely to support exchange rates. So far as food imports were concerned, the price was largely stabilized by international agreement. Other imports from America were not of such indispensable character as shells and powder had been, when the war was at its height. If they were made more expensive through another depreciation in the rate for European exchange, that might result in checking foreign purchases and thus restricting the increase of the balance of merchandise trade against Europe.

Collapse of European Exchange

THE English, French, and Italian governments decided to take the plunge. They announced that the American borrowings and the "supporting" of exchange rates would be at once abandoned. Then the markets waited to see what would be the result. What happened was an immediate and violent movement of New York exchange, on all three countries, in the direction of the extremely depreciated rates of 1915 and 1916. Before the close of March, sterling exchange had fallen from the "stabilized" rate of 4.75½ to 4.58, and French exchange, which had long been quoted below 5½ francs per dollar, had again gone beyond a 6-franc rate.

The episode was noteworthy in two ways: as showing that pre-war conditions of international finance could not automatically return on return of peace, and as throwing light both on the weakened economic position of the European belligerents and on the powerful economic position of the United States. In both regards, the action of the foreign exchanges drew attention to one of the most interesting financial and economic problems of the day.

The first and by far the most formidable question which will arise, as soon as peace has been ratified and the future status of the European nationalities agreed on—political and territorial—will be the economic problem. This problem presents itself in very different ways to the European belligerents and to the United States. The immediate matter of perplexity to France, Italy, and England, not to mention the weaker Entente Allies and the Teutonic nations, is how the annual interest on their prodigious war debts can be met without crushing the taxpayer, and how the principal shall hereafter be dealt with. To the United States the more or less practical question is, Can these Allied Powers pay their direct indebtedness to us? For the American people and the American government are now in an overwhelming degree the creditors of those Powers.

(Continued on page 62, *following*)

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THE WEBB LAW AND FOREIGN TRADE

By John Franklin Fort
Member Federal Trade Commission; Former Governor of New Jersey

THE question of export trade is the most vital problem to American business that confronts the country to-day. There is vast and deep interest in it in all lines of trade. This statement is evident to any one having occasion to discuss it, and is shown by the great interest manifested by audiences gathered to consider it, and to hear the question presented. I can say this from personal knowledge and experience. The weakness in the great business affairs of the nation for several years has been the lack of full attention on the part of the government in pushing export trade. Our country under its domestic policy for many years has been too exclusive in promoting home markets. This is well enough as one item of importance, but it should not be considered as the sole and only one. Tariff legislation is wise, and a fair measure of protection is probably essential to business.

Our domestic trade is highly important, and we all wish to promote it. At the same time, however, it is now recognized as very essential for us to enter vigorously into foreign trade, also. The time has come for this nation to grasp the opportunity that is now present. Our progressive and broad-visioned business men should not fail to take advantage of every fair and honorable means of furthering our national prosperity by producing efficiently commodities for export, and by exchanging them on advantageous terms for imports. The war has put us in a position to seek and secure foreign trade, and to this end every legislative act that is needful to help should be enacted.

The Webb-Pomerene Act

THE Congress at its last session passed an Act (known as the Webb-Pomerene Act) to permit the organization of associations among those engaged in foreign trade to carry on commerce with foreign countries. It permits combinations for the furtherance of our trade abroad. This is the first law passed in conflict with the Sherman Act, since that Act became a law in 1890. It was difficult to get this Export Act put upon the statute books, but let us give thanks that it is there. Will it be effective or will it not? This is a vital question for the business of America. Whether it will or will not is a question solely in the keeping of business men. It will depend entirely upon the good faith of associations authorized to be formed under it. It is not as liberal an act as it should be, but the Webb Act is so much better than the conditions existing before its passage, that it gives hope for the extension and further development of our foreign trade.

By the Act numerous business men, with limited capital, individually, can join together and combine in an association. Thus, by uniting their capital, they can increase their facilities, reduce their respective overhead expenses, and at the same time increase their ability to finance their undertaking. This could not have been done with the Sherman Act standing with all its restraints and hindrances to mutual co-operation. To this extent the Webb-Pomerene Act enlarges business opportunities and provides for safety for banks to finance such associations. This could have been done with difficulty, if at

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all, without it. Its effect, also, will be to put more salesmen in the foreign field, because the members of an association formed under the Webb Act can unite in sending more men in the foreign field than would be done by the few who would have gone into such trade if they were compelled to bear all the expense alone. This will assure our merchandise a wider presentation to business men in foreign countries.

It will also do another thing. It will relieve the mind of American business men of the constant fear of doing something illegal, and thus, unintentionally, drifting into a position which, without the Webb Act, might have placed them in danger of punishment. No man likes to take such a risk, and none can be expected to do so. Hence, the unnatural and, I think, unjust hindrance to the natural zeal and energy of foreign (and for that matter domestic) trade expansion.

No check should be placed upon business so long as it is honest and tends to promote legitimate trade. Big business is not objectionable so long as it is conducted in an open way. This is all the more true if it is subject to regulation in its operation, if all of its methods, as conducted, are subject to governmental review and check, if it is proven to be unfair with respect to competitors, or is in violation of good business morals. That protection the Webb Act gives.

The Webb Act insures a chance for all traders, big and little. The large exporter needs no association. He is able with his large capital to handle his foreign trade without assistance. All he needs of the Webb Act is to use it to permit his joint action with others, where necessary. He can now talk prices and agree with others on any subject that tends to give more freedom in his export business, provided, of course, that he does not directly or indirectly restrain trade or affect prices within the United States, or in any way violate section 5 of the Federal Trade Commission Act against unfair methods of competition in commerce which that act declares unlawful.

The small man, to compete with his larger competitor, needs the Webb Act, that he may use it to help him and his small competitor to get on an equal footing with his large competitor in the trade, so he may survive. He also needs it that he may be protected from any unfair rivalry by his larger competitors in such trade. To the small trader it assures freedom and fairness in competition. All are placed on an even basis of competition. All have an even chance and no favor. In this the act is perfectly fair and just.

It also makes all the provisions of the Federal Trade Commission Act, as to unfair methods that are now applicable to domestic trade, applicable to methods in foreign trade. In this way it gives extraterritorial jurisdiction to the Federal Trade Commission for protection and assurance of fairness in trade both at home and abroad. The Webb Act is, so far as I know, the only act of Congress giving an American board or body statutory jurisdiction over domestic traders engaged in trade in foreign countries. Congress seems to have thus guaranteed fair dealings in foreign trade. This should be most wholesome in assuring fairness in commodities sold to foreign purchasers.

It was evidently the intent of Congress to endeavor to make certain that no deception should be practised in dealing with foreigners to the detriment of the character of the goods sold, and thus assure the high standing of mercantile transactions, by our own people in business. That was wise, because the danger to American business men in foreign trade is in their failure to live up to sales made by sample, by delivering inferior goods, not up to sample, and thereby injuring our reputation in trade.

There has already been some criticism of the Webb Act, especially in South America, by allegations in the press there, that we have kept the Sherman Act in force at home, in our domestic trade, while leaving open all the dangers of trusts in our dealings abroad; stated plainly, that we have provided for dumping inferior brands of commodities on foreigners, but leaving all legal restrictions in force at home to prevent it. Of course, this is not true. It will be seen that all restrictions of the Federal Trade Commission Act and the Clayton Act, which relate to these questions, have been made applicable to foreign trade as well as to home trade, and

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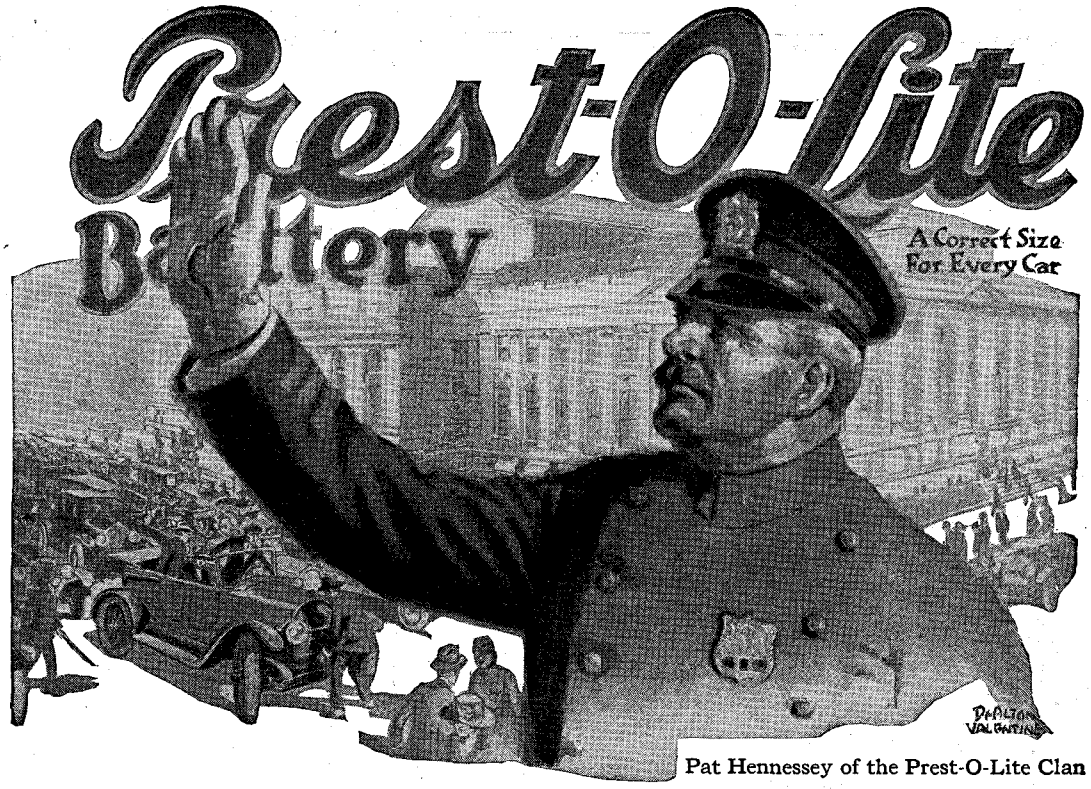

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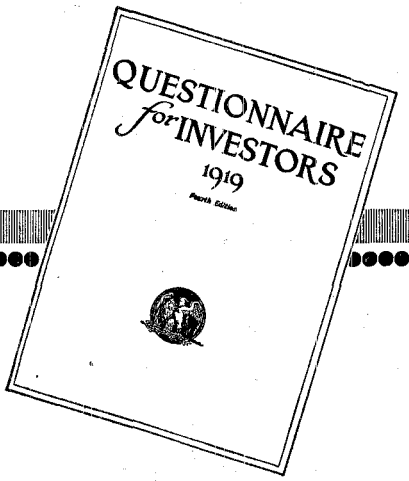
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Continued from page 642

IN the case of France, according to a recent statement by our own representative on the Inter-Allied Council of Finance, that government's budget of public expenditure for 1919 may have to exceed $3,500,000,000; of which about one-half would be needed to pay interest on the public debt, whose total of $6,500,000,000, as of 1913, had risen during the war to $35,000,000,000. Now the total French budget of taxa-

Financial Situation, continued on page 64



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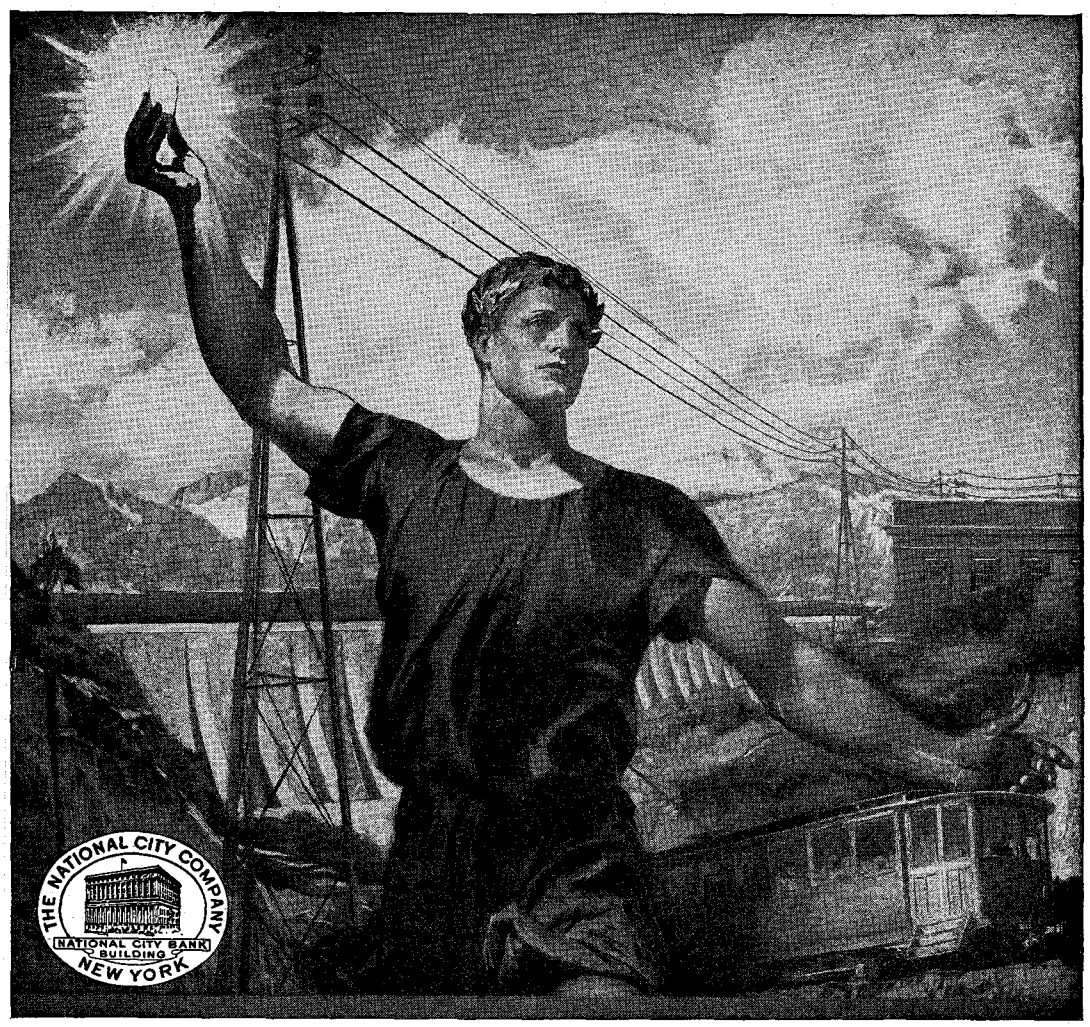

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Financial Situation, continued from page 62

tion voted in 1913 was $1,074,000,000; it therefore follows that the present annual interest payment itself exceeds by about 70 per cent the entire national tax revenue of the year before the war. England is much better off than this; Germany much worse off; but in both of those nations also, the problem of an interest charge which is greater than the total pre-war tax bill exists. How is so huge an increase to be provided for hereafter; especially if, as in the case of France, the productive resources of the people, whence taxes are derived, have been shattered by the war?

Two Problems of Europe's Condition

Looking at the same facts from another angle, the United States has in mind that its own investment markets loaned to belligerent Europe, between 1914 and our own entry into war, upward of $1,500,000,000; considerably more than half of this going to England. Since April, 1917, our Treasury has advanced to these European nations, on the security of their own government obligations, $9,000,000,000, nearly half of which was loaned to England, but of which $2,600,000,000 went to France and $1,300,000,000 to Italy. It is planning to lend still more, by way especially of financing purchases of American foodstuffs by our allies. What assurance have we, it began to be asked, that these debts are good? With the best intentions in the world, is it possible for poverty-stricken Europe to pay the annual four to five hundred millions of interest, not to mention redemption of the principal at maturity?

Europe's abnormal economic situation, of which these home and foreign financial perplexities have been a sign, was recognized in certain urgent appeals by public men to establish a real "peace footing" with the least delay. "Europe," so Mr. Hoover declared in a statement in Paris toward the end of March, "cannot go on spending its reserves and securing credits for the purpose of obtaining food. There is not enough credit reserve in the world with which to supply Europe, unless it can get back at once to the production of commodities." Even in normal times, he argued, the European people "just manage to produce enough in food, or in commodities which they can exchange for food," to maintain their own subsistence; but what has happened now is that "to a great extent, the clock of production has stopped."

In short, "we have got to have a peace as soon as possible, and then all the countries can go back to work." Mr. Vanderlip, of the National City Bank, also speaking in Paris, warned the European world that "if production is not resumed, the horrors of war may be exceeded by the horrors of the after-period." The "productive ma-

Financial Situation, continued on page 66

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Financial Situation, continued from page 64

chine of Europe must be started, or the world will be confronted with disaster." Secretary Lansing told the press correspondents at Paris that even with Germany, if that country is to purchase food, escape political and economic ruin and provide for paying a war indemnity, "industrial conditions must be restored by a treaty of peace" and "opportunity must be given for her to sell the products of her labor in foreign markets."

These statements have a very direct bearing on the question both of Europe's provision for her war debts and of Europe's payment, now or hereafter, for products bought in this and other outside countries. The comments just quoted will have given a somewhat false impression if they suggest that Europe is not as eager to get to work on the old-time scale as the rest of the world is anxious to have her do so. Resumption of industrial activity will occur, in any case. But the circumstances have been unusually difficult. The war ended, not, as is usual, at the end of winter, but when winter was just beginning; European citizens, therefore, turning from war to peace, could not accomplish anything with their harvests during the next five or six months. But it was also impossible to arrange immediate peace; therefore several millions of able-bodied men had to remain in army service, on the war footing. More than this, the business of Europe's industrial markets and the facilities of Europe's industrial plant had been so completely diverted and deranged by the four-year concentration of all productive energies on the war output, and so much of the manufacturing plant of Northern France and Belgium had been actually destroyed, that a very considerable lapse of time was necessary to restore the machinery of production to the condition even of 1913.

Can the War Borrowings be Paid?

WHEN these handicaps shall gradually have been removed, what will be the result? Two distinct and opposite answers are made to the question. The world is poor; the capital accumulated in half a century of peace has been dissipated; seven millions of able-bodied men have fallen in battle; enormous debts and unprecedentedly heavy taxes are left as a burden on industry and on individuals. Therefore, so runs one conclusion, the world's purchasing power must be immensely reduced. Not only will its power to purchase goods from other countries be heavily cut down, but the capacity of any nation, which has incurred these huge foreign obligations in the war, to pay them off at all, will be extremely doubtful. The opposite school of reasoning points out that, in the history of trade, a community's purchasing power results primarily, not from accumulated wealth or from money actually in hand, but from goods produced or necessary services rendered, such as may be exchanged for the goods which are purchased.

The money in hand is only an instrument to

Financial Situation, continued on page 68

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Financial Situation, continued from page 66

effect precisely this exchange. That being so, the answer to the question how Europe will meet her increased financial burdens, whether of home taxes or foreign indebtedness, is that Europe will have to produce more than before. As a matter of fact, this is precisely what has happened, after the period of economic readjustment which had to follow every one of the world's great wars. On no occasion of the sort has history failed to witness, after the period of immediate and brief reconstruction of facilities, an expansion of trade beyond any previous record.

In 1815, the final year of the Napoleonic wars England had become the creditor of the outside world. Her import of merchandise that year was $80,000,000. Reduced temporarily in the ensuing twelvemonth, it rose to $98,000,000 in 1817, to $124,500,000 in 1818, and it had reached $181,000,000 by 1830. This movement undoubtedly reflected the effort of the continental countries, whose savings had been used up and whose tangible property had been destroyed by twenty years of warfare on their own soils, to engage on a larger scale than ever before in profitable production, and to begin meeting their foreign obligations through shipment of merchandise.

After the Napoleonic Wars

EVEN so, England was still exporting to the Continent more goods than she imported as a matter of fact, it was not until 1830 that the official reports showed that the yearly excess of exports had turned to a surplus of imports. Although her export of merchandise to that destination decreased from the $222,500,000 of 1814 to $144,500,000 in four years, the "export balance" even in 1818 was $77,500,000—a very large sum for those days. Yet it must have seemed plausible argument, after Waterloo and the Peace of Paris, that continental Europe had so far exhausted its credit and financial resources as to destroy its purchasing power.

Our own country's participation in that conflict, through our so-called "War of 1812," left the United States almost wrecked financially. Yet whereas seventy or eighty million dollars had been a very high total for our annual importations earlier in the century, we imported $113,000,000 in 1815 and $147,000,000 in 1816, our purchases from England in those two years exceeding our sales to her by $130,000,000. In that case, as in the case of Continental Europe, the essential fact was that the exhausted belligerents were still able to buy on long credit from the prosperous nation of that day, and to pay by steadily increasing production and export of merchandise both the interest on their foreign obligations and, in some instances, the principal.

The two evident inferences from these historic leading cases are, first, that exhaustion through war operates on return of peace as a stimulus rather than a hindrance to increase of production; next, that such increased production will be used not only to enlarge the country's wealth and tax

Financial Situation, continued on page 70

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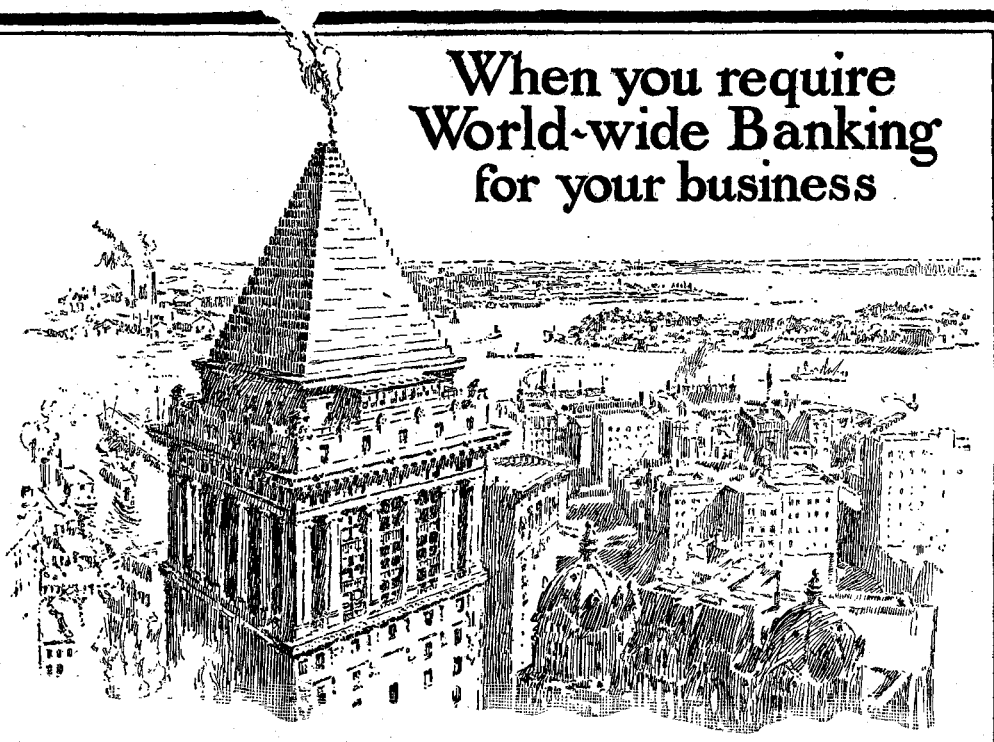

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Financial Situation, continued from page 68

paying capacity through the profits derived from trade at home, but to meet the charges on such a country's foreign indebtedness through larger export of merchandise.

The Present Case of the United States

THIS is precisely what happened in the case of Europe, after the wars of Napoleon and after most of its other wars. On those occasions, by virtue of the circumstances of the day, it was England which helped finance the other nations, either as an ally or as a neutral. The result was England's enormous holding of securities of other nations, and, in time, the great excess of her merchandise imports over her exports. As Thorold Rogers puts it, whenever the expenditure of a country exceeds its production it imports goods and exports securities. If it afterward redeems the debt (as the United States did with its foreign indebtedness arising from the Civil War) it does so by the reverse process.

Thus far the history of Great Britain's relations to the outside world, during the nineteenth century, indicates what the United States and the European belligerents have to expect as an outcome of their present economic relations. But in one very noteworthy aspect the parallel seems to fail. There is not only as yet no sign of the adjustment of this international balance through a surplus of exports from the debtor countries, but our own "export excess" is actually and heavily increasing. During 1913 France imported from the United States $15,000,000 more of merchandise than she sent to us. In 1918, the excess of her importations was no less than $871,000,000. This was very largely war material.

But in the two first months of this present year—long after the armistice, and with exports of war munitions stopped—our three chief European allies imported $590,000,000 from the United States and sent us only $32,400,000; balance in our favor of $557,600,000. In the same months of 1914, before the war, they bought $145,000,000 and sold $79,000,000. The excess on our side was only $66,000,000, which might easily have been met by coupon and dividend payments made by our market on Europe's holdings of our stocks and bonds. France alone, whose trade with us in January, 1914, was a million dollars in that country's favor, got from us last February $87,000,000 more than she sold to us, and only a relatively small part of the exports were for our army.

As we have seen, a somewhat similar situation was created through the credits granted by England to the other nations, during and after the Napoleonic wars. But there was then this important difference: that England, being in the long run less a producer than a consumer of food and raw material, very soon began to import more goods than she exported. Forty years ago her annual importations were in excess by no less than $500,000,000; that amount being largely

Financial Situation, continued on page 72

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Financial Situation, continued from page 70

balanced by interest on the holdings of foreign securities which she had accumulated. In the year before the recent European war, the similar excess was $670,000,000, and it was similarly met.

We have already seen that no such offsetting influence is at work in the present case of the United States. So far from beginning the period of returning peace with a balance of importation from the outside world, our country's merchandise exports during the two first months of 1919 were not only larger by $833,000,000 than in January and February, 1914, but they exceeded by $195,000,000 the same months even a year ago; and the excess of merchandise exports for the two month period this year, $559,000,000, was actually more than five times as great as in either 1914 or 1913. If our country's surplus of exports were to continue on such a scale, our annually accruing credit on merchandise account would be something like $3,500,000,000; in addition to which we should be receiving every year from the belligerent states of Europe, upward of $400,000,000 interest on their securities held by us. There is absolutely no precedent for such an accruing balance.

Possible Readjustment by Europe

IT will be answered that this remarkable situation is of a temporary nature. Our large excess of merchandise exports over imports is continuing, despite return of peace and cessation of orders for war material, because Europe's own productive power has either been paralyzed by the war, or absolutely diverted to the making of war munitions. As a result, the European belligerents are not yet able to provide even for their own needs of food and materials. This inability exists at a moment when the waste and devastation of four years of war, the destruction of roads and buildings, the wearing out of railways, the sinking of ships, have created imperative and immediate need for the manufactured goods as well as the food which they are buying from this country.

If the experience of England in the last century were now to be repeated, the "export balance" of the United States would gradually grow smaller as production was resumed and increased in Europe. In due course, Europe's export of merchandise to this country would reach unprecedented figures. Eventually her exports to us, for the first time in more than half a century, would exceed her imports from us.

Possibly this will be the outcome, with the United States as it was a century ago with England. But there is one fundamental difference. The England of the nineteenth century was not a large-scale exporter except of manufactured goods. Her people consumed far more food than they produced; the balance had to be imported. Except for coal, iron ore, and wool, they produced virtually no raw material of manufacture. To feed their people, huge amounts of wheat

Financial Situation, continued on page 74

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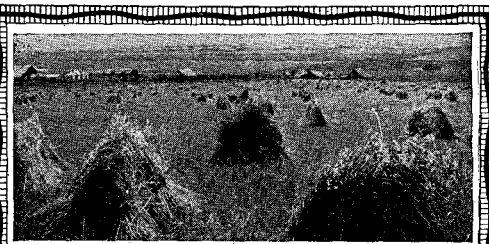

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Financial Situation, continued from page 72

corn, oats, meat, butter, sugar, and fruits had to be imported. To keep their mills at work, the cotton, the copper, the tin, the hides, even to a great extent the wool, had to be brought from foreign countries.

How widely our own present case differs will be evident at a glance. The United States raises so much wheat that it frequently exports a third of a year's crop. Our surplus of other grains and of meat is very large. We produce more copper than we consume, and we produce enough of all the other articles just named to meet our own requirements, with a surplus over. Europe's need for American food-stuffs does not, in other words, appear to be a matter purely of the "transition period," while, for instance, we are awaiting the political reconstruction of Russia which will again enable that country to contribute, as it used to do, one-fifth or one-sixth of all the wheat sent out by producing to consuming countries. Our raw materials must be taken in any case.

The recourse which formerly would have come to mind was that of sending us manufactured goods, produced and sold at a lower price than that of our own producers. But that was before the rise of our manufacturing industries to their present scope and power. Even the ancient bugbear of "European pauper labor" is vanishing with the depletion of European man power in war and the political supremacy of the European labor party. What the United States now has to import is the product of other continents than Europe. In 1918 our imports surpassed all precedent, but 53 per cent of them came from other countries in the Western hemisphere and 28 per cent from Asia.

A New Economic Problem

HERE, clearly enough, is a novel economic problem; one whose actual working out will throw fresh light on economic science. At present, the single certainty has to do with the economic condition of the United States. From whatever point of view this is regarded, it is difficult not to discover evidence of extraordinary strength. The only qualifying consideration in many minds had been the question whether, by selling goods on such a scale to the former belligerents, and taking in settlement their long-term promises to pay, we might not be getting our country into the position of a merchant, who has sold the goods in which his money is invested to an insolvent buyer whose note will not be honored at maturity. We have already seen how little confirmation economic history gives to any such idea.

But it may also be said that, if such nations were conceivably to repudiate their legitimate foreign obligations (as Russia has done) they would by that act reduce themselves to something like the present awkward condition of Russia. They could get no more goods, either from the United States or elsewhere, except in exchange for merchandise of their own, which

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is not sufficient. No such recourse is suggested by the market. The recent heavy depreciation of New York exchange rates on the recent European belligerents is evidence, first, of the increased charge which the market automatically makes for financing through credit so huge a current balance of merchandise exchange against them; second, of the fact that gold, which in ordinary times would be used in settlement, has gone in those countries to a virtual premium; third, that resumption of European industry and of European trade with the neutral world has not yet been resumed. But along with all this the course of the exchange market is unmistakable testimony to the financial power and prestige of the United States.

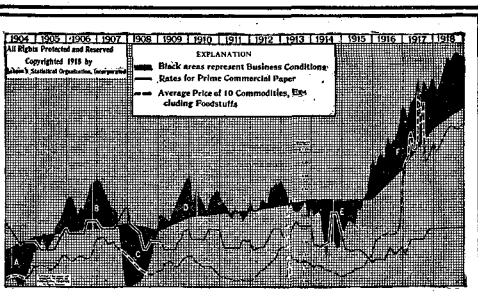
From that fact there are several inferences. That even in American finance there will be vicissitudes, reactions, disappointments from time to time, as the economic effects of this exhausting war make themselves fully felt in the world at large, is wholly to be expected. They have come in the train of every other great war. But politically, economically, and financially, we are no longer the United States of 1914. The participation of an American President and delegates, for the first time in history, in a European treaty settlement, the discussion of a League of Nations which will give us joint responsibility for preservation of peace even in Europe, amount to a revolution in international politics.

But the new financial situation is not only that the United States is providing Europe with food and material in the period of after-war exhaustion. European countries are paying interest to us on more than $10,000,000,000 of their own securities, as against our payment to them, before 1914, on something above $4,000,000,000 of American stocks and bonds. Wall Street, which before the war was dealing in no foreign securities except those of Mexico, Cuba, and Japan, now trades daily in the government bonds of England, France, Canada, Italy, Russia, Switzerland, Norway, and Argentina. The reversal in our financial position is quite as evident as in the political. It is hardly open to doubt that the change will in both respects grow more impressive in the coming years, with increasing effect on our political and financial life.

Outlook for the Victory Loan

THIS new economic capacity and power has its bearing on our own affairs. The government is now putting on the market a loan as large as those which it placed at the culmination of the war itself. The first suggestion of a borrowing of $5,000,000,000 or $6,000,000,000 this month—with the war and the war enthusiasm over, with the abnormal war profits vanishing, and yet with income taxes and profits taxes raised to a far higher level than in war-time—was received with a very general shaking of the head. The response to the war-time Liberty Loans was very generally assumed to be partly a matter of patriotism, partly a matter of mere contagious

Financial Situation, continued on page 76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Financial Situation, continued from page 75

war-time enthusiasm, partly a matter of concentrating all financial investment and all credit facilities on the vital necessities of war. In any case, what had been invested in them, whether out of present savings or out of future expectations, could not be reinvested in this loan.

Yet one might suppose that the iteration of very similar warnings, in the case of each successive Liberty Loan of the past two years, with the response which the people made to them, would have rendered the prophets of despondency a bit more cautious. The two questions on which the whole result hung then, and hangs now, are these: Is there among the American people the capacity to take such a loan? If so, will the people use that capacity for the purpose?

The question of capacity gets its answer from the financial facts and conditions which we have just been considering. The country is immensely richer, in tangible and available wealth, than it was in 1914. It is unquestionably richer than it was in 1918. Our $3,000,000,000 annual surplus of exports over imports, nearly five times as great as the largest before the war, is itself one measure of this increment of wealth. Even if the government at Washington is taking European promises to pay at a future date for a great part of these exports, it must be remembered that our Treasury in doing so has paid Europe's bill in cash to American producers and exporters, retaining the European governments' obligations for its own eventual reimbursement.

As to whether, being able to subscribe in full, the American people will or will not do so, there are other considerations much in point. First is the fact that the experience of 1917 and 1918 has made our whole population familiar with United States bonds as an investment. It is true the bonds applied for by the twenty million subscribers of October have subsequently sold on the open market below their price of issue. But as against this fact, the terms of the new loan are more favorable, in regard both to its interest rate and the nearness of its maturity at par.

Beyond even this, one may reasonably ask whether the very facts which we have been reviewing and which are known to every one—the immense financial power and prestige of the United States—are not sure to impress the mind and imagination of the thrifty American who compares the different opportunities for safe investment of his money; this at a time when practically every other investment is surrounded with some peculiar uncertainty arising from the existing situation. The heavy oversubscription of every previous American war loan, however large, no doubt had many causes. But it is impossible to overlook, as a cause of paramount importance, the fact that the people of the United States were confidently backing the United States government.

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VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN AND THE SWINDLERS

By S. Palmer Harman

IN deciding that the Victory Liberty Loan should consist of "short-term notes," Congress and the Secretary of the Treasury pitched upon a plan that was novel in some respects, but thoroughly familiar in others. During the war with Germany no issue of government securities offered to the American public (except the War Savings Stamps) had a maturity of less than ten years. England, France, and Germany had sold various sorts of short-term obligations to their peoples. Germany often divided her semiannual war loans into two classes—long-term bonds and paper of early maturity. France and England followed the plan of keeping their short-term paper on continuous sale, and at the same time conducting a more or less energetic campaign of publicity to promote subscriptions.

Great Britain was conspicuously successful in placing her "National War Bonds," which have been on sale without interruption since October, 1917. From that time until the terms of the bonds were changed, last February, no less than $8,000,000,000 were disposed of, a sum which, in connection with receipts from taxes and other miscellaneous sources, was sufficient to finance the needs of the government without recourse to a formal loan campaign. The National War Bonds were in series maturing in 1922, 1924, and 1927. The French National Defense Bonds had five and ten year maturities.

There is nothing distinctly new, therefore, in the offering of a government security designed to appeal to people who prefer to have their funds invested with the assurance that the principal will be returned to them intact within a comparatively short time. Even in our own case this financial device was extensively used during the Civil War. Sixty per cent of the Federal Government's borrowing from 1861 to 1865 was through the placing of short-dated paper with the banks and the public. The most noteworthy of the short-term issues was the so-called "seven-thirties," bearing 7.3 per cent, part of whose popularity arose from the simplicity (and generous amount) of the interest rate—a cent a day for each $50 invested. Jay Cooke, who as "General Subscription Agent of the Government Loan" had put his army of canvassers to work on the five-twenty year bonds, disposing of $400,000,000 worth by

Continued on page 78

THE VICTORY LOAN

AN INCOMPARABLY SAFE INVESTMENT

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Continued from page 77

the end of 1863, was called in to aid with the new issue of three-year "seven-thirties" placed in 1864 and 1865. In these two years no less than $829,000,000 of this short-term paper was issued. It carried the right of conversion into the five-twenty year 6 per cent bonds.

While the Treasury itself has during the war with Germany, up to the present occasion, confined its borrowings to long-dated securities, it is nevertheless true that the vast majority of other issues placed on the market since July, 1914, has been of short maturity. Practically all the loans of belligerent Europe, offered here before the Treasury took over the burden of financing our allies, bore a very short maturity. One, two, three, and five year notes were the varieties offered. Several British and French issues of this kind have already fallen due and been paid off.

Borrowings by corporations, as well as by governments, have during the war period been predominantly of the short-term character. The New York *Journal of Commerce*, which keeps careful records of corporation financing, has estimated that last year the railroads of the country, out of a total of $317,690,000 of capital raised, found no less than $248,280,000 through sale of notes. In the preceding year notes supplied $306,600,000 out of $517,451,000 of railway financing. Railroad bonds have come to be regarded by the American public as a standard investment, yet in 1918 bond issues supplied only 21 per cent of the money raised by the roads, and in 1917 only 33 per cent. With industrial corporations the preponderance of notes has also been striking. The $436,130,000 of notes sold last year by industrial companies represented more than half of the capital raised. In 1917 such concerns sold $226,870,000 of notes, equal to nearly one-fourth of the capital raised.

Those who feared that the Victory Liberty Loan might be handicapped by being designated "notes," after four tremendous campaigns to popularize "bonds," seem to have overlooked the fact that our people have been entirely familiar with note issues, both in the past and the present. As a matter of fact, some experienced Liberty Loan workers, who feared gravely that another bond issue would not "go," plucked up courage as soon as it was decided to sell notes. In the Middle West especially, the plan was received with favor. This seems the more remarkable from the fact that the horde of sharpers and swindlers who have made it their business to acquire the Liberty Bonds of small holders, either below the market price or in exchange for worthless

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stocks, is reported to have been especially active in the Western sections of the country.

Their operations have become so brazen and wide-spread as to constitute, in the view of the Washington authorities, a serious handicap upon the placing of future government loans. Various departments and bureaus—the Treasury Department, the Federal Trade Commission, the Capital Issues Committee—have made efforts to combat the evil. The Trade Commission has threatened to use its powers against "unfair" methods of interstate commerce in stamping out the swindling brokerage concerns. The Capital Issues Committee, in its report to Congress at the end of last year, devoted considerable attention to the operations of the bond sharpers.

The effects of this business were considered to be so menacing that the committee stated it to be its unanimous opinion that "the federal supervision of security issues, here undertaken for the first time, should be continued by some public agency, preferably by one of the government departments, in such a form as to check the traffic in doubtful securities. At no time has the obligation been so definitely placed upon the government to protect its public from financial exploitation by reckless or unscrupulous promoters. The field has been greatly enlarged by the wide distribution of Liberty Bonds, and the purveyor of stocks and bonds is no longer put to the necessity of seeking out a select list of prospective purchasers with money to invest. He now has the entire American public, and the transaction becomes one of persuasion to trade—to trade a government bond bearing a low rate of interest for stocks or bonds baited with promise of high rate of return and prospect of sudden riches."

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Continued from page 644

these two protecting acts are the ones now useful and enforced, and which insure against unfair methods in competition at home. Thus, we have protected both kinds of trade alike. There is no character of unfair methods in either foreign or domestic trade relations between competitors which cannot be prohibited in either case. In this respect the Webb Act is as just to the foreigner and the foreign trader as to the citizen and native trader. In this respect the Webb Act is a just act. No one can do injustice in trade under it, unless he shall take the risk of full punishment.

The benefits which foreign countries will derive as a result of the operation of the Webb Law should not be overlooked. Foreign markets will have all the advantages growing out of increased competition between American goods and those from other countries. Foreign trade is a matter of reciprocity, and mutual advantage should accrue from it to all parties.

Legislation similar to the Webb Law advocated in foreign countries

SINCE its enactment the Webb Law has been quite freely discussed in foreign countries. In several instances legislation along similar lines has been proposed by leading authorities on commerce and trade. For example, the commissioner of labor in Canada, in an official report not long ago, pointed out the advantage which combinations of producers in European countries, operating under more or less complete state supervision, have in competing with Canadian exporters. He recognized the need of a more efficient selling organization in order to reduce selling costs to Canadian manufacturers, and declared himself in favor of permitting domestic producers and exporters to cooperate in export trade. The possibility of such combinations seeking to combine also with respect to home trade the commissioner expects to obviate by the constant presence of state supervision. In order to safeguard public interest, the commissioner recommended that an Industrial Board be established, with jurisdiction over trade combinations and trade methods.

The British Committee on "Commercial and Industrial Policy After the War" in its final report, presented to Parliament in 1918, devotes considerable attention to the subject of industrial and commercial organization. "The establishment of joint selling organizations for export purposes," the committee states, "is not only desirable in some cases, but is practically inevitable under modern economic conditions, and we think that the attitude of public opinion, of local authorities, and of the state, which, broadly speaking, has hitherto been more or less avowedly antagonistic to the very principle of combination, must be modified." After referring to the policy obtaining in other countries relative to industrial combinations, the committee continues as follows:

"We think that, if serious efforts are to be made by British manufacturers and traders to organize themselves on the lines recommended by the various trade committees, it is desirable that some means should be devised for securing to a responsible government department adequate information as to any combinations so formed, and that provision should be made for state investigation in special cases. We believe that this would be advantageous to the combinations themselves, since the knowledge that a power of investigation did exist and could be brought into operation wherever adequate cause was shown, would be likely

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to have a moderating effect upon public opinion. We think that the experience of the war has shown that it is particularly desirable that information as to all international combinations affecting the production of goods in the United Kingdom, or the restriction of the markets in which they may be sold, should be in the possession of some government department. On the other hand, it is in our judgment of great importance that government intervention in or control of the operation of combinations should be carefully restricted to cases in which these operations can be clearly shown to be inimical to national interests."

LOOKING at the Webb Law from a wider point of view, we recognize it as a significant forward step in the development of a constructive American foreign-trade policy. This enactment is one of the few measures looking to so-called after-war preparedness that was placed on the statute-books by Congress. Now, at the close of the war, with its entire reversal of the old conditions in export trade, and with new competitive conditions to be met, the Webb Law makes available a machinery for at least some adjustment to the novel conditions of the times. In conjunction with the legislation creating the Federal Reserve Board, the U. S. Tariff Commission, and the U. S. Shipping Board, it constitutes a potent means for meeting the problems and difficulties which now and in the future are likely to confront our country as the leading commercial and industrial power of the world.

A constructive American foreign-trade policy

The number and complexity of these problems must not be underestimated. The Great War has precipitated a world-wide displacement of commerce and trade. Many of the old channels of international trade have been altered or discontinued altogether. The commercial relations between the nations of the world have, as it were, been thrust into a melting-pot.

In the manufacturing industries, in finance, and in shipping—to mention only these—fundamental changes have taken place, or are in process of formation at the present time. The question of controlling the world's supply of the principal raw materials has become inseparably interwoven with the industrial and trade as well as with the political and military policies of the leading nations of the world. In an effort to make themselves economically self-sufficient, various states have built up entirely new industries, like the manufacture of synthetic dyes and other coal-tar preparations, optical glass, surgical instruments, etc. Furthermore, the dominating importance of certain cities as focal and distributing points for the world's trade in coffee, rubber, furs, tobacco, wool, and other commodities appears to have been seriously shaken. New consignment markets have sprung into importance. The financing of international trade transactions, long centred in one or two localities, has shifted appreciably to new exchange centres. In whatever direction we turn our eyes, we see old trade institutions crumble and disappear, and new structures, alignments, and groupings taking their place.

Standing as we do at the threshold of a new era, ushered in by the World War, we find our country occupying a place of commercial pre-eminence and leadership in international trade. From a debtor we have become a creditor nation to the extent of approximately $9,500,000,000. Our annual income from foreign loans amounts to about $500,000,000. The foreign trade of the United States, which for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, amounted to $4,258,504,805, has reached a total of $8,874,345,044 for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1918, or an increase of approximately 108 per cent.

Prior to the war the dollar exchange was not even quoted in South American countries. Largely as a result of the network of branch banks established by American banks in foreign countries the volume of direct exchange between oversea markets and the United States has grown with leaps and bounds. Large shipments of important commodities in international trade are now being financed through the medium of dollar credits.

In order to retain the foreign business which has come to the American exporter during the war, no efforts should be neglected to furnish superior service in the

(Continued on page 84)

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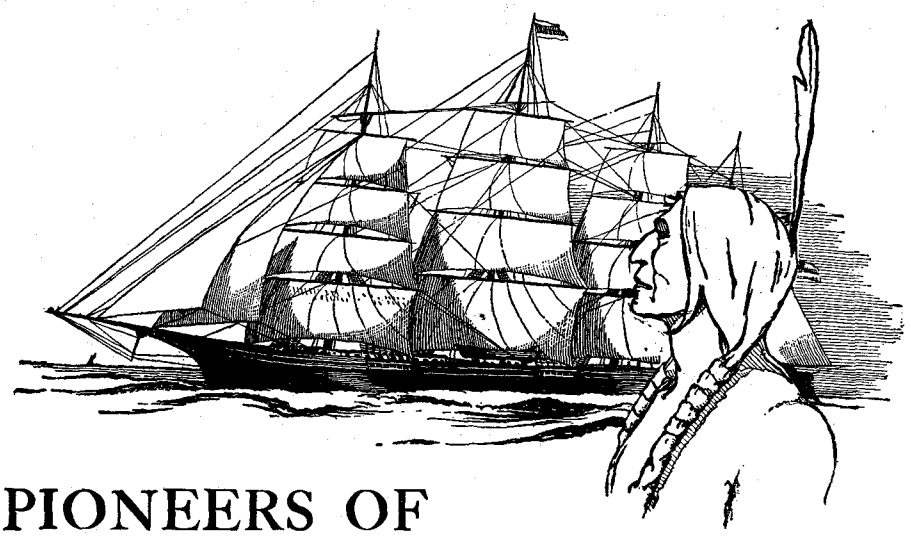

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(Continued from page 82)

methods of marketing American goods. Proper packing, correct marking, and close accommodation to the tastes, customs, and requirements of the foreign customer are necessary, if new markets are to be acquired and held permanently. Too much emphasis cannot be put on this phase of our export situation, and I believe that right here the co-operation made possible under the Webb Law will result in more efficient and effective service in the matter of merchandising American manufactures in the markets of the world.

Every American looks with patriotic pride upon the rejuvenation of our merchant marine. There was a time, prior to the Civil War, when the United States was numbered as one of the leading maritime countries of the world. In 1860 our oversea tonnage was 1,546,800 tons, while in 1890 it amounted to only 994,695 tons. Ships under foreign flags carried the bulk of American products oversea. In 1912 the tonnage of American ships leaving our own harbors amounted to nearly five million tons, as against approximately thirty million tons leaving our ports in foreign bottoms. With the restoration of our American merchant marine those old days when American merchantmen were plying the high seas the world over bid fair to be revived. According to a statement by the U. S. Shipping Board, the American Merchant Marine fleet built up under the spur of war's necessity now represents nearly one-fifth of the entire sea-going tonnage of the world, and comprises 46 per cent of all ships leaving from the United States ports, as compared with 9.7 per cent before the war. The total tonnage of our merchant marine on Jan. 31, 1919, including vessels over 500 tons gross only, amounted to 6,030,223 gross tons.

The continued growth and success of our shipping industry is a matter that is very dear to the heart of every patriotic American. I firmly believe that our people are in accord on the subject of backing up our merchant marine loyally and without stint. It should not matter to the nation in which way it legitimately promotes this result. If by cheapening freights—that should be done; if by government regulation—that should be done; if government ownership or sailing of merchantmen is necessary—that should be done; if subsidies—then do it in that way.

As our mind sweeps over the remarkable changes which during three or four years have transformed our commercial relations with foreign countries, we cannot fail to marvel at the success with which American genius has applied itself to the task suddenly thrust upon it, and we are thrilled with joy at the auspicious future which we behold.

At the same time, however, we are conscious of the heavy responsibilities which rest upon us individually as well as a nation—responsibilities which the growing interdependency of nations accentuates more strongly from day to day. If appearances deceive not, competition for the trade of the globe will become a far more serious matter in the near future than at any previous period in history. The fiscal needs of other nations will prompt them, among other things, to promote their export trade and to seek new markets for the sale of their surplus domestic production. Elaborate preparations have already been made by foreign nations for expanding their trade after the war. American business men will presently feel this competition at home and abroad and will have to cope with it. And we see no reason why they should not welcome it, for competition is the life-blood of commerce and trade, provided it is fair, open, and honorable.

In the past, honorable rivalry, fair dealing, and probity have characterized the business relations of the American business men in foreign countries. Likewise, our commercial relations as a nation with other peoples have rested on broad principles of equity and of community of interests. For example, the generous and fair treatment which our government accorded to China in the past, particularly after the Boxer troubles, reflected the general attitude of our nation in international affairs. If a similar sound and just policy will guide our foreign-trade relations in the future, they will, we doubt not, prove a source of prosperity to capital and labor at home and a strong link of friendship between the American people and the other nations of the world.

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This is no time to put obstacles in the way of the congressional action or to narrow or restrict the purpose of any legislation in the interest of foreign trade. All business in domestic or foreign trade should be fostered and left as unhampered and unrestricted as possible, where it can be done without encouraging monopoly or unfair methods in competition. If possible, we must make business in our own country as free to meet world competition as in any other nation. Freedom of business, in honest competition, should be as unrestricted here as in any other country that American business men may have an even chance with all business men with whom they must compete. Our business men can be trusted with as much safety as any others in any nation in the world. I should regret to think that such were not the fact.

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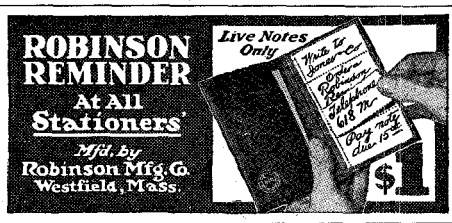

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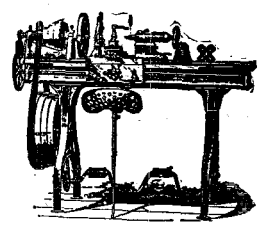

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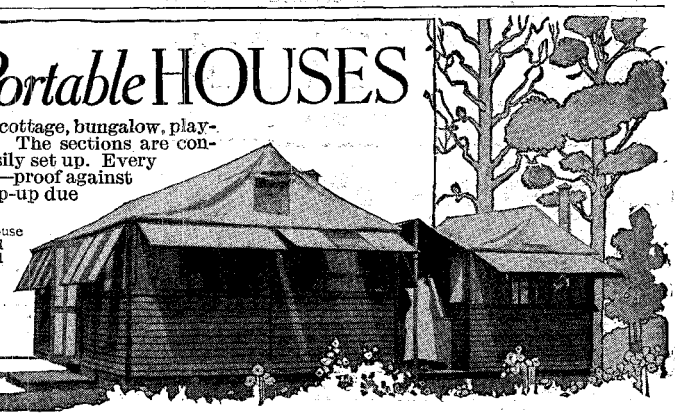

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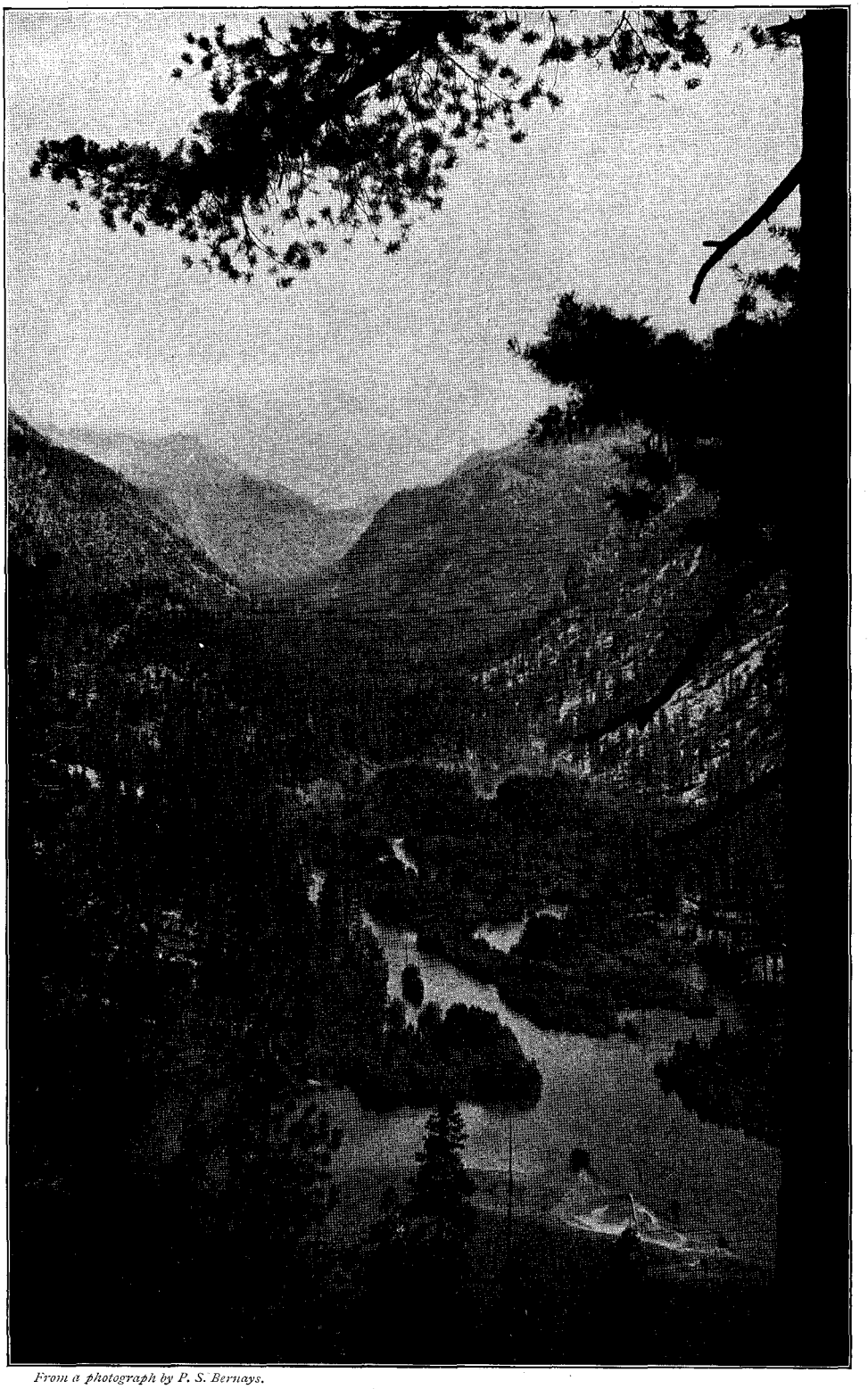

From a photograph by P. S. Bernays.

LOOKING UP KERN CANYON FROM THE LAKE.

—"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," page 645.

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